





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

June 12 '23

Buell

SOUTHERN BRANCH,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
LIBRARY,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.





Shuck 1732

Rhodes 1732

Mr. Charles Churchill, Aged 30.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL,
WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND
AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE:

Now first published.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Still may I safe between the dangers steer
Of Scylla-flatt'ry, and Charybdis-fear.

47010

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR C. AND R. BALDWIN, BRIDGE-STREET,
BLACKFRIARS.

1804.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

1804
v. 1

PREFACE.

1923
20
1256d
Stevens
THE difficulty experienced by the Editor in understanding many of the allusions contained in the following poems, gave rise to the present work. In the attempt to obviate this difficulty, he was obliged to wade through some hundred volumes, mostly of a local or political nature, and consequently at this time, either very scarce, or quite neglected and forgotten: from these and other works in more general circulation, he principally extracted and compiled the notes he now offers to the public, for some of them however, consisting of original anecdotes, he is indebted to oral tradition, and to an intimate acquaintance with several of the friends and contemporaries of the poet.

The highest praise to which a work of this kind can aspire, is that of diligence and impartiality; and if a most earnest endeavour to deserve that praise merits indulgence, the Editor lays claim to it as the only exculpatory plea he has to offer, for thus adding to the weight under which the shelves of our libraries already groan. So little anxious is he at the same time to appear before the public, that he can with the utmost sincerity declare, that had he known of any competent person engaged in a similar undertaking, he would most willingly have gra-

PREFACE.

tuitously presented him with all his materials, together with the best information, and assistance in his power to impart.

The greater portion of the few hours the Editor could spare from the pursuits of a laborious profession have been devoted to this work, to him they have been hours of amusement and information, and if they can afford either the one or the other to those for whose benefit they were employed, he will, in his humble commentating line feel that satisfaction which the approbation of the public must always impart to, as it will never cease to actuate, persons in every rank and station in life.

Partial to the merits of his favourite poet, the Editor flatters himself that his present attempt may contribute to restore to Churchill's name, a considerable portion of that popularity and celebrity which it once possessed. It is needless to remark that at the period of their first publication, his works required no comments, he, in imitation of his favourite Dryden, so truly coloured the objects of his indignation, as to render any key unnecessary, until time and death had thrown a shade over their actions and their names*.

* Unlike our modern satirists of *note-orious* memory, whose verse is as harmless as their prose is slanderous, who

—————prove themselves so able
Pity they were not druggermen at Babel;
For had there been but linguists half so good,
It is no question but the tower had stood.

Should the public taste however appear to be so depraved, as to bestow the permanent sanction of its approbation upon the productions

PREFACE.

The Editor was encouraged to prosecute his undertaking by meeting with the following observation in Dr. Kippis's Life of Churchill in the Biographia Britannica : " Perhaps nothing will revive the memory of our author's poems, so as to cause them again to be generally read, excepting a new edition with notes fully explaining the satirical and historical allusions. This was what Mr. Churchill himself before his decease wished to be done. In his Will is the following passage :—I desire my dear friend John Wilkes, Esq. to collect and publish my works, with the remarks and explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make."

On application, in consequence of this request to a friend of the late Mr. Wilkes, it was found that he left no such manuscript behind him, though on the publication of each of Churchill's poems, he had a copy bound and interleaved with writing paper, in which, for reasons best known to himself, he never wrote a single line.

Dr. Kippis thus proceeds :—" Whether Mr. Wilkes

of these many languaged bards, " who think they grow immortal as they quote," the Editor out of a laudable spirit of emulation, may in some future edition give specimens of his recondite learning by favouring his readers with some witty and entertaining quotations, not in the *vulgar* tongues of Europe, China, Persia, Araby, and Ind, but in the Punic, the Syrophœnician, the Etruscan, and other *unknown* languages ; a translation of which shall be published in a separate work for the benefit of his unlearned readers. Until this *important* question is ultimately decided the Editor will content himself with the use of the three most widely diffused languages of London, Paris, and of ancient Rome.

PREFACE.

will ever have leisure to comply with this request we are not able to say. Perhaps the time is not yet arrived for taking away the veil from certain objects; and perhaps it may never be desirable to revive party matters, which, though not sunk into oblivion, have happily ceased to inflame the passions of the mind."

At this distance of time the editor sees no reason for apprehending that the revival of the poet's fame can in any manner tend to excite a renewal of political differences, the causers and causes of which no longer exist; other and far more important subjects of discussion have arisen in the intervening period of forty years, and the Editor trusts that his notes will be found free from that leaven of party malevolence with which the text is too often tinctured.

It has been his anxious wish to elucidate only the particulars in the public conduct of the persons censured by the satirist, and to abstain from all notice of their private vices or follies, except in some instances too notorious not to call for direct animadversion. Should he appear to have been misinformed as to the character of any particular individual, he will only have to lament his credulity: for to wilful misrepresentation or undue partiality, he can, without hesitation, declare himself to be an utter stranger.

Though not unacquainted with the poets of ancient and modern times, the Editor has seldom presumed to notice the passages of preceding writers, which his author has occasionally imitated or borrowed; to every reader of

PRÉFACE.

taste they will readily suggest themselves, and thus an idle accumulation of notes will have been avoided.

His object has been as strictly as possible to confine himself to explanatory remarks conveyed in language suited to the simplicity of his object, and he will be better pleased with being reproached for scantiness of information than for the admission of one superfluous note.

His authorities the Editor has not often given, they are generally of a nature not calculated intrinsically to convey an impression of authenticity. In gleaning from the magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers of the day, the Editor could only be induced from concurrent testimonies to select such anecdotes as seemed best intitled to credibility, and to submit them to the judgment of the public.

Long before the press teemed with new editions of inferior poets, the present Editor undertook the illustration of his Herculean author; his materials had lain by several years when the publication of his work was accelerated by the obliging kindness of Mr. Flexney, the original publisher of Churchill's works, who being in possession of several MSS. relating to the life and writings of the satirist, in the hand-writing of the Rev. William Churchill, his brother, communicated them to the Editor. The spirit of party had not subsided at the time they were written, and they were unfortunately too strongly imbued with that spirit, to render them of much utility. Some interesting particulars however have been extracted from them not hitherto known, and the Editor flatters himself that on the whole he has not been defi-

PREFACE.

cient in an assiduous endeavour to procure every possible information respecting his author.

Having detailed his sources of information, and his motives for publication, the Editor submits his work to the indulgence of the public. His name, unknown in the world of letters, could give no sanction to his work, and he sees no reason for incurring any risk of censure, where excellence could confer no fame; he therefore does not now obtrude his name upon the public, though he by no means wishes to be considered as anonymously screening himself from responsibility, while he only seeks a shield against the wanton attacks of petulance or malignity.

W. T.

Gray's-Inn,
January, 1804.

L I F E
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

WHILE it is so frequently made a matter of complaint by most biographers, that the noiseless tenor of an author's life affords so few materials for the pen, is so barren of incident, and deficient in novelty and interest, as to call forth all their anecdotic powers to excite the attention of their readers; we lament the opportunity afforded us by our author of relating some few facts beyond the mere limits of his literary labours, facts too notorious to be suppressed, too immoral to be palliated.

The life of Churchill may be divided into two periods, as unequal in their length as in the celebrity which attached to them. During

the first period of seven and twenty years, with the exception of a few indiscretions, his conduct in every relation, as son, as brother, husband, friend, and father, was rigidly and exemplarily, though obscurely, virtuous and correct; the remaining six years of his life present us with an odious contrast.

It is somewhat singular that no authentic memoirs should hitherto have been published of a poet once so celebrated, and who during the latter period of his life excited more than any of his contemporaries the attention of the public. The variety of letters, essays, papers, poems, and paragraphs relating to him with which the press teemed from 1761 to 1765 would scarcely be credited, except after as laborious a research into the Reviews, Pamphlets, Magazines, and Newspapers of that period as has been made by us in the course of our remarks on the following poems. Yet a man thus the universal theme of censure, praise, or imitation, died in the full meridian of his reputation, and not one of his surviving literary friends was found to undertake the task of rescuing

his fame from the exaggerated aspersions of his enemies, and thus pay to his memory the just tribute of an authentic narrative.

The first account that was published of our author after his death, appeared in the Annual Register for 1764, and that partial and inaccurate statement has been the groundwork of all the biographical notices of his life which have hitherto appeared. His biographers, perfectly sensible of the paucity of their materials, have endeavoured to compensate for their deficiency in real information, by exerting their inventive talents. False relations, witticisms, forged letters, and imaginary anecdotes, have been substituted for truth, consistency, and impartiality. It is not by any means either our wish, or intention to engage in a refutation of the numerous errors and misrepresentations with which these narratives abound; such a refutation might indeed serve to swell our volume, but the triumph would be too dearly purchased at the expence of our readers' patience. It will be our endeavour therefore to confine ourselves, with-

out farther adverting to the faults of others, to the single object of laying before the public a short and unembellished account of our author, possessing no other advantages than what authenticity and impartiality can bestow.

Charles Churchill was the eldest son of the Reverend Charles Churchill, rector of Rainham, near Grays, in Essex, and many years curate and lecturer of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster. He was born at his father's house in Vine-street, in the last-mentioned parish, some time in February, 1731. When about eight years of age, he was sent to Westminster school, of which seminary Dr. Nichols and Dr. Pierson Lloyd were then masters; while his father, who was every way qualified for the office, superintended his education during the intervals of public study, as his private tutor. His proficiency in classical learning was considerable, but not so extraordinary as to intitle him to any pre-eminence over several of his school-fellows in the same class with himself. He as yet exhibited no promise of that brilliancy of imagination,

that vigour and force of genius, which, in his maturer years, were his peculiar characteristics.

At the age of fifteen, he became a candidate to be admitted on the foundation at Westminster, and went in head of the election; soon afterwards a circumstance happened which seemed in some measure to indicate the future strength and bent of his abilities. Having by some trifling puerile misdemeanour incurred the displeasure of his masters, he was by them enjoined to compose a poetical declamation in Latin, and speak it publicly in the school room, by way of apology for his misbehaviour. This task he acquitted himself of in so proper yet spirited a manner, as to obtain the unqualified approbation of his masters, without forfeiting the esteem of his schoolfellows by any undue concessions.

On entering his nineteenth year he quitted Westminster school, and, as is generally supposed, applied for matriculation at the university of Oxford; here it is said he was repulsed on account of his alleged deficiency

in the learned languages*. We cannot vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote, but must suppose he was more successful in his answers, or the questions to have been less difficult, at his next examination, at Cambridge, in 1749, in which year we find him admitted of Trinity College in that University. Immediately after his admission he returned to London, thoroughly disgusted with both Universities; neither of which can claim any share in his education, which was begun and finished at Westminster.

An intimacy formed by Churchill, while at Westminster, with a young lady of the name of Scot, whose father lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the school, led to a marriage between them, which, justly apprehen-

* The account he himself is said to have given of the examination, and of the cause of his rejection, is noticed in p. 19 of our second volume; and in the fourth Book of the Ghost, v. 103, he ridicules those forms,

—— which Balaam's ass

As well as Balaam's self might pass,

And with his master take degrees,

Could he contrive to pay the fees.

sive of their parents' disapprobation, was clandestinely solemnized at the Fleet. To this premature and inconsiderate measure, most of the difficulties in which our author was afterwards involved may fairly be ascribed; and, in his endeavours to forget or elude those difficulties, he acquired such habits of dissipation as indirectly terminated his life, and from acquiring which he was not likely to be deterred by the example, or reclaimed by the moral influence, of the partner he had thus injudiciously selected, before he had attained those powers of discrimination so infinitely necessary, yet so seldom attended to, in forming that important connexion on which the subsequent colour of a man's life entirely depends. But we are anticipating events.

His father, who had been reluctantly reconciled to this imprudent match, received the youthful couple into his house, in Vine-street, soon after their nuptials. Here they resided about a twelvemonth, during which period the conduct of our author was exemplarily regular and domestic. Indeed the calm

and tranquil scenes of life were infinitely better calculated for his studious and contemplative disposition, than the incessant turmoil, noise, and bustle of the great and busy world.

In the year 1751, influenced by family reasons, Churchill retired to Sunderland, in the North of England. In that retirement he devoted almost the whole of his time to his favourite poetical amusements; at length, however, he saw the necessity, as he was designed for the church, of applying to more serious and useful studies, which he now commenced with the most determined assiduity. This course of indefatigable application he uniformly pursued until the age of two-and-twenty, when he visited the metropolis to take possession of a small fortune, to which he became intitled in right of his wife.

During his residence in London, at this time, he occasionally frequented the theatres, and made many of those critical observations which, seven years afterwards, embellished and adorned the *Rosciad*. Shakspeare, his

favourite author, then appeared in meridian splendour; Garrick, Pritchard, and Cibber, exhibited his various beauties in the strongest point of view, and gave full force, dignity, and maturity, to the scenic art.

At the customary age, our author was ordained deacon by Dr. Willes, Bishop of Bath and Wells, on his friend Mr. Bailey's curacy of Cadbury, in Somersetshire, whither he immediately removed. He no sooner embraced the clerical profession, than he earnestly laboured from principle to discharge the important duties now incumbent on him, to the utmost of his abilities. His doctrine was orthodox, while his conduct was regular, studious, and unaffectedly consistent with his function.

When a little turned of five-and-twenty, he was, without any difficulty, on the mere strength of his good character and reputation for learning, and notwithstanding his having taken no degree, nor having ever studied at either of the Universities, ordained priest by Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of London, and Master of the Temple,

on his father's curacy of Rainham, in Essex. He still persevered in the same tenor of behaviour, and engaged more closely than ever in the study of theology. He now appeared to have bid a final adieu to the Muses, of whose enchanting society he had once been so deeply enamoured. Barrow and Tillotson superseded his former favourites Juvenal and Dryden.

His family increasing, he soon perceived that his scanty curacy would prove insufficient to support it with common decency and credit: he therefore determined to adopt some scheme, which, while it should be professionally consistent, might at once supply his exigencies, and rather increase than diminish his reputation among his parishioners. In pursuance of this plan he opened a school, and obtained, in a short space of time, as much encouragement as could be expected in a situation so obscure.*

* We have endeavoured to ascertain the truth of the anecdote, so often repeated, of Churchill's retiring into Wales upon a curacy of 30*l.* a year, his commencing

To men of genius in general an occupation of this nature must ever be intolerably irksome. The monotonous bondage and elementary drudgery of a school but ill accord with strong sense and a vigorous imagination; and our author often acknowledged that this proved the most disagreeable pursuit in which he had ever been engaged, and that nothing could have supported him under it but the heartfelt consciousness of the unimpeachable rectitude and propriety of his conduct.

He was removed from this disagreeable engagement by an event infinitely more distressing to his feelings. In the year 1758, his father died, by which his family lost a most affectionate monitor and friend, and society an invaluable member; this tribute is justly due

cyder merchant to improve his revenue, his ill success in that speculation, and its termination in a sort of rural bankruptcy. The manuscripts in our possession make no mention of these circumstances, and we have every reason to believe that Rainham and Cadbury were the only country churches in which Churchill ever officiated as curate.

to the memory of a man whose strict undeviating integrity, and amiable disposition of mind, endeared him to a numerous acquaintance; in the large circle of which he had scarcely ever excited in others, or experienced in himself, the slightest emotion of animosity or ill will.

Immediately upon the death of his father, our author was unanimously elected as his successor to the curacy and lectureship of St. John the Evangelist. This honourable testimony of respect for his father's memory, and for his own merit, became with him an additional incentive to persist in the line of conduct he had hitherto adopted. As a parochial priest, he performed his duties with the utmost punctuality, and in the pulpit he was plain, rational, and emphatic.*

* Twelve sermons of Churchill's composition have been published, which certainly reflect no additional lustre on his name. In p. 384 of our second volume the reader will find Dr. Kippis's critique upon them, which we are enabled to confirm by as meritorious an exertion of patience in a perusal of them.

When he had been a few months settled at Westminster, notwithstanding his well-grounded aversion to the employment, he once more engaged in the business of tuition, but upon an infinitely more eligible footing than he had ever been before. He now undertook to give lessons in the English tongue to the young ladies at Mrs. Dennis's boarding school in Queen's-square, Bloomsbury; and likewise in his leisure hours attended several young gentlemen, who, having acquired a competent skill in the dead languages, were desirous of receiving some assistance in forming their taste, and directing their studies with respect to the classical authors of antiquity. He acquitted himself of these engagements much to his own credit, and entirely to the satisfaction of his employers.

Such was Charles Churchill, until he was twenty-seven years of age; at which time a total alteration took place in his general system of conduct and behaviour in life. Some acute observers of human nature have imagined, that there is a climacteric of the

mind as well as of the body, and that at certain periods revolutions happen in the intellectual as well as in the corporeal world of man. Perhaps this doctrine might have been thought applicable to our author's case, had not the real cause of this apparently sudden and extraordinary change been too palpably evident. The anxiety arising from domestic infelicity unhinged his mind though naturally of a firm texture, and seemed to give an entirely new bias to his disposition.

Here we must draw the great line of separation, which, as we have before suggested, divided the life of our author into two very distinct and dissimilar portions; the one serious, rational, and consistent, the other irregular, dissipated, and licentious.

At this time the friendship between Churchill and Robert Lloyd, which had been formed in their boyish days at Westminster school, but which the different situations into which they were afterwards thrown, and the various incidents of their lives, had interrupted for a succession of years, revived with all that glow of

sensibility and ardour of attachment, characteristic of men of strong passions and of warm imaginations. Such men recollect with heartfelt complacency the chearful scenes of pure and artless innocence, and the delightful recollection of them has a happy tendency to revive and cement their friendship in a future and more mature period of their lives.

Robert Lloyd, after having studied at Oxford, where he acquired a high reputation for classical knowledge, and for his proficiency in every branch of polite literature, was appointed to the situation of an usher in Westminster school, of which his father, Dr. Lloyd, was the second master. His character had risen with every opportunity which offered for a display of his abilities. At Westminster, he was considered not only as a useful master, but as an ornament to that celebrated seminary.* His

* See Vol. II. p. 346 for some lines by Lloyd, descriptive of the repugnance he entertained for the situation of usher at a public school.

epigrammatical productions were pointed and concise, and his Latin prologues partook of the beautiful simplicity of Terence. The disgust he felt at filling a station so subordinate and laborious, induced him to resign it, and trust solely to his literary abilities for a subsistence. The first piece by which he distinguished himself was the Actor, an admirable poem, in which he manifested a peculiar vein of humour combined with great justness of criticism and facility of versification. Thus, deservedly high in reputation, the road to honours and preferment seemed opening to his view, and promised much of happiness and fame; but an utter disregard for prudence and economy blasted all these brilliant expectations, and deeply involved him in a series of calamities. An eccentric disposition, and an unbounded liberality, the too frequent concomitants of a lively imagination, proved his destruction. Under these circumstances did our author's intimacy with Lloyd recommence, and, urged by the same motive, a

restless inquietude of mind, they together hurried into scenes of dissipated conviviality.

The future is rarely sacrificed to the present, without producing consequences of the most distressing nature. A few months only had elapsed, before Churchill experienced in the most sensible manner the justice of this observation. He found that he had wantonly and precipitately plunged himself into an abyss of misery, the effect of which upon his friends he so feelingly describes in the following lines :

“ When all around me, with an air
Of hopeless sorrow, look’d despair;
When they or said, or seem’d to say,
There is but one, one only way.
Better, and be advis’d by us,
Not be at all, than to be thus.”

GHOST, BOOK IV.

At this critical and alarming juncture, Dr. Lloyd fortunately stepped forth to his assistance. His efforts were no less successful than benevolent. Our author was enabled by his assistance to effect a compromise with his credi-

tors,* who upon receiving five shillings in the pound, fully liberated him from their demands, and he was thus relieved from the impending horrors of a jail. An anecdote on the subject of this compromise, highly creditable to the character of our author, occurs in the *Biographia Britannica*, the editor whereof states, that in an instance which fell under his own knowledge, as an executor and guardian, Mr. Churchill, as soon as he had acquired some money by the sale of his publications, voluntarily came forward and paid the full amount of the original debt; Dr. Kippis adds, that it was highly probable, from this unsolicited and unexpected act of equitable retribution, that his conduct was the same in other cases.

A short time previous to this transaction, and soon after the renewal of his intimacy with Lloyd, his genius once more reverted into its natural channel. The example and success of his friend, in the walks of literature

* In the Conference, Churchill feelingly expresses those emotions of gratitude with which the friendly interference of Dr. Lloyd justly inspired him.

and poetry, excited a friendly emulation, and stimulated him to the exertion of his poetical abilities. The *Bard*, a poem in hudibrastic verse, was his first production after re-entering the regions of Parnassus. It was offered for sale to Mr. Waller, an eminent bookseller in Fleet-street, who without any hesitation rejected it as a contemptible performance. The author seems to have coincided with him in this opinion, as he could never afterwards be induced to publish it. The *Conclave* was his next attempt in the poetical line; this was a satire levelled against the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, Dr. Zachary Pearce, late Bishop of Rochester, then being Dean. It was written in Alexandrine verses, and was remarkably poignant and sarcastic; the characters were nervously drawn, boldly coloured, and nicely discriminated. This poem he also designed for publication; but, on its being submitted to the gentlemen of the long robe, they pronounced the satire to be of too personal a nature to admit of being printed, without danger of incurring legal

animadversion. Though disappointed in the brilliant expectations he had formed of the success of his poem, Churchill was not to be deterred from his object by this repulse. He now determined to fix his choice upon a subject of more universal interest, and accordingly after two months close attendance on the theatres, completed the *Rosciad*. Being encouraged in his present plan by the approbation of a few of those literary friends, to whose judgment the manuscript had been submitted, he was induced to offer the *Rosciad* to several booksellers, at the trifling sum of Five Guineas; but meeting with a peremptory refusal, he determined, at length, to publish it on his own account, and accordingly it appeared in March 1761, when the opinion of his friends was fully confirmed by the rapidity of its sale, which exceeded their most sanguine expectations. The strength, harmony, and natural flow of the verse, the variety of the numbers, the manliness of sentiment, the diversity of characters, the easy vein of humour, and the justice of the re-

marks and observations, contributed to render it equally pleasing to the lovers of wit, poetry, and criticism.

The circumstances attending the publication of this poem, its popularity, and the attribution of it to Lloyd, Colman, and Thornton*, the reader will find detailed in a subsequent page; we shall here only add, that very few even of his most intimate acquaintance gave Churchill credit for that fertility of thought, and strength of imagination, displayed in the *Rosciad*. So difficult is it to determine from a man's conversation, the scope, extent, and vigour of his understanding.

The judgment passed upon this work† by

* These gentlemen were dignified by Murphy in his advertisement to that *elegant* poem, the *Naiads of Fleet Ditch*, with the appellation of "The Little Faction," to which Churchill alluded in these lines of the *Rosciad* :

Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.

† Which the reader will find in p. 76 of this volume.

the Critical Reviewers roused our author to the publication of a poetical Apology, addressed to them, which at once established his fame in the literary world. It is one of the most finished and correct of his productions, the diction is regular and connected, and the numbers happily adapted to the sense, while the satire is spirited and just, pointed and severe.

Lloyd, who, by the success of the poem he had himself written* on a similar

* The Actor is one of the most pleasing and scientific essays upon theatrical representation in general that has ever been written, and we should be guilty of an act of injustice towards the author of it, were we not here to mention, what escaped our notice in its proper place, that Mr. Sheridan, in his Monody on the Death of Garrick, from which we have given an extract in our preliminary remarks on the Rosciad, has freely borrowed from these concluding lines of the Actor :

Yet, hapless artist ! though thy skill can raise
The bursting peal of universal praise,
Though at thy beck, applause delighted stands,
And lifts, Briareus-like, her hundred hands,

subject, had probably given our author the first hint towards his plan, was somewhat

Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath;
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest times th' eternal nature feel.
Though blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the actor's share,
Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
And sinks the player's in the poet's name,
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien, that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

Garrick pilfered the same thought in his prologue to the
Clandestine Marriage :

The painter dead yet still he charms the eye,
While England lives, his fame can never die.
But he " who struts his hour upon the stage,"
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age,
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save,
The art and artist share one common grave,

That arch plagiarist Sterne has observed with Solomon,
that there is nothing new under the sun, " it is only
pouring out of one vial into another." Mr. Sheridan

disgusted at the extravagant applause bestowed upon the Rosciad; but the decided superiority which Churchill displayed in his subsequent productions, reconciled Lloyd to an inferior station on the Parnassian mount. Not content, however, with a tacit submission, he publicly expressed his acquiescence in the justice of the sentence, which had been pronounced in favour of his friend. The ingenuous complacency of mind, and the total absence of envy, which we find displayed in the compliments he pays his friend Churchill, evince no inconsiderable portion of self knowledge, and are characteristic of that happy amenity of disposition for which Lloyd was distinguished, and which gained and secured to him the best affections of our author, who from this period was almost his inseparable companion, one sentiment governing the minds, and one purse administering to the wants, of both. Lloyd in

scarcely gives himself this trouble, but frequently takes the vial itself, and only alters the label.

the following lines pays the homage of respect to the superior genius of our author, while he at the same time justly appreciates the extent of his own poetic powers :

For me, who labour with poetic sin,
Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,
Nor ting'd with envy, wish that genius mine,
'To Churchill's muse can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law ;
Both may, perhaps, have various powers to please ;
Be his the strength of numbers, mine the ease.

The profits accruing from the extensive sale of the *Rosciad* and the *Apology* enabled our author to make that full restitution to his creditors, which we have before noticed ; the merit arising from this noble, because voluntary, act of justice, was tarnished by the general irregularity of his conduct. The celebrity he had acquired, obtained for him an immediate introduction to the society of men whose literary endowments were disgraced by the

utmost dissoluteness of life and manners. His nocturnal revels and frequent absences from home rendered every return to it more irksome, and the frequent altercations which ensued between him and Mrs. Churchill, who possessed but little of the spirit of conciliation, and whose conduct opened some field for recrimination *, ended in February, 1761, in a total separation. This circumstance, together with the general outcry raised against him by his parishioners for his total disregard of his religious functions, and the unbecoming nature of his dress, induced him to resign the curacy and lectureship of St. John's †,

* Dr. Kippis, in the *Biographia Britannica*, observes, that it was always understood in Westminster, that Mrs. Churchill's imprudence kept too near a pace with that of her husband.

† The dress he now adopted was a blue coat with metal buttons, a gold laced waistcoat, a gold laced hat and ruffles. The bishop of Rochester remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his dress, at the instance of the parishioners of St. John's, which circumstance, together with Lloyd's epigram on the occasion, are related in p. 127 of this volume.

which but a few years before had been conferred on him, in consequence of the high character he then possessed for learning and morality. He now totally renounced all claim to the clerical character, became quite a man of the town, and indulged in all the excesses to which youth, and unbridled licentiousness could prompt*.

* The midnight orgies of our author and his associates are thus described in Charles Johnson's masterly but caustic satire entitled, *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*. "The company to which my new master was in such haste to go, consisted of a few persons whom a similarity of temper had linked in the closest intimacy; with these he spent the remainder of the evening, in a manner which few would dislike, though fewer still could approve; the spirited wit and liveliness of their conversation gilded the grossest debaucheries, at the same time that the rectitude and sublimity of their sentiments, whenever their hearts could find an opportunity to speak, made the vices of their practice still more horrible by the contrast." This account of the society precedes a pathetic incident, in which *Chrysal's* master displays an uncommon portion of active benevolence. As the anecdote accords with the character of our

To vindicate his conduct from the just censure of the public, Churchill addressed his next poem entitled *Night* * to Lloyd, his friend and partner in excess. This vindication proceeds on the exploded doctrine, that the bare-faced avowal of vice is less culpable than the practice of it under an hypocritical assumption of virtue. The measure of guilt in the individual is, we conceive, tolerably equal; but the sanction and dangerous example afforded in the former case, renders it, in a public point of view, an evil of tenfold magnitude.

author, which induced him enthusiastically to follow the first impulses of his heart, we see no reason for doubting that he was the real hero of this affecting tale.

* To avoid the necessity of accumulated references, we beg to refer our readers to the preliminary remarks on each poem, and to our notes in general, for several detached anecdotes of the life and writings of our author. They appeared to us necessary for the elucidation of the text, and we could not reintroduce them in this part of our volume, without justly incurring blame for trespassing on the patience of our readers by unnecessary repetitions.

The next work he published was the first book of the *Ghost*, a poem which he afterwards continued at intervals, and which he seems to have composed of several disjointed plans, strung together, and forming a sort of poetical common-place book, in which the author indulges in a greater license of digression, and carelessness of diction, than he had hitherto ventured upon. The experiment failed of success, and excepting a few well drawn characters, the author's reputation would have received no detriment by the suppression of this tedious heap of hudibrastic incongruities.

In the year 1762, Churchill plunged deeper and more irrecoverably in the mire of debauchery and faction, by the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Wilkes, whose coadjutor he became in that invenomed vehicle of falsehood and sedition, the *North Briton*. What share he took of the labour in that publication we are unacquainted with; but Mr. Kearsley, in his examination before the secretaries of state, told them, that Mr. Charles Churchill received the profit arising

from its sale. This circumstance rendered him of importance enough to be included with Wilkes in the list of those whom the messengers had *verbal* instructions to apprehend under the general warrant issued for that purpose, the execution of which gave rise to the most popular and only beneficial part of the warm contest that ensued with government. Churchill was with Wilkes at the time the latter was apprehended, and himself only escaped owing to the messengers ignorance of his person, and to the presence of mind with which Wilkes addressed him by the name of Thompson.

The materials of the Prophecy of Famine, were first proposed to Churchill as the subject of a paper for the North Briton; but on more mature consideration, he determined upon converting it into a poem. This he did with extraordinary success and felicity of expression; and, though we are far from justifying the spirit of nationality with which it is imbued, we cannot but consider it as one of the most admirable specimens of satirical composition in the language. On

the subject of this poem it has been observed, that the author displays in it a peculiar happiness of throwing his thoughts into poetical paragraphs, so that the sentence swells to the conclusion, as in prose.

Hogarth was the next victim immolated at the shrine of party; and, though he began the attack, was wholly unprepared either to support his own cause, or successfully to ridicule that of his opponents. The wretched attempts he made to expose the failings of Earl Temple, and the Earl of Chatham; and his coarse caricature of our author, served only to confirm the poet's assertion of his dotage. It has been generally supposed that this epistle, which is throughout written in our author's best manner, accelerated the death of the ingenious artist to whom it was addressed. This circumstance, we are by no means inclined to believe to the full extent; though there can be no doubt, but that a man so vain as Hogarth must have been sensibly affected by so severe an attack on

him, in a poem which promised to equal, if not surpass, his own works in duration *.

As the only authentic correspondence of Churchill consists of no more than six short letters, we shall subjoin them to these memoirs, and must refer the reader to the second of them, for the author's own sense of the provocation that had been given by Hogarth.

We are now arrived at the most painful part of our duty, that of relating an event

* Mr. Nichols, in his amusing anecdotes of Hogarth, mentions his having been assured by Dr. Morrell, the friend who first carried and read to Hogarth the invective of Churchill, that he seemed quite insensible to the most sarcastical parts of it. He was so thoroughly wounded before, by the North Briton, especially with regard to what related to his domestic happiness, that he lay no where open to a fresh attack. Mr. Nichols adds, "some readers may however entertain a doubt on this subject. A man feels most exquisitely when the merit of which he is proudest, is denied him; and it may be urged that Hogarth was more solicitous to maintain the character of a good painter, than of a tender husband."

which gave Churchill more real anxiety of mind than any other transaction of his life.

Early in 1763, he had formed an intimacy with Miss C. the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster; this poor young creature he seduced, prevailed on her to quit her father's roof, and lead a life of infamy with him. Satiated by a fortnight's gratification of his passion, during which short period she had full leisure afforded her for sorrow and repentance, they prevailed upon a real friend to communicate her penitence and sufferings to her father, who by their joint intreaties was induced again to receive her into his family. This instance of parental tenderness sensibly affected her, and she most probably would by her future conduct have justified the lenient kindness of her father, and having once felt the pangs of vice would never again have deviated from the paths of virtue, had she not been continually exposed to the taunts and goadings of an elder sister, the bitterness of whose reproaches induced this unhappy young woman to apply once more to

Churchill for protection. Actuated by a false sense of gratitude and honour, he thought himself imperiously bound to receive her into his arms; had he made an ample provision for her support, and declined all farther intercourse, his former offence might have admitted of some extenuation, but this renewal of the connexion, aggravated the crime. While this transaction was fresh in the public mind, and with a view in some measure to efface the unfavourable impression it had made, he published the Conference, in which the emotions of a mind not hardened in guilt, and severely labouring under the pressure of self-conviction, are pathetically described, and several passages of that poem are strongly expressive of manly sensibility and acuteness of feeling.

Accompanied by Miss C. he, in the summer of 1763, made an excursion into Wales, and resided a few weeks at Monmouth, the rusticity of whose inhabitants he has celebrated in *Gotham*. On his return to London he received the disagreeable information of his friend

Lloyd's imprisonment in the Fleet. Actuated by that ardour, which on all occasions distinguished him, he flew to his assistance, and demonstrated by his actions, the warmth and sincerity of his friendship.

A few months after Lloyd's confinement, it was proposed, by his most intimate acquaintance, to raise a subscription for the purpose of extricating him from his immediate embarrassments. Our author made every possible exertion to forward this benevolent design, but all his efforts proved abortive. Unfortunately for Lloyd, his pretended friends were more ostentatious than liberal, and had meanly proposed what they did not possess sufficient spirit and generosity to carry into execution. What adversity alone can teach, he now learnt, the insincerity of the warmest professions, and the instability of the *most inviolable* friendships; Garrick, Thornton, Colman, and Hogarth, whom he had so frequently be-rhimed and be-praised, coolly abandoned him to his fate; Wilkes was abroad, and Churchill proved the only staunch and generous friend on whom he

could safely rely for support in his distress. To the liberality of our author, and to the avarice of the booksellers, Lloyd was indebted for a tolerably comfortable subsistence during his tedious confinement.

It is not to be wondered at that these depressing circumstances of poverty and dereliction, should prey upon the mind of Lloyd, who, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, had been no one's enemy but his own. The amiable mildness and affectionate warmth of his own attachments gave double force to the cruel neglect he experienced from his old school and college connexions. He seemed to wish to live for no other purpose than to express his gratitude to Churchill, whom, with a broken heart, he followed to an early grave.

Accustomed on every occasion warmly to espouse the cause of his friends, the rencontre between Wilkes and Martin, gave rise to Churchill's next poem the Duellist, the first book of which was published in November 1763, soon after that transaction had taken place. In this satire, which though in the

same metre, far exceeds the Ghost in spirit and correctness, he did not confine himself entirely to the subject of his muse, but indulged in some severe reflections on persons not immediately connected with the hero of the poem. The allegorical part of it is highly finished, and the personification of the various pursuits, passions, and vices of mankind, displays great animation, and force of imagery. The Cave of Fraud is admirably described, and its hateful inhabitants seem present to our view.

Our author closed his poetical labours for the year 1763, with the Author, with which poem his various critics and reviewers professed themselves to be better pleased than with any of his preceding publications. The satire, except in one or two instances, is of a public and general nature, and well directed; the superiority of genius is asserted with spirit and supported by argument, and the trammels of a collegiate life are sarcastically displayed. His apology for quitting his gown is manly and indignant, but unsatisfactory.

For about six months after his return from Wales, Churchill lodged at Richmond, from whence he removed to a house on Acton Common, where he fixed his residence with an intention to retrieve a shattered constitution, and to sit down in the quiet enjoyment of that competence which the patronage of the public had bestowed. Here in the society of the friends he loved, he proposed passing his days in lettered ease, removed from the immediate seat of business, but sufficiently near to observe the progress of the grand machine of literature and politics, and occasionally to employ his active mind in lashing the prime movers of it.

His first production, in 1764, was *Gotham*, in which he deviates from his usual style, and indulges in descriptive poetry to a greater degree than he had done on any former occasion. In the first book he, in the description of the several ages of mankind, seems disposed to enter the lists with Shakspeare and Horace. In the second, the business and labours of a poet are critically enlarged upon,

and while he bows to the superior merit of his great predecessors, and acknowledges the slovenly and careless texture of his own compositions, yet seems perfectly conscious of their worth.

Materials rich, though rude, inflam'd with thought
Though more by fancy, than by judgment, wrought.

His characters of the Stuarts, in the same book, are drawn with historical fidelity. The versification of the third book is more harmonious than either of the preceding; the severe, exclusive duties of royalty, and the painful sacrifice of more engaging pursuits to the strict discharge of them, are admirably depicted.

The contest for the high-stewardship of Cambridge afforded too fair a subject to escape our author's pen. The desire of such a man as the Earl of Sandwich to preside over one of the great seminaries for the improvement of the youth of this kingdom in religion and learning, could not fail of inspiring Churchill

with a wish to display to the public the advantages that must have accrued to the cause of virtue and morality in the event of his Lordship's succeeding to that situation. The scope afforded by such a subject constitutes this as perhaps the severest satire ever written by the pen of man.

The fire and spirit displayed by our author in the *Candidate*, appear to have exhausted his present stock; and his next poem, the *Farewell*, is consequently unusually deficient in both qualifications.

In his succeeding production, the *Times*, his muse appears to have recovered her usual vigour. Nothing can exceed the energy of this satire; the prominent vices of the principal European states are well discriminated, and the picture of the degraded state of Italy, and of its effeminate inhabitants, is drawn in colours particularly strong and glowing.

Independence, the great idol of our author's adoration, forms the subject of his next poem, in which he draws no unfavourable portrait

of his own soul, though he treats its *case* with but little ceremony; he probably felt no hesitation in owning “*ingenium Galbæ, male habitat.*” “*Monsieur est mal logé.*” Lord Lyttelton, who was in the same predicament, is treated by him with unjustifiable severity; this poem might have been considerably improved had the author lived to revise a second edition.

The Journey, and the Fragment of a Dedication, were posthumous publications, which did not detract from the merit of their author, though in each of them an honourable character is sacrificed at the shrine of private resentment.

We have now closed the catalogue of our author's publications, and have reached the ultimate period of his life.

Towards the end of October 1764, he accompanied his friend Mr. Cotes* to France, to pay a visit to Wilkes then a voluntary exile in that country. They met at Boulogne where Churchill, immediately upon his arrival, was

* For an account of whom, see Vol. II. p. 355.

seized with a miliary fever, which baffled the skill of two eminent physicians by whom he was attended. Mr. Cotes was a great advocate for Dr. James's powder, and insisted upon administering it, to which the medical gentlemen consented, but observed that the battle was lost. They at the same time said, that if the powder produced any favourable effect, it would operate as a cathartic, or by perspiration, but that if it acted as an emetic, (which in fact it did) the patient would be immediately carried off. The event corresponded with their prediction, and Churchill died at Boulogne, on the fourth of November, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. At the moment when his danger was most imminent, the physicians, according to the law of the country, were obliged to apprise the priests of his danger, that they might attend to perform their spiritual functions, and, the patient being a protestant, to use their endeavours for his conversion. Accordingly they repeatedly demanded admission for this purpose, but their attempts were parried with his usual ad-

dress, by Wilkes, who thus prevented them from troubling his dying friend. This gentleman has informed the world that the goodness of Churchill's heart, and the firmness of his philosophy, shone in full lustre during the whole time of his very severe illness, and that the comprehensive faculties of his mind remained unimpaired till within a few moments of his death.*

Churchill's body was brought from Boulogne for interment at Dover, where it was deposited in the old church-yard formerly belonging to the collegiate church of St. Martin, with a stone over him on which are inscribed his age, the time of his death, and this line from his own works—

“ Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies.”

* Davies, in his *Life of Garrick*, confidently asserts, that the last words uttered by our author were, “ what a fool have I been !” though we may admit the propriety of this exclamation, it is not, in this instance, intitled to any credit, having always been pointedly denied by Mr. Wilkes.

A tablet sacred to his memory has since been placed in the church by Mr. Underwood, the author of several poetical pieces.

The unexpected death of a man who had now for near four years, unceasingly, occupied the attention of the public, could not take place without occasioning a considerable sensation. He was sincerely lamented by his friends and acquaintance, and his popularity, with a great body of the people, gave to his death the appearance of a national loss. Such was at first the enthusiasm in favour of his memory, that there was a talk of erecting a monument to him in Westminster-Abbey, but the idea soon subsided, and will scarcely ever be revived.*

In the year 1765, the celebrated Abbé Winckelman having presented Wilkes with an antique sepulchral urn of alabaster, the latter

* Dr. Beattie wrote a poem on this subject, in which he attacked the memory of our author in a manner unworthy of the head and heart which dictated the Minstrel, his good sense induced him to expunge this poem from the subsequent editions of his works.

caused the following inscription, closely imitative of the terse style of the antients, to be engraven on it:

Carolo Churchill,

Amico Jucundo

Poetæ acri

Civi optime de patria merito

P

Johannis Wilkes.

MDCCLXV.

The same inscription is also engraved on a Doric pillar, erected to his memory by Mr. Wilkes, in the grove of Sandham cottage in the Isle of Wight. It is in the middle of the grove, behind it are weeping willows, cypresses, and yews. Laurels seem to grow out of the column, as from Virgil's tomb at Naples, and come nearly down to the tablet on the pillar, which is fluted, and appears in some parts already injured by time. On the foreground are large myrtles, bays, laburnums, &c. The pillar is broken, and is about nine feet in height, and five in diameter.

Churchill left two sons, Charles and John,

the charge of whose education was generously undertaken by Sir Richard Jebb, who sent the former to the university of Cambridge with a handsome allowance. They neither of them proved worthy of this support, they inherited the faults, without the virtues and abilities of their father, and died like him, victims to their disregard of temperance and prudence.

Of the numerous publications relating to our author and his works, which appeared during his life, and soon after his death, notice has occasionally been taken in the remarks upon his poems; and we shall not trespass on the patience of our readers, by any farther mention of them here. They have, like many other things, become valuable, only because they are scarce, and became scarce, only because they were of no value; their titles, names, and merits, are preserved in the reviews of the day, the works themselves may be found in the libraries of the antiquarian scavengers of English literature. It would likewise be a needless task to enumerate the various editions of our

author's works, the present one contains all he ever published, except his sermons, and some poetical trifles, ascribed to him on dubious authority, and which appeared in the Library, a periodical journal of the year 1761.

On a short review of Churchill's writings, we must pronounce them to be like his life, irregular, unequal, and inconsistent. In the same page may frequently be contrasted the strength, fire, and brilliancy of Dryden, to the roughness of Oldham and of Donne. In either case, however, a noble vein of moral satire pervades his poems, and he in them stands forth the undaunted bard of liberty, the scourge of tyranny, and the firm friend to the laws and constitution of his country. Led away by the enthusiasm of friendship, Churchill occasionally sullied and deserted these noble principles, by adopting the libellous and factious language of the profligate supporters of a good cause. Unfortunately we cannot assert the patriotism of our author, without impeaching his understanding, when we feel ourselves compelled to acknowledge him as the dupe

of a designing demagogue. This, however, we believe to have been the fact, for while we cannot but regret the numerous errors and irregularities too apparent in the conduct of our author; we yet see no traces of systematic vice or deception in his disposition. This was frank and open in the extreme; to hypocrisy he was an utter stranger, his great failing, and the original source of his misconduct, was the paying an inconsiderate and implicit obedience to the dictates of a heart, which was naturally sound, but which, under the influence of his witty and dissolute companions, took a wrong bias, and from that period progressively diverged farther and farther from the path of virtue.

No poet of equal celebrity, had ever fewer testimonies paid to his memory and merits, than Churchill; he was too severe a censor of his literary contemporaries, for them to contribute to the extension of his fame, whose object it had been to detract from theirs. The partial pen of Lloyd, who appears throughout all his poems desirous of expressing his

admiration for his friend, forms nearly a solitary exception. We shall confine ourselves to the following extract, as at once affording a pleasing specimen of his poetry and gratitude :

Is there a man, whose genius strong,
Rolls like a rapid stream along,
Whose muse, long hid in cheerless night,
Pours on us like a flood of light,
Whose active, comprehensive mind
Walks Fancy's regions, unconfin'd ;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride
Nor affectation, warps aside ;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self ;
Careless alike, in conversation
Of censure, or of approbation ;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks
And meets the wit he never seeks,
Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool ;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe ;
Who, bold and open, firm and true
Flatters no friends, yet loves them too ;
Churchill will be the last to know
His is the portrait, I would shew.

Succeeding writers took the tone from their

predecessors, and Cowper is almost the only author of celebrity who has done justice to the abilities and character of our author*. Johnson and Goldsmith are said to have spoken slightly of him, and indeed it would have been singular, if after the provocation he had received from our author, the former had not

* The following epigram, on the death of Churchill, was written by Cunningham :

Says Tom to Richard, " Churchill's dead !"

Says Richard, " Tom, you lie :

" Old Rancour the report hath spread ;

" But Genius cannot die."

From the vast heap of anonymous *jeux d'esprit* which occasionally appeared on the subject of our author, we select the following whimsical comparison between him and John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

In Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,

And, great in arms, subdu'd Britannia's foes ;

A greater Churchill now commands our praise,

And the palm yields her empire to the bays.

Though John fought nobly at his army's head,

And slew his thousands with the balls of lead ;

Yet must the hero to the bard submit,

Who hurls unmatch'd the thunderbolts of wit.

condemned him, whilst Goldsmith would of course endeavour to support the opinion of his friend. Few writers have however ventured to impeach their own judgment, by committing to paper any remarks in derogation of Churchill's talents; though they would not commend, they dared not censure, and have therefore only preferred silence to praise*.

It has of late been usual with most editors †, to conclude the life, with an essay on the genius, of their author: this custom is in our opinion, more honoured in the breach, than the observance; and in the room of an affected and pedantic dissertation, written more with a view to display the editor's than his author's genius, we shall close our account of the life and writings of Charles Churchill,

* Warton and Knox are exceptions to this observation; the former in his Essay on Poetry, immolates Churchill at the shrine of Gray; and the latter, in his flimsy "Essays," consigns Churchill to that oblivion, in which notwithstanding the piteous narrative of his escape from martyrdom at Brighton, the Doctor has himself been overwhelmed.

† We could here in malice to our readers, refer them to a late edition of the works of Warton.

with the following just delineation of his character, by Cowper, a poet equal to our author in energy and originality, but voluntarily inferior to him in harmony of diction.

Contemporaries all surpass'd, see one;
Short his career, indeed, but ably run;
Churchill; himself unconscious of his powers,
In penury consum'd his idle hours;
And, like a scatter'd seed at random sown,
Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in luxury's soft lap
And took, too often, there his easy nap.
If *brighter beams than all* he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him *not want of worth*,
Surly and slovenly, and bold, and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood
And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
The laurel seem'd to wait on his command,
He snatch'd it rudely from the Muse's hand.

TABLE TALK.

LETTERS
FROM
CHARLES CHURCHILL
TO
JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

MY DEAR WILKES,

I Am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for my health, but what account to give you of it, I can't well tell. I am better as to acuteness of pain.

After having accused me on account of my indolence, dost thou not now tremble at the sight of a whole sheet? Have you laid in a stock of patience, or sufficiently prepar'd yourself for the Christian duty of mortification? I shall try the strength of your virtues, and the sincerity of your conversion to the doctrines of patience and forbearance.

The affair of Lord Talbot* still lives in

* See Vol. II. p. 39.

conversation, and you are spoken of by all with the highest respect. Lord Weymouth gives you the greatest encomiums. Your friends at the beef-steak enquired after you last Saturday with the greatest zeal, and it gave me no small pleasure that I was the person of whom the enquiry was made. Colonel ***** desires his compliments in the warmest terms, and declares he must be known to you with the first occasion. Nothing ever gave me so high an opinion of myself, as not being envious of you.

Think not that the Scottish eclogue totally stands still, or that I can ever be unmindful of any thing, which I think will give Wilkes pleasure, and which I am certain will do me honour in having his name prefixed. The present state of it however stands thus—it is split into two poems — the Scottish Eclogue, which will be inscrib'd to you in the pastoral way — and another poem — which I think will be a strong one — immediately addressed by way of epistle to you — this way they will

both be of a piece, otherwise it would have been,

Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

The pastoral begins thus—and I believe will be out soon—but nothing comes out till I begin to be pleas'd with it myself,

When Cupid first instructs, &c.*

The other runs thus,

From solemn thought, &c.

Can Wilkes? — I know thou canst — retreat a while,
Learn pity's lesson, and disdain to smile.

Oft have I heard thee, &c.

Hirco—the MORAL Hirco—stains the bed
Of that kind Master, who first gave him bread,
Scatters the seeds of discord through the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son.
If Hirco suffers, we are all content,
But should blind rage involve the innocent?

* See the Prophecy of Famine.

The faults of one, shall we to all impute?
 Shall vicious Hirco injure virtuous Bute*?

Thus much for rhyme. I have made
 the North Briton entirely out of your letters.
 There is a very decent Irishism, unless for
cautious of avoiding you read *careful to avoid*.

I am, with the utmost sincerity,

Your's ever,

C. CHURCHILL.

Aug. 3, 1768.

MY DEAR WILKES,

I could not write sooner. Would it not
 have been more for your comfort not to have
 wrote at all?

News there is none, or, as Dr. Markham
 under Lord Stormont's name most Christ-

* Compare this with the following passage in the
 Conference.

Hirco, who knows not Hirco, &c.

Churchically expresses it, *no notices come here**.

I am full of work, and flatter myself my spirits are pretty good — I live soberly — enjoy health — and could, I believe, answer a bill on sight to any woman — but my wife. Next winter is certainly ordained for the rising and falling of many in Israel.—The Lord forbid I should be idle in so great a work, *aut tanto cessarim cardine rerum*. Several poems I shall have out soon, but not, I hope, so soon as to cut them off from the advantage of your criticism. Mr. Pope ought surely to feel some instinctive terrors, for against him I have double pointed all my little thunderbolts, in which as to the design, I hope I shall have your approbation, when you consider his *heart*, and as to the execution, if you approve it, I can sit down easily, and hear with contempt the censures of all the half-blooded, prudish lords.

* Dr. Markham, now archbishop of York, was private secretary to Lord Stormont, the British ambassador at the court of France,

For something relative to Pope take the following lines, intended as an answer to those, who because I have slightly mentioned a few qualities of a goodly nature of one of my friends, would have me enlarge on his bad, and think me inexcusable for not mentioning them.

Not spare the man I love, not dare to feel
The partial glowings of a friendly zeal?
Nature forgives, nay justifies the deed,
By friendship's first and noblest law decreed.
Shall I not do then, what in days of yore
Most bitter satirists have done before?
They saw the follies, but they lov'd the men:
E'en Pope could feel for friendship now and then.

I take it for granted you have seen Hogarth's Print against me. Was ever any thing so contemptible? I think he is fairly *felo de se* — I think not to let him off in that manner, although I might safely leave him to your Notes*. He has broke into my pale of

* In Mr. Churchill's Will is the following passage:—
“ I desire my dear friend, John Wilkes, Esq. to collect

private life, and set that example of illiberality, which I wished — of that kind of attack which is ungenerous in the first instance, but justice in the return — I intend an elegy on him, supposing him dead, but * * tells me with a kiss he will be really dead before it comes out, that I have already kill'd him, &c. How sweet is flattery from the woman we love, and how weak is our boasted strength when opposed to beauty and good sense with good nature? Those who value themselves on the dignity of man may scorn such a supposition, but I would rather bear that slavery (and it is the only slavery I would tamely bear) than enjoy the empire of mankind.

How is my little muse? how is Miss Wilkes?

I have not, and I am afraid shall not be able to steal to Aylesbury. Some inducement I find wanting to draw me even to the plea-

and publish my Works with the Remarks and Explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make."

tures of that place. Can Wilkes at Paris guess what it is? As little shall I be able to see Mr. Dixon, for your letter to whom I shall not thank you, intending for my own ease to bring all your acts of civility and friendship to one account, which I hope is yet at a great distance. I have begun the fourth Book of the Ghost, and by the beginning of next month hope to hear of it's being received, where I most wish it should be approved.

Is Paris pleasant? Have the lively Gauls superior attractions to the English? The only thing I envy France, is you. For my own sake, I could wish it was without pleasure; for your's, I could wish every pleasure doubled. Col. ***** desires to be remembered to you, with many others, and when I reflect on the enquiries made after you by the most sensible of this sinking nation, I cannot help feeling a vain satisfaction, that I am the person of whom they enquire. Lloyd talks of writing, and Fitzherbert, who is perfectly recover'd, of coming in at the heel of the letter, mean

time desiring his best respects. The Post Chaise waits, and Charlotte cries, Away. — I beg you will not let me have an opportunity of writing again. I am on fire for Politics, nor do I perceive one jot of discouragement come from the thought of the King's Bench, and the *pale Mansfield**. Come over, nor by staying there add one more triumph of peace to France. Your friends long to see you, and none more than

Your's most affectionately,

C. CHURCHILL.

I have resolv'd,

Resolve not quick, but once resolved be strong,
to write an Epic Poem in four books. The purport you may guess by the name, *Culloden*.

I enclose you a copy of a paper, which will soon be sent you by the printers, &c. in gratitude for your late labours. I hope you are

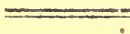
* In the Epistle to Hogarth he says,

Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?

recruiting to begin more attacks against the tyranny of our ministry, which increases every day.

“ We the underwritten, who were contrary
 “ to law imprisoned by the King’s Messen-
 “ gers, desire thus publicly to return thanks
 “ to John Wilkes, Esquire, for his spirited en-
 “ deavours, and steady attention, to procure
 “ us that redress and satisfaction, which we
 “ have at length obtain’d by the verdicts of
 “ our countrymen.”

Witness our hands this, &c.



MY DEAR WILKES,

I Am greatly oblig’d by your’s of this morning, and the moment I have occasion, there is no person in the world to whom I would so soon apply as yourself, and from whom I should so willingly receive favours. I shall without scruple shew you what dependance I have on your friendship. The plan of next

North Briton I have chang'd, and for this reason, on pursuing it I find it the best subject for a poem I ever had in my life. The Prophecy of Famine you may remember took it's rise from a similar circumstance, and if I may venture to be prophetic in prose, this will be a much better poem.

I admire exceedingly your motto * for the last number of the Auditor. It will make Murphy mad. My head is full of Hogarth, and as I like not his company, I believe I shall get him on paper, not so much to please the public, not so much for the sake of justice, as for my own ease — a motive ever powerful with indolent minds. I have begun already, and seem to like the subject. I have been so long out of verse, that it appears like a new world, and has acquired fresh charms from disuse.

Mr. Legge enquired affectionately after you. He is in good spirits, and bears up nobly.

I am ever your's,

C. CHURCHILL.

* Discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

VIRG. ÆN. lib. vi.

Should I have put my name to the truth?
Is it not a libel?

MY DEAR WILKES,

My not writing to you sooner, and my not giving you earlier notice of my inability to write the North Briton for this week, arises from my flattering myself that I should have been recover'd from my indisposition, but I still keep my bed: when I shall get out of it, I do not guess. Many things have I to say to you, but my head rambles too much for recollection. I am quite exhausted, for I have not been able to sleep for the last week. Would I had a Mason here!

Lloyd tells me that you have wrote an answer to the supposed letter from the Pretender to the Earl of Bute in the North Briton of February the 19th. He says you have most happily imitated all the quaintnesses of Bute's stile, and inserted several curious anecdotes from him to his dear Cousin. Pray send it to me. You are again

happy in your motto * to it. Pray finish the paper against the Tories, which you shewed me. I mean that which has the motto,

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium.

I fear the damned Aristocracy† is gaining ground in this country.

I am your's most sincerely,

C. CHURCHILL.

* The motto to this ironical letter of the Earl of Bute to the Pretender was from Ovid,

Nil mihi rescribas; attamen ipse veni.

The letter was never published.

† Let not, whatever other ills assail,

A damned Aristocracy prevail. FAREWELL.

D'Alembert says, “ Dans le plan que le celebre Chan-
“ celier Oxenstiern donna pour la régence, on remarque
“ un éloignement pour le despotisme, qui doit honorer
“ la mémoire d'un Ministre d'Etat. Il paroît incliner
“ pour un gouvernement mêlé du monarchique et du ré-
“ publicain; et l'on ne peut disconvenir que cette forme
“ n'ait plusieurs grands avantages, sans prétendre d'ailleurs
“ toucher à la question delicate du meilleur gouvernement
“ possible, dont la solution peut recevoir différentes modi-

MY DEAR WILKES,

I wish it was in my power to send you the next Saturday's North Briton according to your desires, but though I expected that you would depend on me, I have not as yet wrote a letter of it, according to my usual maxim of putting every thing off till the last. You may be certain however of it's being done in time.* I have the cause too much at heart to let it be out of my head.*

“ fictions par la différence des climats, de la situation, des
 “ circonstances, du genie des Rois et des Peuples. Mais
 “ on ne sauroit soupçonner un esprit aussi éclairé qu' Ox-
 “ enstiern d'avoir donné la préférence, comme quelques-uns
 “ l'ont cru, au gouvernement ARISTOCRATIQUE, que le droit
 “ naturel et l'expérience démontrent être le pire de tous.”

Mélanges de Littérature. Amst. 1764, vol. ii. p. 237.

* The North Briton for July 17, 1762, was probably written by our author, it contains a ludicrous chronicle of the occurrences likely to take place in the event of the compleat re-ascendancy of the Stuarts. What other papers were written by Churchill we know not, but should suppose that during the absence of Wilkes he generally composed them from that gentleman's letters, and from the communications of occasional correspondents.

I have just received the following epigram, built on the supposition of my being the North Briton.

While the Briton, true Scotsman, more cunning than
wise,

Would cajole us good people with party and lies,
The North Briton steps forth like a Briton of old,
And tells us those truths, which we ought to be told,
Oh Patriot Divine, how I honour thy merit!

Thou hast twice[^] laid a Ghost,* may'st thou now raise
a Spirit.

I am very sorry I cannot meet you at Aylesbury, or come to you at Winchester, but that which I at first considered as the amusement of a trifling hour is become the serious attention and delight of my days. It has already been so of three weeks, and is likely to continue as much longer. This *universum triduum*. When we meet, which I flatter myself will be soon, you will be amazed to see how I am altered. Breakfast at nine—two dishes of tea

* Only the first two books of the Ghost were then published.

and one thin slice of bread and butter—dine at three—eat moderately—drink a sober pint—tumble the bed till four—tea at six—walk till nine—eat some cooling fruit and to bed. There is regularity for you.

Last Saturday I heard the trial of the conspirators relative to Miss Fanny, and was much entertained. They proposed to bring the Girl into Court, but my Lord looking in that way which is called looking we don't know how, significantly declared that he would advise them not to bring her in, for, quoth my Lord, I find I shall certainly be at her.

I read the two last papers with much pleasure, and hear them well spoken of. There is one circumstance in your letter, which hurts me. You say nothing when you shall be in town. I hope soon. Neither do you mention Miss Wilkes, whom I must not forget.

The paper of the third * will never be for-

* The North Briton, No. 5, for 3d July 1762, consists of a bitter invective against the system of favouritism. The text is taken from the historical fact of the influence of Mortimer

gotten, and you will never be forgiven, as it is universally ascribed to you. It has opened the eyes of many. *Hated by knaves, and knaves to hate*, may not be your motto, but will undoubtedly be your fate through life.

I desire you to take great care of your health, and still more of your life. I cannot bear to think that a life, which I value almost equally with my own, should be sacrificed to false principles of honour, though ever ready to be devoted on a true and noble plan. You seem sometimes rather to live in romance, than under the direction of that well-tempered, cool, distinguishing reason, in which no man is generally more happy than you.

over the Queen Mother, during the minority of Edward III. It was an observation of Wilkes, that though No. 45 had wonderful luck, the elder brother No. 5, deserved still more to have been taken notice of, and perhaps actually laid the foundation of the younger brother's fortune. Wilkes republished an old tragedy entitled the Fall of Mortimer, to which he prefixed a Dedication to the Earl of Bute, couched in language the most insulting and sarcastic. Wilkes was often heard to declare that this dedication was the best thing he had ever written.

The passage you quote from Homer* ought never one moment to be out of your mind.

Your's,

C. CHURCHILL.

July 13, 1762.

Oct. 11, 1764.

MY DEAR WILKES,

You are certainly the best tempered fellow in the world; so ready to forgive the idleness of a friend, and yet never giving him an opportunity of paying you in kind. I am now in the same sentence to thank you for several letters, and likewise for the acquaintance of Goy,† which I deem one of the greatest obligations you have conferred upon me. I have a thousand things to say relative to fools and wise men, Englishmen in France, and Scotsmen in England, but your own affairs are in their own nature so much more pressing, and as to

* Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last.

† See vol. II. p. 351.

time, so very critical, that I shall postpone every other consideration, and give them that preference in my letter they have in my mind.

Shall you come over in November? A very pithy manner of asking a question, on the decision of which your whole welfare turns, which you submit to others, when you should ask it of yourself, concerning which your friends may mean well, but you only from your own feelings can judge rightly. But take my thoughts thus.

If you stay in France, you will undoubtedly be outlawed: (the consequences of the outlawry are however nothing to a man not foolishly mad after this land of folly.) You will not be able to go on now against Halifax, the cause cannot soon be tried. Yet, if I may advise, stay in France. There is scarcely a consideration that could make me think your return to England in November defensible in the eye of common sense.

Have I made out clearly what I mean? It is a cause in which you have too near a concern, for me to be cool and disinterested, and

my heart is too much affected to give my head fair play. As there is no man, who is more ready to ask advice, so I am sure there is no one more able to give it you than yourself—I mean your cool and rational self—Consult that, and you cannot do wrong.

Lend us Miss Wilkes.—I long to see her—and I am sure you will not refuse her, when I tell you that every true Englishman will be happy in seeing her, and consider her (which I hope she will prove) as a forerunner of him, to whom every true Englishman is most essentially indebted.

Friendship great as mine can scarcely forgive your inattention to the care of your health. Reflect that your country demands your life. The cause of liberty is in your hands, and that blessing, so much dearer than life, must remain precarious, if not fixed by you. No one can try the Secretary of State, if you do not, and though there is no doubt but there may be arbitrary ministers in future times, yet 'tis with me a matter of question, whether there may ever be another Wilkes.

There is a new print just published of you very like. I have wrote under it the four following lines from Pope, who is happy in them :

A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

I am ever your's,

C. CHURCHILL.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF CHARLES CHURCHILL,

Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. November 3, 1761.

I CHARLES CHURCHILL, of Acton in the county of Middlesex, clerk, but now at Boulogne in France, being in an ill state of health, but of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make, publish, and declare this to be my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following. In the first place, I give to my Wife an annuity of sixty pounds a year for her natural life. Item, I give to Eliza-

beth Carr of Turnham-green in the county of Middlesex, spinster, an annuity of fifty pounds a year during her natural life. I give to his grace the Duke of Grafton, the Earl and Countess Temple, John Wilkes, Humphry Cotes, and Robert Lloyd, esquires, and Mr. Walsh, merchant at Boulogne, each a ring, as a memorial of my regard to their merit. I desire my dear friend, John Wilkes esquire, to collect and publish my works with the remarks and explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make. I give all the rest, residue, and remainder of my estates, of what nature or kind soever, to my executors hereinafter named, IN TRUST, to be divided equally between my two sons, Charles and William, and the survivor of them. Lastly, I nominate, constitute, and appoint the said Humphry Cotes, and John Churchill, my brother, of Church-street, Westminster, executors of this my last Will, and guardians to my said children.

In witness whereof I have to this my last Will and Testament, contained in one sheet of paper, set my hand and seal, this third day

of November, in the fifth year of the reign of our sovereign lord, George the third, and in the year of our Lord 1764.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Testator as and for his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto set and subscribed our names as witnesses ;

JOHN SEDGWICK.

MATTHEW BROWN.

Proved at London, the 22d of November, 1764, before the worshipful George Harris doctor of laws, and surrogate, by the oath of John Churchill, the brother, and one of the executors, to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer, power reserved of making the like grant to Humphry Cotes, the other executor, when he shall apply for the same.

WILLIAM LEGARD	}	Deputy Registers.
HENRY STEVENS,		
JOHN STEVENS.		



CONTENTS

OF

VOL. I.

	PAGE
<i>The Rosciad</i>	3
<i>The Apology, addressed to the Critical Reviewers</i>	79
<i>Night, an Epistle to Robert Lloyd</i>	101
<i>The Prophecy of Famine</i>	120
<i>An Epistle to William Hogarth</i>	155
<i>The Duellist, Book I</i>	188
———— <i>Book II</i>	199
———— <i>Book III</i>	213
<i>Gotham, Book I</i>	236
———— <i>Book II</i>	258
———— <i>Book III</i>	288
<i>The Author</i>	315
<i>The Conference</i>	335

THE ROSCIAD.

Unknowing and unknown the hardy muse
Boldly defies all mean, and partial views ;
With honest freedom plays the critic's part,
And praises, as she censures, from the heart.

THE ROSCIAD.

THE plan of this Poem appears to be built on the old notion of the Session of the Poets, in which, on the demise of the Laureat, the poets of the time were supposed to make their claim to the laurel in the presence of Apollo. The Rosciad stole anonymously into the world in March 1761, being announced by only one or two advertisements without any additional notice of its subject. Bearing some similitude in style and matter to a Poem called *The Actor*, published in the preceding year by Robert Lloyd, it was universally ascribed to the latter, in conjunction with his colleagues in wit, Colman and Thornton. By an advertisement in the public papers Lloyd exculpated himself from the charge, and in his next satire our Poet severely ridicules the Critical Reviewers for having given sanction and currency to the report, which they affected to credit after Churchill had claimed and Lloyd had renounced all right to the performance.

In the title page to the second edition our author asserted his claim to the Poem, and at one bound sprung from the most perfect obscurity to the first rank in literary fame. To his celebrity the actors themselves in no small degree contributed; they, as Davies ingenuously confesses, ran about the town like so many stricken deer, and strove to extract the arrow from the wound by communicating their misfortune to their friends. The public enjoyed their distress and considered the Rosciad as a pleasant and reasonable retaliation for the mirth which the stage had continually excited by the representation of the follies and frailties of mankind. Excepting Garrick, there was not a single man amongst the players of that period who in the first impression entirely escaped the poet's satirical lash. Those who were foremost in expressing their anger had only the misfortune of being treated with greater severity in subsequent editions. In this respect Churchill has been blamed by some writers, and it has been said that the Rosciad was not always benefited by the alterations which it received. Perhaps there is little foundation for this assertion; but, however that may be, it is certain that its ex-

cellence enabled it firmly to maintain its ground against all opposition. Though Anti-Rosciads, Apologies, Murphiads, Church-illiams, Examiners, &c. were published in vindication of the players; they were so poorly written that they only served to swell Churchill's triumph. The satirist had for a long time frequented the playhouse: he bestowed incessant attention on stage representation; and by close application laboured to understand perfectly the subject which was the choice of his muse. His observatory was generally the first row of the pit, next to the orchestra. From this place he thought he could best discern the real workings of the passions in the actors, or detect the first symptoms of affectation or inattention.

The difficulty experienced by the Editor in procuring some of the following notices of persons once, and that but lately, in full possession of public notoriety, could not but forcibly bring to his recollection, that, while Painters, Sculptors and Poets can by their works insure immortality to *their* names,

The *Actor* only shrinks from time's award;
 Feeble tradition is *his* memory's guard;
 By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
 Unvouch'd by proof,—to substance unallied!
 Ev'n matchless Garrick's art, to Heav'n resigned
 No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind!
 The *grace of action*—the adapted *mien*,
 Faithful as nature to the varied scene,
 Th' *expressive glance*—whose subtle comment draws
 Entranc'd attention and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
 A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
 Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;
 As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
 And, cloath'd with orient hues, transcends the day!—
Passion's wild break, and *frown*, that awes the sense,
 And every *charm* of gentler *eloquence*—
 All perishable!—like th' electric fire
 But strike the frame—and as they strike expire;
 Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
 Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

SHERIDAN'S MONODY ON GARRICK.

THE ROSCIAD.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
 Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
 The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
 No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
 The monarch quits his throne, and condescends 5
 Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
 For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
 And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
 Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
 To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume, 10
 In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
 And shew where honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But though bare merit might in Rome appear
 The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
 We form our judgment in another way, 15
 And they will best succeed, who best can pay:
 Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
 Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
 Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage; 20
 Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
 Appear as often as their image there;

They can't, like candidate for other seat,
 Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
 Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon,
 And of Roast Beef, they only know the tune: 26
 But what they have they give; could Clive do more,
 Though for each million he had brought home four?
 Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
 And hopes the friends of humour will be there; 30
 In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
 For those who laughter love, instead of meat.

V. 27.] Robert Lord Clive, the restorer, if not the founder of the British Empire in India. By the sole force of his personal abilities he raised himself from a middling rank in life, to honors, distinction, and unbounded wealth. Soon after his return to England, his mind too active preyed upon itself, and in a fit of despondence this illustrious warrior and consummate statesman put an end to his own life in 1774, soon after he had entered upon the fiftieth year of his age.

V. 29.] Edward Shuter, a comic actor, who, after various theatrical vicissitudes, died in 1776. His father was a clergyman, and young Shuter was originally employed as a marker at a billiard-table; but discovering a turn for the stage he was engaged at Covent-Garden, and became a performer of considerable merit in low comedy. The difficult part of Falstaff he filled with ability; what he wanted in judgment he supplied by archness and drollery. He enjoyed the effects of his roguery with a chuckle of his own compounding, and rolled his full eye when detected with a most laughable effect; but his comic humour often degenerated into buffoonry to please the galleries. Shuter revenged the treatment he met with in this poem by getting merry with the author.

V. 31.] Richard Yates, from filling the most insignificant characters, gradually rose to eminence in the comic line, and deservedly acquired the high degree of estimation which he possessed without a rival for many years: he was remarkable for pure and chaste acting up to the words of his author with a scrupulous

Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be,
 In self-conceit an actor, bribes with tea ;
 Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives, 35
 And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

attention; he excelled also in teaching or drilling an actor in a higher degree than any one of his time. His second wife was a very superior actress, and whom we shall have farther occasion to notice. Yates kept open booth at Smithfield during Bartholomew Fair, which scene of riot and low debauchery was then of considerably longer duration than at present; but he and Shuter were precluded from any longer diverting the public, either in Southwark or Smithfield, by an order of the Court of Common Council, of 17th June 1762, directing, that Lady Fair in the Borough of Southwark should not be held for the future; and that shews, interludes, and other unlawful pastimes should not be suffered at Bartholomew Fair.

V. 33.] Samuel Foote the well-known author of several of the best farces in the English language. He had in 1747 opened a little theatre in the Haymarket, here he met with some difficulties owing to his having no licence; but by the powerful intercession of his friends he over-ruled the opposition of the magistrates, and by an alteration in the title of his bill to that of "Mr. Foote's giving tea to his friends," he proceeded without farther molestation. Before he obtained the royal patent for acting plays in the Haymarket, he frequently performed at Drury-Lane some important parts in old comedies, such as Fondlewife in the Old Bachelor, Sir Paul Pliant in the Double Dealer, and Ben in Love for Love, in which he gave a loose to the most ridiculous burlesque and the vilest grimace. However, the people laughed heartily, and that, he thought, was a full approbation of his grotesque performance. In short, Foote was a despicable player in almost all such characters as were not expressly written by and for himself.

V. 35.] Tate Wilkinson, a comic actor, ranking below mediocrity, was, at the publication of the Rosciad, principal proprietor and manager of Sadler's Wells, which concern he quitted many years ago, and is now manager of the theatre at York.

The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
 As passion, humour, int'rest, party, sways.
 Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
 Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair, 40
 A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
 Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
 And thunder Shuter's praises;—he's so droll,
 Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart, 45
 Palmer! oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
 Seated in pit, the dwarf with aching eyes
 Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
 Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
 Declares that Garrick is another Coan. 50
 When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
 And our opinions have their rise in pride;

V. 46.] John Palmer, a favorite actor in genteel comedy. He married Miss Pritchard, daughter of the celebrated actress of that name, and died about twenty years ago in consequence of an improper draught being given to him, for what might otherwise have proved but a slight indisposition. He was a very respectable player, and a man much esteemed for his integrity.

V. 48.] Spranger Barry, an actor of first rate eminence, whose peculiar merit will be the subject of a future note, was in his person above five feet eleven inches high, finely formed, and possessing a countenance in which manliness and sweetness of feature were so happily blended as would form one of the best representatives of the Belvedere Apollo. With this fine commanding figure he had acquired such free and easy management of his limbs, as never to look encumbered, or present an ungraceful attitude in all his various traverses on the stage.

V. 50.] John Coan, a dwarf, uncommonly diminutive, was a native of Norfolk, and died in March 1764.

When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
 We praise and censure with an eye to self;
 All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair 55
 In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
 By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;
 But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
 Who should be judge in such a trial:—who? 60

For Johnson some; but Johnson it was fear'd,
 Would be too grave, and Sterne too gay appear'd;
 Others for Franklin voted; but 'twas known,
 He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own;

V. 55.] Ackman, ranked with the lowest comic actors of his time; but as no talents are proof against satire, so no inferiority precludes praise. This man had lavish encomiums bestowed on him for his acting by Hugh Kelly, in a poem entitled *Thespis*, a humble imitation of the *Rosciad*. In which poem, Kelly with perfect consistency treated Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Barry, and other excellent actors with the utmost severity.

V. 61.] Churchill, who in this poem had a name to establish, possibly thought it prudent to abstain from that acrimonious mention of Dr. Johnson, which too often occurs in some of his subsequent poems;—or probably he had not yet formed that close intimacy with Wilkes, which might in its progress induce him to ridicule the foibles of the one, that the public attention might be diverted from the odious vices of the other.

V. 62.] Dr. Laurence Sterne, whose *Tristram Shandy* just then published was at the zenith of its popularity.

V. 63.] Dr. Thomas Franklin, the translator of Sophocles, Phalaris and Lucian, the author of several plays, and of a volume of Sermons; he also permitted his name to be prefixed to a translation of Voltaire's works. This gentleman, though possessed of considerable learning and abilities, contrived to render himself obnoxious to most of his contemporaries. Perhaps, had he been

For Colman many, but the peevish tongue 65
 Of prudent Age found out that he was young :
 For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
 Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.

willing to allow merit in others, his own would have been by their assistance rendered more conspicuous. He possessed considerable church preferment, and died in 1784.

V. 65.] The translator of Terence and of the Art of Poetry, and the intimate friend and favorite of our author, was the son of Thomas Colman, Esq. resident at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and born at Florence, about 1733. He was of Christ Church, Oxford, where he engaged with Bonnel Thornton, in writing the *Connoisseur*, a periodical paper of some merit. He was called to the bar, but never practised. His first dramatic attempt, *Polly Honeycomb*, was performed at Drury-Lane theatre in 1760 with success; and the next year his comedy of the *Jealous Wife* met with unbounded applause. In 1764 Lord Bath died, and left him a comfortable annuity, which was enlarged by General Pulteney. In 1768 he became a Patentee of Covent-Garden theatre, but soon after sold his share, and purchased Foote's theatre in the Haymarket. Besides the above works, he was the author of a preface to Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and of several fugitive tracts; he also, in conjunction with Garrick, wrote the *Clandestine Marriage* and some other dramatic performances. At the close of the theatrical season of 1785 Mr. Colman was seized at Margate with the palsy, and at the beginning of the season of 1789 he first shewed symptoms of derangement of mind, which increasing gradually left him in a state of idiotism. In this sad condition he was committed to the care of a person at Paddington. The management of the theatre was entrusted to his son, with an allowance of 600*l.* a year. Mr. Colman died on the 14th of August 1794, at the age of 62.

V. 67.] Arthur Murphy, Esq. a native of Ireland, was originally intended for trade, which pursuit, from a growing fondness for literature and politics, he soon discontinued. He commenced

To mischief train'd, ev'n from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's
bloom, 70

Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights, which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,
A pert, prim, prater of the northern race, 75
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth,—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice strok'd his
band—

his career as an author in 1752, by publishing a periodical paper called the *Gray's Inn Journal*: this was continued till October 1754, when he, in the character of Othello, attempted the province of an actor, and after a trial of two seasons found he had egregiously mistaken his powers, and resumed his former employment as a writer. The violence of party running high, he undertook the unpopular side of the question, and published several pamphlets in defence of Lord Bute's administration. The circumstance that chiefly excited the animosity of Wilkes and Churchill, was his being employed in the beginning of the present reign to write a weekly paper called the *Auditor*, in opposition to the famous *North Briton*. Mr. Murphy, in consequence of the powerful patronage his political labors procured him, was, notwithstanding his having been an actor, successful in his third application for the degree of Barrister, to which he was called by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and has now attained the dignity of a Bencher. He is the author, or rather the translator and purloiner from the French, of some tolerable plays and farces; he has also published an edition of Fielding's works, a translation of Tacitus, and a meagre life of Garrick, and is now, we hear, engaged in writing the *Memoirs of Foote*. A pension of 200*l.* a-year has been lately bestowed upon this literary veteran.

“ At Friendship’s call,” (thus oft’, with trait’rous
aim,

Men void of faith usurp faith’s sacred name) 80

“ At Friendship’s call I come, by Murphy sent, ’

“ Who thus by me developes his intent :

“ But lest, transfus’d, the spirit should be lost,

“ That spirit which, in storms of rhet’ric tost,

“ Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer, 85

“ In his own words his own intentions hear.

“ Thanks to my friends;—but to vile fortunes born.

“ No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.

“ Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw ;

“ Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law? 90

“ Twice, (curs’d rememb’rance !) twice I strove to
gain

“ Admittance ’mongst the law-instructed train,

V. 78.] This character is supposed to allude to the present Earl of Rosslyn, who has lately retired from the law, after having successively filled its highest offices. In parliament, to a seat in which he was first introduced by Lord Bute, Mr. Wedderburne was an eloquent defender of ministerial measures, and a warm promoter of the persecution against Wilkes, as he was at a later period of that against Dr. Franklin. When Lord High Chancellor he gave Murphy, to whom he has been through life a steady patron, the appointment of a Commissioner of Bankrupt. The peculiarly dignified benignity of Lord Rosslyn’s deportment in his official situations, his abilities as a parliamentary orator, and his unclouded understanding as a judge, are so recent in the recollection of the public, as to dispense with our weak witness to his fame. Of his lordship’s political character, Junius, with his usual acuteness, seizes the prominent feature. “ The wary Wedderburne never threw away the scabbard, nor ever went upon a forlorn hope.”

" Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare
 " For client's wretched feet the legal snare ;
 " Dead to those arts, which polish and refine, 95
 " Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,
 " Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
 " And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
 " To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,
 " And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue. 100
 " Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
 " Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd,
 " Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,
 " And let success for once attend desert."

With sleek appearance and with ambling pace, 105
 And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
 The proteus Hill put in his modest plea,—
 " Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me."—
 For who, like him, his various pow'rs could call
 Into so many shapes, and shine in all ? 110

V. 107.] Dr. John Hill, born about the year 1717, was originally an apothecary and a student in botany, in which latter pursuit he was encouraged by the late Duke of Richmond and the late Lord Petre; but being unsuccessful in it, he made two or three attempts as an actor and dramatic author; a failure in both drove him back to his former study, in which he had more experience if not more talent. Few epigrams possess greater truth than that of Garrick on the doctor.—

" For physic and farces his equal there scarce is,

" His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

In the course of his botanical pursuits he got introduced to Mr. Martin Folkes and Mr. Henry Baker, leading members of the Royal Society, who finding him a young man of parts, and

Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist?

well skilled in Natural History, recommended him among their friends. His first publication was a translation from the Greek, of a small tract of Theophrastus on Gems, which obtained him some credit; so much as to induce the booksellers to engage him in writing a General Natural History in three volumes folio, and soon after a supplement to Chambers's Dictionary. He had received no academical education; but his ambition prompting him to be a graduate, he obtained from one of those convenient universities which barter unsubstantial honors for solid gold, a diploma of doctor of physic. After this he engaged in a variety of works, mostly compilations, which he sent forth with incredible expedition; and though his character was never in such estimation with his booksellers as to entitle him to an extraordinary price for his writings, he was known by such works, by novels, pamphlets, and a daily paper called *The Inspector*, the labor of his own head and hand, to have earned in one year the sum of 1500*l*. He was intolerably vain, and in his writings disposed to satire and licentious scurrility, which he indulged without any regard to truth, and became frequently engaged in quarrels that always terminated in his own disgrace. For some abuse in his *Inspector* upon a gentleman of the name of Browne, he was severely chastised in the circus at Ranelagh. He attacked the Royal Society in a review of their Transactions, and abused his old friends Mr. Folkes and Mr. Baker, for successfully opposing, on account of his infamous character, his admission among them as a member. In the midst of all this employment, he found time and means to drive about the town in his chariot, and to appear abroad, and at all public places, at Batson's coffee-house, at masquerades, and at the opera and play-houses, splendidly dressed, and as often as he could in the front of the boxes. Towards the end of his life his reputation as an author was so sunk by the slovenliness of his compilations, and his disregard to truth in what he related, that he was forced to betake himself to

Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—
 At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
 Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd
 away, 115
 Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
 And amply too, the place of being wise,
 Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
 To qualify the blockhead for a knave; 120

the vending a few simple medicines; namely, essence of water-dock, tincture of Valerian, balsam of honey, and elixir of Bardana; and by pamphlets, ascribing to them greater virtues than they had, imposed on the credulity of the public, and thereby got, though not an honest, a competent livelihood. In 1773, two years before his death, he received from the King of Sweden the investiture of the Order of Vasa, in return for a present to that monarch of his *Vegetable System*, in 26 folio volumes, a magnificent work, which he completed at the expence and under the patronage of the Earl of Bute, who warmly interested himself for a time in favor of the author, and obtained for him the management of the royal gardens, but the grant was never confirmed.

V. 115.] This alludes to a paper war in which Hill was engaged with Woodward the comedian, in consequence of an insult the latter had received from him in the exercise of his profession. Woodward represented him on the stage in the character of a quack doctor; and, in allusion to a habit Hill had of appropriating to himself any curious plant he could unobservedly lay his hands upon in public or private collections, adopted the following motto to one of his pamphlets—

“ I do remember an apothecary

— — — — —
 Culling of simples.”

With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance
 charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite, 125
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate ; 130
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too ;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence 135
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares ;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind, 140
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simp'ring on ; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve, sage, inpannell'd matrons would perplex ;
Nor male, nor female ; neither, and yet both ; 145
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth ;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in Its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim and delicate ;
Fearful It seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake 150

Its tender form, and savage motion spread,
O'er Its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did It talk, in Its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which Itself had wrote, 155
Of special merit, tho' of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what It wrote, none but Itself should read;
Much, too, It chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause; 160
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wriggled to the chair,
And, with an awkward briskness not Its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name, 166.
Plain Common Sense, appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with Plain Truth, to guard the chair;
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To Its first state of nothing melted down. 170

Nor shall the Muse, (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhimes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times,)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot; 175
Known be the character, the thing forgot:
Let It, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!

V. 178.] We feel some hesitation in frustrating the intention of the satirist by gratifying the reader's curiosity, and imparting

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires 179
 Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
 Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half
 froze,

Creeps lab'ring through the veins; whose heart
 ne'er glows

With fancy-kindled heat :—a servile race,
 Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
 Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools, 185
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
 With solemn consequence declar'd that none
 Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone:
 Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd. 190

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood forth,
 Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
 His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood:
 He talk'd of ancients, as the man became 195
 Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
 With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

the information that the original of this spirited invective was one Fitzpatrick, who was also the hero of Garrick's *Fribbleriad*. We shall not trespass farther on the patience of our readers by reviving the long forgotten history of Fitzpatrick's furious warfare against both the theatres, on the subject of half-price, originating in private pique to Garrick, whom he first flattered, then personally insulted, and afterwards attempted to write down in a periodical paper called the *Craftsman*. A detailed account of the dispute may be found in the second volume of *Davies's Life of Garrick*.

“ But more than just to other countries grown,
 “ Must we turn base apostates to our own? 200
 “ Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
 “ That England may not please the ear as well?
 “ What mighty magic’s in the place or air,
 “ That all perfection needs must centre there?
 “ In states, let strangers blindly be preferr’d; 205
 “ In state of letters, merit should be heard.
 “ Genius is of no country; her pure ray
 “ Spreads all abroad, as gen’ral as the day;
 “ Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
 “ And may hereafter ev’n in Holland rise. 210
 “ May not, (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
 “ And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
 “ May not some great extensive genius raise
 “ The name of Britain ’bove Athenian praise; 214
 “ And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
 “ Make England great in letters as in arms?
 “ There may—there hath—and Shakspeare’s muse
 aspires
 “ Beyond the reach of Greece; with native fires

V. 205.] This line affords the first specimen of our author’s political bias, which though in him honourably directed to sound constitutional views, was, owing to his unfortunate connexion with Wilkes, made subservient to the purposes of an interested faction. The injudicious patronage by Lord Bute of his immediate countrymen, the Scotch, excited the worst species of jealous nationality in this country, of which that faction took advantage, and by affixing the epithet of *strangers* to so large a proportion of our fellow islanders and fellow subjects, gave rise to a spirit of disunion and mutual irritation, which has now happily, and we hope for ever, subsided.

“ Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
 “ Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his
 height. 220

“ Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
 “ When abler judges we may find at home ?
 “ Happy in tragic and in comic pow’rs,
 “ Have we not Shakspeare ?—is not Jonson ours ?
 “ For them, your nat’ral judges, Britons, vote ; 225
 “ They’ll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote.”

He said, and conquer’d.—Sense resum’d her sway,
 And disappointed pedants stalk’d away.

Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserv’d applause,
 Joint judges were ordain’d to try the cause. 230
 Mean time the stranger ev’ry voice employ’d,
 To ask or tell his name.—Who is it ?—Lloyd.

V. 232.] Robert Lloyd, the bosom friend of our author, was the son of Dr. Peirson Lloyd, and was formerly one of the ushers of Westminster school. He was the author of the poem called the Actor, which not only gave proof of great judgment, but had also the merit of smooth versification and strength of poetry. Mr. Lloyd was sometime of the university of Cambridge, where he took the degree of M. A. After he quitted his place of usher at Westminster school, he relied entirely on his pen for subsistence ; but being of a thoughtless and extravagant disposition he soon made himself liable for debts which he was unable to discharge. In consequence of this situation he was confined in the Fleet Prison, where he depended for support almost wholly on the bounty and generosity of his friend Churchill, whose kindness to him continued undiminished during all his necessities. On the death of his liberal benefactor, Mr. Lloyd sunk into a state of despondence, which terminated his existence on the 15th of December 1764, in less than one month after he was informed of the death of Churchill. Mr. Wilkes used to say, that

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
 And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
 Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth, 235
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth,
 Confuted Falsehood, and disabled Pride,
 Whilst baffled Age stood snarling at his side.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
 Lest day of trial should be put off here. 240
 Causes but seldom for delay can call
 In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
 As he on other great events hath done,
 Put on a brighter robe than what he wore 245
 To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
 On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
 Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
 With decent modesty perform'd her part, 250
 Rose a tribunal; from no other court
 It borrow'd ornament, or sought support;
 No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
 No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
 No gowns-men, partial to a client's cause, 255
 To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws:

“ Mr. Lloyd was mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation. He was an excellent scholar and an easy natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welsh poney, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed and the daring heights of the sacred mountain to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill.”

Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes, 260
Sat Shakspeare :—in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore ;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill :
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew, 265
And look'd thro' Nature at a single view :
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll ;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd 271
His rigid judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd ;
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault :
The book of man he read with nicest art, 275
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart ;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source ;
Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view : 280
The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd Folly more than law.

V. 258.] Sir Michael Foster, one of the puisne judges of the Court of King's Bench, and author of an excellent treatise on Crown Law. He died the 7th of November 1763.

But, hark !—the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives
way, 285

And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetie line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,
Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken Mem'ry with a sleeping ode : 290
For how should mortal man, in mortal verse
Their titles, merits, or their names, rehearse ?
But give, kind Dullness ! memory and rhyme,
We'll put off Genius till another time.

First, Order came,—with solemn step, and slow, 295
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry ;
Appearances to save his only care ;
So things seem right, no matter what they are : 300
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.

Then came Drum, Trumpet, Hautboy, Fiddle,
Flute ;
Next Snuffer, Sweeper, Shifter, Soldier, Mute :
Legions of angels all in white advance ; 305
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance ;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the Treasurer of either House,
One with full purse, t'other with not a sous : 310

V. 290.] Alluding to Mason's Ode to Memory, which was also ridiculed by Lloyd in an Ode to Oblivion.

Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of state ;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains 315
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains ;
His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.

V. 310.] Covent-Garden theatre became rich under the management of Beard, who, with Miss Brent in the Beggar's Opera and Artaxerxes, turned the tide of public favor for several seasons to the advantage of that house.

V. 315.] William Havard was the son of a vintner at Dublin, and was originally intended for the practice of surgery. As an actor he was pleasing though not powerful, and his attention to his part and amiable character recommended him to the goodwill of the audience, and no performer of his assiduity could deserve encouragement more than he did ; he acted a variety of characters both in tragedy and comedy, and was constantly before the eyes of a critical audience. Such was the soundness of his judgment, and so respectable his character, that he never met with any marks of displeasure from the public ; on the contrary, he was constantly favored with their countenance and approbation. His person was prepossessing, his voice clear and articulate, and his critical judgment and perfect understanding of the meaning of his author shone forth conspicuously in every part he performed. He did not want feeling, but, from a degree of monotony, which seemed natural to his voice, he sometimes fell short of impassioned execution. He was however always decent, sensible and perfect, and acquired an ease in his manner of deportment which it is uncommon to meet with, and which rendered him a very useful though not a capital performer. He retired from the stage in May 1769, and died of a gentle decay at his lodgings in Tavistock-street, in January 1778, at the age of 68 years. Havard, contrary to the accustomed suavity of his dis-

With him came mighty Davies ; on my life

That Davies hath a very pretty wife :—

320

position, was extremely offended at Churchill for the above lines. On this occasion it was pleasant to observe how artfully some of the actors, who were in fact the most hurt, pretended to be unaffected by the injury done to themselves, but to feel extremely for the obloquy thrown upon others. “Why,” exclaimed one of these disinterested persons, “should this man attack Mr. Havard ? I am not at all concerned for myself ; but what has poor Billy Havard done, that he must be treated so cruelly ?” “And pray,” replied a gentleman, “What has Mr. Havard done that he cannot bear his misfortunes as well as another ?”

V. 319.] Thomas Davies, a bookseller, actor and author. He failed in the two former avocations but has established a reputation for amusing biography, by his dramatic miscellanies and a gossiping life of Garrick, to which works we are indebted for several of our notes. He was a perfect *quidnunc* in politics, with which he has seasoned all his publications. He died in 1785. Mrs. Davies was sometimes called upon to perform Mrs. Cibber's parts, particularly Cordelia in Lear ; and her figure, look and deportment were so correspondent with the idea of this amiable character, that she was received with no inconsiderable share of approbation. A report having once prevailed that Churchill intended speedily to publish a new theatrical satire, entitled *the Smithfield Rosciad*, wherein the merits of the inferior actors were to be considered ; and Mr. Davies, of Covent-Garden theatre, having been informed, that he was made the hero of this intended publication, he thought proper to send the following letter to Churchill :

SIR,

Conscious of my inability, and ever desirous of attending to the reproof of those whose judgment in my profession must be deemed of a superior degree, from the just estimation they have acquired in the literary world ; I humbly conceive myself entitled, at least, to an omission of such parts of your next intended publication, as may tend to expose some imperfections (perhaps

Statesman all over !—in plots famous grown !—
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came,—with truly tragic stalk,
He creeps, he flies,—a hero should not walk.

natural ones) and thereby retard the progress I presume to hope in the esteem of the candid world, from an invariable assiduity and exertion of the poor talents with which I am invested. Nature and fortune are not equally liberal to all. Perfection in my profession is rarely attainable. Where the pursuit of science has its due effect, and the knowledge of ourselves improves with other attainments, it will dispose us to treat with lenity those who wait our reproof at humble distance, and to correct their errors in a manner not injurious to them in the very means of their existence, but by kind admonishing, conducive to excite a due attention, and produce reformation in all, who are conscious of defects, and willing to amend; amongst whom none is more sincerely so than,

Sir, your humble Servant,

T. DAVIES.

To this Letter CHURCHILL made the following Reply:

SIR,

From whom you have obtained your information concerning my next publication I know not, nor indeed am solicitous to know, neither can I think you intitled, as you express it, to an exemption from any severity, as you express it, which gentlemen of your profession, as you express it, are subject to.

I am your humble Servant,

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

P.S. Defects (perhaps natural, as you express it) are secure from my own feelings, without any application.

V. 323.] Holland, a pupil of Mr. Garrick, under whose tuition he made some proficiency, though he seldom merited more praise than that of being a tolerable copy of a fine original. He was a good looking man, but had an affectation of carrying his head either stiffly erect, or leaning towards one shoulder, which gave an awkwardness to his person which was not otherwise ungenteel.

As if with Heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes 325
 Planted their batteries against the skies;
 Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
 He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
 By fortune thrown on any other stage,
 He might, perhaps, have pleas'd an easy age; 330
 But now appears a copy, and no more,
 Of something better we have seen before.
 The actor who would build a solid fame,
 Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
 Act from himself, on his own bottom stand; 335
 I hate ev'n Garrick thus at second-hand.

Holland's ear was perfectly good, and he had a moderate share of sensibility. By a constant attention to the voice, manner, and action of Mr. Garrick, he did not displease when he represented some of his most favorite characters; particularly Hamlet, Chamont, Hastings, and Tancred; in the last he manifested an uncommon degree of spirit. He was always most correct when in his trammels: and under the eye and immediate direction of his master, he was then scrupulously exact; and if he never rose to excellence, his endeavours to attain it merited approbation. It was his misfortune to be too much elated by applause, and he too soon thought he was able to walk alone; in consequence of this he became tumid in speech and extravagant in action; instead of attending to the real situations of his character he stretched his voice to an insufferable degree of loudness: his Iago and his Jachimo were his most chaste performances. Holland introduced Powell to Garrick, and though Powell was his rival and superior, these actors were friends through life. Holland died the 7th of Dec 1769 of the small-pox.

V. 336.] The same thought occurs in the "Actor."

"A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,

"But gives his mimic no reflected praise."

Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
 Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;
 Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
 For matchless intrepidity of face. 340
 From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
 And bid defiance to all sense of shame :
 Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
 'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in Brass.
 - Lo, Yates !—Without the least finesse of art 345
 He gets applause; I wish he'd get his part.

V. 337.] Thomas King, though much displeased, expressed no resentment against the author for this notice of him. His most admired characters were Brass in the Confederacy, Sir Peter Teazle in the School for Scandal, the Grave-digger in Hamlet, &c.; but his *chef-d'œuvre* was Lord Ogilby, in the Clandestine Marriage, which he performed with uncommon chasteness and discrimination. For dry humour and articulate volubility Mr. King was unequalled. He is still alive, but age and infirmity have compelled him to quit the stage.

V. 345.] The character of Yates is so accurately drawn by Churchill that it requires no farther elucidation on our part. A defect of memory or a vicious habit occasioned his frequently repeating a sentence two or three times over, and when the Rosciad was published, to shew his courage, he took particular care to reiterate the very words which Churchill had made the record of his satire. By this means he caused his fault to be far more universally known than would otherwise have been the case. Hitherto the audience in general had been very little acquainted with it, and it afforded no small diversion to the people behind the scenes, that Mr. Yates should thus be the proclaimer of his own defect. He died suddenly on the 3th of April 1796, at Pimlico, in the 90th year of his age: he was rich, and the disposition of his property being forcibly contested on the spot by his heir at law Thomas Yates, a lieutenant in the navy, a scuffle

When hot impatience is in full career,
 How vilely “Hark’e! Hark’e!” grates the ear;
 When active fancy from the brain is sent,
 And stands on tip-toe for some wish’d event, 350
 I hate those careless blunders which recall
 Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
 Where Nature’s coarsest features we behold,
 Where, destitute of ev’ry decent grace, 355
 Unmanner’d jests are blurted in your face,
 There Yates, with justice strict, attention draws,
 Acts truly from himself, and gains applause;
 But when, to please himself, or charm his wife,
 He aims at something in politer life, 360
 When, blindly thwarting Nature’s stubborn plan,
 He treads the stage by way of gentleman,
 The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
 Looks like Tom Errand dress’d in Clincher’s cloaths.
 Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown, 365
 Laugh’d at by all, and to himself unknown,
 From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
 And seems to wonder what’s become of Yates.

Woodward, endow’d with various tricks of face,
 Great master in the science of grimace, 370

ensued between him and the friends of Miss Jones, the comedian’s housekeeper and principal legatee, in which the former was unfortunately killed. At a trial at the Old Bailey, for the alleged murder, the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

V. 364.] A character in Farquhar’s comedy of the Constant Couple.

V. 369.] Henry Woodward was born in London in 1717, had a liberal education at Merchant Taylors’ School, and was at first

From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the Town,
 Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown ;
 A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
 He twists, he twines, he tortures, ev'ry limb,
 Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art, 375
 And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
 We laugh indeed, but, on reflection's birth,
 We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
 His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
 And inclination fondly took for taste ; 380
 Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
 Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
 Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
 Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge, 385
 To probability's extremest verge,
 Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,
 And for a time, nor censures nor commends ;
 Where critics can't determine on the spot
 Whether it is in nature found or not, 390

engaged in the business of a tallow chandler. He was then bound apprentice to Mr. Rich, the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, under whose tuition he became qualified for a harlequin. He afterwards engaged at Drury-Lane, where his comic powers acquired great applause, his Bobadil and his Parolles were esteemed his master pieces. After he had saved about 6000*l.* from his theatrical emoluments in London, he lost it all again by imprudently commencing manager in Ireland. He then returned to Covent-Garden, where he continued till the time of his death, which happened on the 17th of April 1777, and was occasioned by an accident, as he was jumping on to a table, in the character of Scrub in the *Beaux Stratagem*.

There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
 Nor fail of favour where he shews desert ;
 Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
 Such worthy praises, Kitely scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes, 395
 Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and
 scrapes :

V. 394.] Kitely, in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, was a favorite character of Garrick's.

V. 396.] Foote was outrageously offended at this attack, and was most violent in his anger. He wrote a prose dialogue, wherein he lampooned Churchill and Lloyd, but was too wise to publish it. With his usual fondness for alliteration, he called Churchill the *clumsy curate of Clapham*. Foote saw the follies and vices of mankind with a quick and discerning eye ; his discrimination of characters was critical and exact, his humour pleasant, his ridicule keen, his satire pungent, and his wit brilliant and exuberant ; his company was universally courted by persons of the first distinction, whom he neither feared nor flattered. His exposing living characters on the stage has been much censured ; but we cannot help thinking ; that authors of this kind are in some respects more useful to the age in which they live, than those who only range abroad into the various scenes of life for general character. Foote died in October 1777, a victim to his sensibility. An imputation too gross to be recorded was thrown out against his character by a woman of high rank but abandoned principles, in revenge for his having threatened to expose her on the stage. A legal charge was made against him for the offence alluded to, and it is but justice to his memory, to declare that the accusation evidently appeared to have originated in malice ; and after a long and very strict investigation of all the circumstances of the affair, he was acquitted by the Jury, agreeable to the sentiments and direction of the Judge who tried him. The disgraceful situation in which he had been placed occasioned a

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
 The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.
 His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport
 Are all contain'd in this one word,—distort. 400

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
 Minics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
 With personal defects their mirth adorn,
 And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
 Ev'n I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould, 405
 Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
 Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
 And find that Nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
 Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name. 410
 Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
 That even shadows have their shadows too!
 With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
 The first a mere, mere mimic's mimic stood;

shock to his constitution, which brought him to his grave a few months after his acquittal. To put his innocence out of doubt, we need only add, that his accuser was the Duchess of Kingston.

V. 398.] In several of his farces, particularly the *Minor* and the *Orators*, Foote personated three or four of the principal characters himself.

V. 410.] William Obrien was originally a fencing master, and made his first appearance as an actor, at Drury-Lane Theatre, in 1758, in the part of Captain Brazen. After continuing on the stage six years, he married Lady Susan Strangeways, daughter to the Earl of Ilchester, and soon after went over to America, where he enjoyed a profitable post under government. He wrote a comedy called the *Duel*, and a farce still on the acting list, called *Cross Purposes*.

The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows, 415
 In Jonson's Stephen, which way genius grows,
 Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
 To put on Woodward in each mangled part,
 Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
 His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd before.
 When a dull copier simple grace neglects, 421
 And rests his imitation in defects,
 We readily forgive; but such vile arts
 Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perversest mood, 425
 With no one requisite of art endu'd,
 Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,
 Which better speaks a puppet than a play'r;
 List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
 Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear? 430
 When to enforce some very tender part,
 The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
 His soul, of ev'ry other thought bereft,
 Is anxious only where to place the left;
 He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse, 435
 To sooth his weeping mother, turns and bows:
 Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
 Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
 One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
 Desirous seems to run away from t'other. 440

V. 427.] Jackson is still alive, and has or lately had the chief management of the Theatre Royal at Edinburgh, he is a native of Westmoreland, and though possessed of a good person and some judgment, was a very indifferent performer, owing to the disadvantages of a harsh voice and provincial accent. He is the author of three tragedies, the remembrance of which he has survived.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
 Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
 That's vile——Should we a parent's faults adore,
 And err because our fathers err'd before !
 If, inattentive to the author's mind, 445
 Some actors made the jest they could not find,
 If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
 And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
 Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
 Not see their faults ; or seeing, not avoid ? 450
 When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
 Why without meaning rolls Love's glassy eye ?
 Why ?—There's no cause—at least no cause we
 know—

It was the fashion twenty years ago.
 Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use,
 Their knavery and folly to excuse. 455
 To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
 To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
 Some few particulars, where mode prevails) 460
 If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
 All gentlemen are melancholy mad,

V. 452.] James Love, an actor and dramatic writer. His real name was Dance, and the memory of his father, the surveyor to the city of London, will be co-eval with the ponderous edifice which he erected for the residence of the chief magistrate of the metropolis. The son was a performer on Drury-Lane stage, and excelled in the character of Falstaff. He wrote *Pamela*, a comedy, and some other pieces. He died in 1774.

V. 462.] This fashionable mania seems to have raged in Jonson's time, who makes Master Stephen determine upon being melancholy and gentlemanlike.

When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
 To violate a vestal as to laugh,
 Rude mirth may hope presumpt'ous to engage 465
 An act of toleration for the stage,
 And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
 Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features,
 Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
 And humour set the audience in a roar. 470

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
 Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
 Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
 Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
 Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
 To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid ; 476
 Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
 He'll seize that throne, you wish him to defend.
 In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,
 For Falstaff fram'd—himself, the first and last— 480
 He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
 And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.
 Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
 Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
 And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack, 485
 In *anno Domini*, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching
 slow,

A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow ;

V. 484.] Dryden's Spanish Friar.

V. 485.] The jovial landlord in Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem*.

V. 487.] Lips busy and eyes fixt, foot falling slow,

Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below.

COWPER.

Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry
bog, 490

They curse the managers, and curse the town
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,
At once they rise with impotence of rage, 495
Whet their small stings, and buz about the stage.

" 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare

" To arm satiric truth against a play'r?

" Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;

" Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash man-
kind." 500

What! shall Opinion then, of Nature free,
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half poets with half-players join 505
To curse the freedom of each honest line:
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak;
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear, 510
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.

V. 493 to 512.] These lines were added in the second edition, in consequence of the language adopted by some of the actors, and their advocates the Critical Reviewers, on the first appearance of the poem.

Austin would always glisten in French silks,
 Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks; 514
 For who, like Ackman, can with humour please?
 Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
 Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut:
 A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
 Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show
 A man so very high, so very low. 520

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
 Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
 Let critics, with a supercilious air,
 Decry thy various merit, and declare
 Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage 525
 Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
 French follies, universally embrac'd,
 At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

V. 513.] Austin is, we believe, the present manager of the Cliesther Theatre.

V. 514.] Wilks and Norris; two excellent actors of the old school, contemporary with Betterton and Booth. Packer is still alive, and retains a humble engagement at Drury-Lane Theatre; this ironical mention of him, and of his compeer Ackman, has rescued their names from that oblivion, in which they would otherwise have by this time been involved.

V. 517.] Bransby, whose uncommon height of stature seems to have precluded all other notice, had more merit than the poet appears willing to allow him. His performance of Kent in *Lear*, and of Downright in *Every Man in his Humour*, evinced a justness of conception that entitled him to more honourable mention. He has been dead several years.

V. 521.] Blakes was originally a peruke-maker by trade. His forte lay in personating the French fop or valet, which he did with consummate chasteness and accuracy. He died in May, 1763.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
 At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd, 530
 Have Britons drawn their sport ; with partial view
 Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few ;
 Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
 Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
 At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke, 535
 And Sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke :
 Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
 Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues, praise.

Next came the legion which our summer Bayes
 From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise, 540
 Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed,
 With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
 Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
 No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause ;
 Each on himself determines to rely ; 545
 Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.

V. 537.] This very respectable actor and amiable man retired from the stage about the year 1795. In Irish characters he has never been excelled : those who have seen him in *Major O'Flahrty*, in the *West Indian*, can best appreciate his merit.

V. 539.] Alluding to the summer theatre, where Murphy's plays were got up and acted under the joint management of himself and Mr. Foote. Miss Elliot, a young actress of great merit, appeared there for the first time, in the part of Maria, in the *Citizen* : her figure, voice and manner, were perfectly adapted to the sprightly humour and busy situations of the character. The applause she acquired in that part, obtained for her an engagement at one of the theatres, which she relinquished at the instance of the late Duke of Cumberland.

Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
 To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.
 So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
 So much they talk'd, so very little said, 550
 So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
 At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
 That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
 Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad, 555
 Whom dullness only kept from being mad,
 Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
 Common to fools and wits the rage of fame.
 What though the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire,
 Auditor, Author, Manager, and Squire, 560

V. 560.] Murphy in the Auditor, of which we in a former note mentioned him to be the editor, undertook, in concert with Dr. Smollett, who was the editor of the Briton, a systematic defence of Lord Bute's administration, which commenced 20th November 1762; on the same day was published No. 1 of the Briton; No. 1 of the North Briton, principally conducted by Wilkes and Churchill, appeared June 5; and No. 1, of the Auditor, June 10. With respect to the last of these, a very ingenious instance of literary jockeyship occurred; the editor of the North Briton caused a letter, signed Viator, to be conveyed to the conductor of the Auditor, reprobating the arts of falsehood, which had been employed to set every acquisition made by Lord Bute's treaty of peace in a contemptible light, and more particularly the acquisition of Florida—"Than which," says Viator, "I never saw a finer country. The only at present profitable tracts of Florida are certain large bogs, which produce an excellent kind of fuel, being pretty much the same thing which in England is called peat or turf; of this there is by far a greater quantity than would serve the inhabitants for firing, were they ten times more numerous than they are. Now, Sir, it is a fact notoriously true,

His restless soul's ambition stops not there ;
To make his triumphs perfect dub him Play'r.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm depriv'd of ease ;

and of which I have been an eye witness, that all kind of fuel is extremely scarce in the West Indies ; I do not mean for boiling the sugars, for with that the trash of the sugar-cane sufficiently supplies them ; but for domestic uses, the scarcity is such that I can safely affirm, that not one of the lower kind of planters has a comfortable fire in his parlour or bedchamber ; nay, even amongst the better sort I have seldom seen a good fire, though at the severest season of the year. Is it then a small advantage to add, and that at a cheap rate, to the conveniencies and comforts of our fellow-subjects, fellow-creatures and fellow-christians ?”

This letter immediately appeared in the 31st Number of the Auditor, introduced by a remark of the editor, that he gave it exactly as he received it, that he might “ throw all the lights in his power upon the solid value of the advantages procured by the late negotiation.” The North Briton, in his 30th Number, reprinted this letter, with his best thanks to the Auditor, for having so obligingly inserted it. Florida turf now burnt most violently, the situation of the Auditor became insufferable, he bore it as long as he could, but at last perished in the flames. The kindness of his correspondent reached beyond death, and thus inscribed his tomb—

Siste, *Viator* !

Deep in his bog the Auditor lies still,
His labors finish'd, and worn out his quill ;
His fires extinguish'd, and his works unread,
In peace he sleeps with the forgotten dead ;
With heath and sedge O may his tomb be drest,
And his own turf lie light upon his breast.

Et quocunque volent, animum AUDITORIS agunto.

HOR. Ep. ad Pisones.

When motionless he stands, we all approve ; 565
 What pity 'tis the Thing was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
 Seems to break forth from caverns under ground ;
 From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
 Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat. 570

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
 All must to him resign the foremost place.
 When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
 To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
 His honest features the disguise defy, 575
 And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
 Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
 In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
 In passion, tears the passion into rags. 580
 Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
 When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
 When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
 Whilst Common Sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blest ! 585
 Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
 Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray ;
 All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way,
 Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
 The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made, 590
 With various readings stor'd his empty scull,
 Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull ;
 Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
 Content to tell, that two and two make four,
 His name had stood in City annals fair, 595
 And prudent Dullness mark'd him for a may'r.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
 Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
 Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
 To publish to the world thy lack of brains? 600
 Or might not reason e'en to thee have shewn
 Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown?
 Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
 Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view, 605
 To sacred Dullness and her first-born due,
 Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
 Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
 Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
 And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name, 610
 Whilst Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will,
 Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule secure from critics and from sense,
 Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
 Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore, 615
 And little factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
 Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know:
 Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
 Than if, till that time, arms they never bore: 620

V. 606.] The mighty mother and her son, who brings
 The Smithfield muses to the ears of kings.

DUNCIAD.

V. 610.] The Public Ledger, a newspaper, conducted by
 Hugh Kelly.

V. 611.] Thomas Vaughan, a friend of Murphy: he wrote two
 farces, "Loves Metamorphosis and the Hotel," neither of which
 can boast of much merit or success.

Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
 They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
 Asham'd among such troops to shew the head,
 Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down 625
 To sep'rate frown from smile, and smile from frown.
 Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
 Smith was just gone to school to say his part.
 Ross, (a misfortune which we often meet)
 Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet ; 630

V. 625.] Luke Sparks, though no scholar, was a man of strong intelligence, and knew how to take possession of a character ; but he sometimes gave too much hardness in his manner ; his colouring was coarse, though his outline was generally exact. Sparks was too much the man of the world to be hurt by a poetical arrow. He acquired a competent fortune, though not entirely from acting, and retired from the stage soon after the publication of the Rosciad, and lived at Brentford. He died about the year 1769, and his last request was that the funeral service might be pronounced over him by the Rev. John Horne, since better known by his additional name of Tooke.

V. 627.] A very favorite actor in genteel comedy, particularly distinguished in Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal. He married a woman of fortune, and retired from the stage about the year 1788. In the year 1797, he was prevailed upon to act Charles, for the benefit of his friend King, which he did, notwithstanding the disadvantages of age and corpulence, with an ease and elegance that obtained the unanimous plaudits of a crowded house.

V. 629.] Ross pleaded guilty to the charge brought against him by Churchill, and laughed at his punishment over a glass with his friend Bonnel Thornton. His defects were evidently owing to his love of ease and fondness for social pleasure ; he sometimes gave proofs that he was master of abilities, to rouse and animate an audience in the most passionate scenes of our best tragedies.

Statira, with her hero to agree,
 Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.
 Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
 Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
 Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd, 635
 Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
 At variance set, inflexible, and coarse,
 Ne'er know the workings of united force,
 Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
 Nor shew the mingled pow'rs of light and shade, 640
 No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
 To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,

V. 633.] Charles Macklin, *alias* M'Laughlin, "The Jew that Shakspeare drew." The censure bestowed on him by Churchill is just, but his very defects were in his favour in the representation of Shylock, and in his own plays of the Man of the World and Love a la Mode. He completely failed in tragedy, on which occasion he quarrelled with the audience, and brought an action against some persons who were most vociferous in their expressions of displeasure; and as it was proved to be a conspiracy, he obtained a verdict against them. He so far got rid of his national dialect as publicly to give lectures on elocution, and was English tutor to the present Earl of Rosslyn. A satisfactory account of his long career in the theatrical world would include a history of the stage during the greater part of the last century, he having made his first appearance in 1726, and his last performance was Shylock, in the year 1790, but his life was protracted till February 1797, when he had attained the unusual age of 107 years. He had an extraordinary harsh set of features, and an unprepossessing countenance, which occasioned Quin to say of him, "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain;" and at another time, addressing himself to him, he used these words, "Sir, by the lines, or I should rather say cordage of your face."

Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
 Almost as good a speaker as himself,
 Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
 An aukward rage for elocution feel, 646
 Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
 And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name.
 Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
 Whether he left out nonsense, or put in, 650
 Who aim'd at wit, though levell'd in the dark,
 'The random arrow seldom hit the mark,

V. 648.] This gentleman, whom in a subsequent page we shall have to notice in his capacity of an actor, was a competitor of Macklin's in teaching the noble science of elocution. The following is an extract from the advertisement he published, explanatory of his scheme:

" Mr. Sheridan proposes to revive an entertainment which was held in the highest estimation amongst the ancients, but has been altogether neglected by the moderns; he means that of reciting select passages from some of our most celebrated writers. And that this species of entertainment may answer some purposes of use as well as amusement, he proposes also to read part of the Liturgy, and to deliver a sermon; with strictures upon the manner in which those acts of public worship are usually performed. He hopes likewise to intersperse such observations upon the English tongue, and the art of reading and reciting compositions, both in poetry and prose, as will induce persons of both sexes to turn their thoughts to those too much neglected subjects. In the close he will point out the means by which alone an accurate knowledge of the whole of our excellent language may be obtained, as well as the art of a just and graceful delivery. As it may be thought necessary to affix some name to this new species of amusement, he will venture to call it, An Attic Morning's Entertainment. From the place in which this rational and elegant amusement took its rise."

At Islington, all by the placid stream
 Where City swains in lap of Dullness dream,
 Where, quiet as her strains their strains do flow, 655
 That all the patron by the bards may know,
 Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
 The plan of future operations laid,
 Projected schemes the summer months to chear,
 And spin out happy folly through the year. 660

But think not, though these dastard chiefs are fled,
 That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head ;
 Harlequin comes their chief !—See from afar
 The hero seated in fantastic car !
 Wedded to Novelty, his only arms 665
 Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms ;

V. 657.] Richard Rolt, a poor low creature, by profession a hackney writer to an attorney, and afterwards a drudge to book-sellers, as often as they would trust him with employment. As a specimen of his integrity, he once went over to Ireland, where he published Dr. Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination* as his own work, and under his own name. As an instance of his prudence, he engaged, in concert with Christopher Smart, in 1756, to write a periodical pamphlet, called the "Universal Visitor," for one Gardner, a publisher, on the following very extraordinary conditions : Rolt and his coadjutor were to divide a third of the profits arising from its sale, they on their part signing an agreement to the following purpose : "That they would engage in no intermediate undertaking whatever, and that this contract should remain in force for the term of ninety-nine years." Mr. Rolt was likewise employed with Smart, in some theatrical enterprise, at the little theatre in the Haymarket. He was afterwards said to have joined with Shuter in a scheme of the like nature, which attracted Churchill's notice. Rolt died as he had lived, in extreme misery, in 1773.

On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
 And on the other his arch-patron, Lun ;
 Behind, for liberty a thirst in vain,
 Sense, helpless, captive, drags the galling chain ;
 Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw, 671
 Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw,

V. 668.] Mr. John Rich, the manager of Covent-Garden, until 1761, when he resigned the active part of the duty to his son-in-law Beard, acquired the name of Lun, by his excellent performance of Harlequin. During the space of fifty years we are unable to boast of any man who approached to his excellence in that part. Mr. Garrick's action was not more perfectly adapted to his characters, than Mr. Rich's attitudes and movements to the varied employments of the wooden sword magician. The splendor of his pantomimes, and the agility of his performers drew as great crowds to his theatre as could be collected by all the efforts of the first actors of the time at Drury-Lane. The education of Mr. Rich had been grossly neglected, for though his understanding was good, his language was vulgar and ungrammatical. From an habitual inattention, he had contracted a perverse custom of calling every body Mister. This appellation being on some occasion repeatedly addressed to Foote, the latter grew warm, and asked him the reason of his not calling him by his name—"Don't be angry," said Rich, "for I sometimes forget my own name." "That's extraordinary indeed," replied Foote, "I knew you could not write your own name, but I did not suppose you could forget it." In private life Mr. Rich was highly respectable; he had a long list of theatrical pensioners, and his benevolence was usefully exerted in his own neighbourhood at Uxbridge. He died in 1762, soon after he had completely triumphed over Drury-Lane, by producing a coronation pageant and procession on the stage, which for splendor and taste far exceeded any that had ever before been witnessed, and particularly excelled that of his rival manager Garrick: it was exhibited to crowded houses for two months successively.

Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
 Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight, 675
 Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite:
 The Town, as usual, met him in full cry;
 The Town, as usual, knew no reason why:
 But Fashion so directs, and Moderns raise
 On Fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.

Next, to the field a band of females draw 681
 Their force, for Britain owns no Salique law:
 Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
 Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First giggling, plotting, chamber-maids arrive, 685
 Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.

V. 674.] Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book ii. v. 628.

V. 686.] Catherine Clive, a celebrated comic actress, was the daughter of an Irish gentleman of the name of Raftor, and in 1732 married G. Clive, esq. brother of the late Mr. Baron Clive. From a collision of tempers they soon separated, but calumny never attempted to aim the slightest arrow at her fame. A more extensive walk in comedy than that of Mrs. Clive cannot be imagined; the chambermaid, in every varied shape which art or nature could lend her; characters of caprice and affectation, from the high-bred Lady Fanciful to the vulgar Mrs. Heidelberg; country girls, romps, hoydens, and dowdies, superannuated beauties, viragos, and humourists. To a strong and melodious voice, with an ear for music, she added all the sprightly action requisite to a number of parts in ballad farces. Her mirth was so genuine, that whether it was restrained to the arch sneer, and the suppressed half laugh, widened to the broad grin, or extended to the downright honest burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her; he must have been more or less than man who could be grave when Clive was disposed to be gay. In

In spite of outward blemishes, she shone,
 For humour fam'd, and humour all her own :
 Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
 Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod : 690
 Original in spirit and in ease,
 She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please :
 No comic actress ever yet could raise,
 On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen, 695
 Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
 See lively Pope advance in jig, and trip
 Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip :

1769 Mrs. Clive quitted the stage, and lived a retired life upon a competency at Twickenham, where she died in 1785, at the age of 74.

V. 698.] This pleasing actress has confirmed our author's prediction, and still contributes to the entertainment of the public. To Mrs. Clive she is indebted for all that care, instruction, and example could afford, and to her own docility, talents, and good sense, for availing herself of the precepts of so experienced and accomplished a performer. To expatiate on Miss Pope's merit as an actress, would be but to echo the public voice, and we hope it will be a long while before this passage will require further elucidation than what every reader can from his own knowledge supply. Introduced early on the stage, Miss Pope had the peculiar merit and advantage of conciliating the friendship of the most valuable performers of the time. Her obligations to Mrs. Clive we have already noticed ; with Mrs. Pritchard and Garrick she was on the most friendly terms, and has through life preserved that strict propriety of conduct which justified their partiality towards her. In an extensive circle of private acquaintance Miss Pope is distinguished by an unassuming cheerfulness, and an ease in social conversation, which a fund of entertaining anecdote renders doubly valuable.

Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
 She charms the town with humour just, yet new: 700
 Chear'd by her promise, we the less deplore
 The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo ! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd,
 She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade :
 Nature through her is by reflection shewn, 705
 Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
 I see it all, but must forgive it here ;
 Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,
 From Impudence itself extort applause. 710
 Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part ;
 We love ev'n foibles in so good a heart.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
 Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
 Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit, 715
 Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,

V. 703.] Mrs. Vincent, now Mrs. Mills, was more admired as a melodious singer than for her talents as an actress, she seems by her amiable diffidence to have obtained from our author at least her full share of commendation.

V. 713.] Thomas Augustine Arne, an English musician, and brother to Mrs. Cibber, was born in 1710. He had his education at Eton, and was afterwards articled to an attorney ; but music had more charms for him than law, and he soon abandoned the desk for the fiddle. He became eminent in his profession, and in 1759 he had the degree of doctor of music conferred on him by the university of Oxford. His opera of *Artaxerxes* still ranks among the first of English compositions, he was also particularly skilful in instructing vocal performers. His unbounded attachment to the fair sex contributed to keep him always poor. He died in 1778 of a spasm in the lungs.

Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
 And chaunt the praise of an Italian tribe ;
 Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
 And teach ev'n Brent a method not to please ; 720
 But never shall a truly British age
 Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage ;
 The boasted work's call'd National in vain,
 If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
 Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey, 725
 Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay ;

V. 720.] Miss Brent, a scholar of Dr. Arne, at her outset made a tender of her abilities to Garrick at a very moderate income, but met with a peremptory refusal. Garrick had full leisure to repent his rashness, for Beard immediately engaged her, and she most powerfully contributed to his very successful competition with Drury-Lane. Miss Brent was deficient in beauty as well as form to represent the amiable simplicity of Polly Peachum; but such were the fascinating powers of her voice, though in her stile absolutely wide of the author's original design, (who intended no more than the giving a common ballad tune in the simplest manner) that London seemed to be better pleased with the Beggar's Opera than when the parts were originally acted by Tom Walker and the celebrated Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton. In vain did Garrick oppose his prime characters in tragedy and comedy to Polly Peachum; this bewitching syren irresistibly attracted all ranks to her performance, and united all suffrages in her favor. Beard followed his blow with the popular opera of Artaxerxes, the public were allured by nothing but the power of sound and sing-song, and Shakespeare and Garrick were obliged to quit the field to Beard and Brent. It is thought that this success of Covent-Garden in 1763 contributed not a little to Garrick's determination of visiting the continent that year.

To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim ?
But justice may not partial trophies raise, 731
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show ;
For, through the regions of that beauteous face 735
We no variety of passions trace ;

V. 728.] John Beard married a daughter of Rich, and in 1761 succeeded him in the management of Covent-Garden Theatre. His first wife was the lady Henrietta Herbert, daughter of James Earl Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis. His first appearance in Covent-Garden was in 1759, in the character of Macheath, which, aided by Miss Brent in Polly, ran fifty-two nights. He retired from the stage in 1769, and died in 1791, at the age of 74 years. His abilities as a singer and actor could only be equalled by his amiable qualities as a man in every relation of life.

V. 730.] Anna Maria Yates, the wife of Richard Yates, whom we have mentioned in a preceding note. Her husband was so highly incensed with Churchill for presuming to censure his wife, that he invited him to a tavern, with an intention, as was supposed, either of expostulating with him on his conduct, or of bringing the matter to a more decisive discussion. But Mr. George Garrick hearing for what purpose they had withdrawn, ran to the place of meeting, and, though the contending parties were much enraged, was so happy as to reconcile them over a hearty bottle. Mrs. Yates died in 1787 : and an elegant and affectionate tribute to her worth and merits, from the pen of her friend Mrs. Frances Brooke, appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for July in that year.

Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
 No kindred softness can those eyes impart :
 The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
 Void of distinction, marks all parts the same. 740

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
 Unless deportment gives them decent grace ?
 Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
 Some want the striking elegance of ease ; 744
 The curious eye their aukward movement fires :
 They seem like puppets led about by wires :
 Others, like statues, in one posture still,
 Give great ideas of the workman's skill ;
 Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
 And only grieve he gave not motion too. 750
 Weak of themselves are what we beauties call ;
 It is the manner which gives strength to all ;
 This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
 And brings them forward in the noblest light :
 Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng, 755
 With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
 A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
 Where, union rare, expression's lively force,
 With beauty's softest magic holds discourse, 760

V. 756.] Mrs. Hart was the daughter of a respectable tradesman in St. James's, from whose house she eloped with a favored lover, and afterwards by the elegance of her figure obtained an engagement at Covent-Garden ; but being possessed of no other claim to public favor, she grew tired of the insignificance of her theatrical character, and quitting the stage, took no farther pains to support any character at all.

Attract the eye ; if feelings, void of art,
 Rouse the quick passions, and inflame the heart ;
 If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
 Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
 By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat ; 766
 When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
 Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age ;
 When Heav'n, in mercy, shall the stage release
 From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece ; 770
 When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
 Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd, on the
 stalk,

Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
 And merit find a passage to the day ;
 Brought into action, she at once shall raise 775
 Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
 With rival excellence of love and rage,
 Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
 To turn and wind the passions as she will ; 780
 To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
 Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow ;
 To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,
 And freeze the soul with horror and despair ;

V. 764.] Our author considerably over-rated the abilities of this actress, whose progress in private life has been infinitely more successful than her efforts on the stage: a husband and a son of this lady, not otherwise related to each other, are members of the present House of Commons.

With just desert enroll'd in endless fame. 785
 Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
 And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract,

V. 786.] Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber was the daughter of Mr. Arne, an upholsterer in King-street, Covent-Garden, and sister to the celebrated composer of that name. In 1734 she married Theophilus Cibber, and became a pupil of his father Colley, to whose instructions she was considerably indebted for her future eminence. Her wretched husband literally sold her honour and his own to a gentleman, against whom he afterwards commenced a suit in the King's Bench, and recovered ten pounds damages. She continued to live with that gentleman till her death, in 1766. Her person was perfectly elegant; for although she somewhat declined beyond the bloom of youth, and even wanted that *emboupoint* which sometimes assists in concealing the impression made by the hand of time, yet there was so complete a symmetry and proportion in the different parts which constituted her form, that it was impossible to view her figure and not think her young, or look in her face and not consider her handsome. Her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in powers for the expression of resentment or disdain; and so much equal command of feature did she possess for the representation of pity or rage, of pride or complacence, that it would be difficult to say whether she affected the hearts of an audience most, when playing the gentle, the delicate Celia, or the haughty, the resenting Hermione; in the innocent love-sick Juliet, or in the forsaken, the enraged Alicia. In a word, through every cast of tragedy she was excellent, and but for Mrs. Pritchard, supreme. She made some attempts in comedy, but they were in no degree equal to her efforts in the tragic walk. Lady Constance in Shakspeare's King John, was her favorite part, and in it even Mrs. Pritchard fell below her. With a happiness and propriety known only to herself, she uttered with the utmost melody all the succeeding changes of grief, anger, resentment, rage, despondency, reviv-

Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too,
 My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view! 790
 The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—new horrors rise,
 And Reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
 She makes her first attack upon the heart;
 Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws, 795
 And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
 Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
 She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
 To comic merit breaks down Nature's fence, 800
 I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
 Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by Nature for the stage design'd,
 In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;

ing courage, and animated defiance incidental to that character.
 When she threw herself on the ground pronouncing,

————— here I and sorrow sit:

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it!

her voice, look, person, every limb seemed animated with the true spirit of the author.

V. 803.] Mrs. Hannah Pritchard's maiden name was Vaughan. She was, when very young, recommended to the notice of Mr. Booth, who was exceedingly pleased with her manner of reciting several tragic parts; but not being then in the management of the Theatre, he advised her to apply elsewhere. Her first appearance was in one of Fielding's pieces, in the little Haymarket Theatre. Her second attempt was in *Lady Diana Talbot*, in *Anna Bullen*, at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields; and soon after she acted at Bartholomew Fair, where she gained the notice and applause of the public by her easy unaffected manner of speaking, and was greatly caressed and admired for singing in some farce a droll

Her art as much as Nature's friend became 805
 Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,
 Who knows so well in majesty to please,
 Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease ?

favorite air, which began with " Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn —" She now obtained an engagement at Drury-Lane ; her genteel person, for she was then young and slender, her attractive countenance, which " beat an alarm to love," her expressive yet simple manner, her unembarrassed deportment and proper action, charmed all the spectators, who looked at one another with surprise and pleasure, as if congratulating themselves on seeing a rising genius, capable perhaps one day of consoling them for the loss of their favorite Oldfield. Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, at once established her theatrical character : her delivery of dialogue, whether of humour, wit, or mere sprightliness, was perhaps never equalled. Not confined in any one walk of acting, she ranged through them all ; and discovered a fund of merit in every distinct class ; her tragic power was eminent, but particularly in characters which required force of expression and dignity of action. Churchill has with great discrimination seized her peculiar excellencies, and given a finished portrait of her, in her prime characters of Lady Macbeth, Zara and Mrs. Oakly. Her unblemished conduct in private life justly increased her favor with all ranks of people, and few actresses were ever so sincerely beloved and powerfully patronised as Mrs. Pritchard. One actor and one actress universally pre-eminent are as much as can be expected to be the produce of a single century. After having trod the stage six and thirty years, Mrs. Pritchard in 1768 resolved to withdraw into retirement, and spend the remainder of her life at Bath. To this she was tempted by the prospect of great advantages, which were to accrue to her from a legacy of one Mr. Leonard, an attorney, of Lyon's-Inn, a distant relation ; of whose will her brother, Mr. Vaughan, was the executor. But whatever might have been the intention of the testator by his will, the bulk of his estate fell to the heirs at law, who were nearer relations. Mrs. Pritchard took leave of the public in an

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
 She comes a captive queen of Moorish race ; 810
 When love, hate, jealousy, despair and rage,
 With wildest tumults in her breast engage,
 Still equal to herself is Zara seen ;
 Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the tim'rous thane, 815
 I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein ;
 Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
 My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strung.

In comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold ;
 "Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old : 820
 "Who can, with patience, bear the grey coquette,
 "Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet ?
 "Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just,
 "But then her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind, 825
 In real life, to size or age confin'd ?
 Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
 In any set circumference of waist ?
 As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
 Or gives not age new vigour to caprice ? 830
 If in originals these things appear,
 Why should we bar them in the copy here ?
 The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
 The grand minute reformers of the stage,

epilogue written by Mr. Garrick, after the performance of *Macbeth* for her benefit ; she spoke it with many sobs and tears, which were increased by the generous feelings of a numerous and splendid audience. She died at Bath about four months after of a mortification in her foot. A monument has been erected to her memory in Westminster Abbey.

Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind, 835
 Some standard measure for each part should find,
 Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
 Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.

All Actors, too, upon the back should bear
 Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where; 840
 For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
 Unless they know the minute of their birth?
 An audience, too, deceiv'd, may find, too late,
 That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence, 845
 And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
 But when perfections of the mind break forth,
 Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
 When the pure genuine flame by Nature taught,
 Springs into sense and ev'ry action's thought; 850
 Before such merit all objections fly;
 Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Off' have I, Pritchard, seen thy wond'rous skill,
 Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still;
 That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before, 855
 Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r
 The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raise,
 Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance,
 For mighty magic of enchanted lance, 860
 With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
 And, like a flood, rush o'er the land of Love,
 Mossop and Barry came.—Names ne'er design'd
 By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.

V. 863.] Henry Mossop; this unfortunate man, though ungraceful in deportment and undignified in action, awkward in his

Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim, 865
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame ;

whole behaviour, and hard in his expression, was yet in degree of stage excellence the third actor ; a Garrick and a Barry only were his superiors ; in parts of vehemence and rage he was almost unequalled ; and in sentimental gravity, from the power of his voice and the justness of his elocution, he was a very commanding speaker. It is not to be wondered that Mossop wished to act the lover and the hero, but repeated unsuccessful trials could not convince him that he was utterly unfit for tenderness or joy, for gaiety and vivacity. Called in the siege of Damascus, the wild, savage, and enthusiastic Arabian, he acted with that force, fury, and fire, which the character demanded ; and yet so little did he know his own strength, or, rather, so apt was he to flatter his own vanity, that when complimented on his performance of this part, he frequently exclaimed, “ I wish you could have seen my Phocyas.” His Richard the Third would have likewise stood in the first line of excellence, was it not for Garrick’s superiority in the love scene with Lady Anne, as well as in all the quick animated passages of the play ; but to be second to such an actor as Garrick, was to stand in no inconsiderable line of praise ; and that Mossop did so, was evident from his performing the part alternately with this great original for some seasons. To the fine sentiments of the Duke, in *Measure for Measure*, he gave their full force and dignity, and would have been faultless if he had not dragged out his words to an immeasurable length : and in the *Ambitious Stepmother* of Rowe, his Memnon was venerable and intrepid ; particularly his scene with the Priest of the Sun in the first act, which he spoke with such an honest glow of animation, as totally to overpower the subtleties and frauds of superstition and priestcraft. These were his principal parts—he had many more both in tragedy and the graver species of comedy, in which he acquired great reputation. He was censured by the critics for too much of mechanism in his action and delivery ; and he was in some degree open to this censure—the frequent resting of his left hand on his hip, with his right extended, was ludicrously compared to the handle and spout of a tea-pot, whilst

There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
 Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
 Thus sportive boys around some bason's brim
 Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim, 870
 But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
 Two bubbles of a more than common size,
 Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,
 Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air,

others called him, "The distiller of Syllables."—After having been several years in the service of Mr. Garrick, Mossop in 1760 left it to go to Dublin, where Barry and Woodward, the then managers, hired him at a considerable salary. He had scarcely finished one successful campaign with these new masters, when he was unhappily smitten with a strong inclination to become the manager of a theatre, he accordingly refused the large offer of 1000*l.* a year to relinquish his scheme, and under the patronage of some ladies of quality, he formed a company at the theatre in Smock Alley. After struggling in vain for seven or eight years, with a variety of difficulties, and being reduced at last to a state of absolute bankruptcy, he left Ireland, and arrived in London not a little impaired in health. He here endeavoured to be again engaged at Drury-Lane, but Mr. Garrick had been so offended by the injudicious conduct of Mossop and his friends, among whom Fitzpatrick rendered himself most conspicuous, in endeavouring to persuade the public of their equality as actors, that he met with a decided negative: He then applied to the managers of Covent-Garden, who returned for answer, that their arrangements were so made as to put it out of their power to employ him. This answer was supposed to be made in consequence of a very celebrated actress having refused to act in any play with this unhappy man. He died in a few days after of a broken heart, and in great poverty, Nov. 1773, in the 43d year of his age. Mr. Garrick proposed to bury him at his own expence, but Mr. Mossop's uncle prevented that offer from being carried into effect,

Mossop, attach'd to military plan, 875
 Still kept his eye fixt on his right-hand man ;
 Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
 The right hand labours, and the left lies still ;
 For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
 What the right doth, the left hand shall not know.
 With study'd impropriety of speech 881
 He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach ;
 To epithets allots emphatic state,
 Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lackies, wait ;
 In ways first trodden by himself excels, 885
 And stands alone in indeclineables ;
 Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
 To stamp new vigour on the nervous line :
 In monosyllables his thunders roll,
 He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul. 890
 In person taller than the common size,
 Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes !

V. 892.] Spranger Barry was born in Dublin in 1719, and bred a silversmith, which trade he abandoned for the Theatre, and made his first attempt in the character of Othello in 1744. In 1747 he came to England, and was engaged at Drury-Lane, which he soon quitted for Covent-Garden, and proved a formidable rival to Garrick, who was the leader of the other house. In 1758 he went to Ireland, and jointly with Woodward was concerned in two new playhouses, one at Dublin and the other at Cork ; these failing, he returned to England, where he was engaged by Mr. Foote, at the Haymarket ; and in 1766 he accepted the proposals of Mr. Garrick, for himself and his wife, at the liberal salary of 1500*l.* per ann. Mrs. Barry was then gradually rising to that excellence in her profession which soon ranked her among the most celebrated actresses. An increase of 200*l.* a year in their salary tempted Mr. and Mrs. Barry in the

When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,

year 1774 to leave Drury-Lane for Covent-Garden. An hereditary gout increased upon him at this time, and such were the encroachments it made upon his powers of acting, that his defects became too visible to the audience. He died January 10, 1777. Of all the tragic actors who have trod the stage during the last seventy years, excepting only Garrick, Mr. Barry was unquestionably the most pleasing, and notwithstanding the defects which the poet has justly, though perhaps too severely reprehended, he established in many of his performances an equality with Garrick, and in Othello and a few other parts contended for the superiority. His other favourite characters were, Jaffier, Orestes, Castalio, Phocyas, Varanes, Essex, Alexander, Romeo, &c. In all characters of this stamp, where the lover or hero was to be exhibited, Barry was *unique*; so much so, that when Mrs. Cibber, whose reputation for love and plaintive tenderness was well known, played with Garrick, she generally represented his daughter or sister—with Barry she was always his wife or mistress. He likewise excelled in many parts of genteel comedy; such as Lord Townly, Young Beville, &c. The Bastard in King John was another exclusive character of his, which Garrick attempted in vain—not having either sufficiency of figure or of heroic jocularly. To this list may be added Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in Macklin's farce of Love A-La-Mode, a part in which he gave such specimens of the gallant simplicity and integrity of the Irish Gentleman, as were sufficient to establish an independent reputation. Though his Hamlet, Richard, Lear, Macbeth, &c. were star height above what we see now, he lost by a comparison with Garrick: here the latter shewed the master in an uncommon degree; as he did in all the quick, animated parts of tragedy. In the sprightly fashionable gentleman, Garrick had likewise the advantage; and in the whole range of low comedy, he blended such a knowledge of art with the simplicity of nature, as made all the minutiae of the picture complete. Thus his Abel Drugger was as perfect in design and colouring as the miseries and distresses of the Royal Lear.

Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm, 895
 Anxious expect the bursting of the storm ;
 But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
 His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell,
 To swell the tempest needful aid denies, 899
 And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
 In elocution, action, character ?
 What man could give, if Barry was not here,
 Such well applauded tenderness to Lear ?
 Who else can speak so very, very fine, 905
 That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line ?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
 Behold him for the solemn scene prepare :
 See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
 Puts the whole body into proper trim :— 910
 From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
 Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha ! a start.

Barry had a gift of pleasing in conversation beyond most men, owing more to the manner than the matter. One of his greatest pleasures consisted in giving splendid entertainments, and though possessed of as little learning as knowledge, no man did the honours of the table with more ease and politeness than Barry. Mr. Pelham who was much delighted with his stile of acting, was pleased sometimes to send for him, and now and then to call at his apartments. He once invited himself to sup with Barry, who was greatly elated with the high honour of entertaining a first minister, and for that purpose he made the most magnificent preparation : but a profusion of elegant dishes, with the choicest and dearest wines displeased the statesman ; he reproved his host for his folly, in feasting him as he himself would have treated a foreign ambassador, and never gave him another opportunity of exposing his want of judgment.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
 Something which jars upon and hurts the mind :
 Whatever lights upon a part are thrown, 915
 We see too plainly they are not his own :
 No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,
 Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught :
 He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
 And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part. 920
 Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
 A stage leviathan, put in his claim,

V. 921.] Correctly as Churchill seems to have appreciated the merit of the actor, he has not done justice to the man ; for under a rough exterior James Quin possessed a heart full fraught with the milk of human kindness, and open to all the dictates of benevolence. He was born in London in 1693 ; his father married a reputed widow, who, after bearing him this son, was again claimed by her husband, who returned from abroad, though supposed to have been dead some years. By this incident James lost his father's estate, being deemed illegitimate. He was intended for the law, but studied Shakspeare more than the statutes, and soon after displayed his theatric powers at Mr. Rich's theatre, in the character of Falstaff, which was played nineteen times in the same season, he continued to be for many years the unrivalled representative of the humorous knight, no one having approached his excellence in that part except Mr. Henderson. At the conclusion of the second season Mr. Quin was engaged at very high terms to perform at Drury-Lane, and there he maintained the highest rank till the appearance of Garrick in 1741. Quin, who had hitherto been esteemed the first actor in tragedy, could not conceal his uneasiness and disgust at the great success of Mr. Garrick. After he had seen his Richard, he declared peremptorily, " that if the young fellow was right, he and the rest of the players had been all wrong," and upon being told that Goodman's Fields theatre was crouded every night to see the

Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own :

new actor, he said " that Garrick was a new religion ; Whitfield was followed for a time ; but they would all come to church again." Garrick, who had a quick and happy talent in turning an epigram, gave this smart reply to Quin's bon mot :

Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that heresy infects the town,
That Whitfield-Garrick has misled the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage :
Schism, he cries, has turn'd the nation's brain ;
But eyes will open, and to church again !
Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more ;
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation.

Quin enjoyed the intimacy and esteem of Pope and Thomson. " The commencement of his friendship with the latter," says Dr. Johnson, " is very honorable to Quin, who is reported to have delivered Thomson (then known to him only by his genius) from an arrest, by a very considerable present: and its continuance was honorable to both; for friendship is not always the sequel of obligation." The season of 1741 concluded Quin's engagement at Drury-Lane, and he went over to Dublin with Mrs. Clive, Ryan, and others. He there played Cato and Othello with increasing reputation. In 1742, Quin returned to Covent-Garden, to oppose Garrick, but with no great success: he then formed a very lucrative engagement with Garrick, and it was agreed by these eminent actors that certain parts should be acted by them alternately, particularly Richard III. and Othello, but Quin soon found his reputation decreasing, while that of Garrick augmented. The town often wished to see them fairly matched in two characters of equal importance. The Fair Penitent presented an opportunity to display their several merits, though it must be owned the balance was as much in favor of Quin, as the advocate of virtue is superior in argument to the de-

For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day, 925
 Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
 Gray-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue
 Extol the times when they themselves were young,
 Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
 See not their own defects, but lash the age, 930
 Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applause,
 Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
 Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,

defender of profligacy. The shouts of applause when Horatio and Lothario met on the stage (24 Nov. 1746) in the second act, were so loud and so often repeated, before the audience permitted them to speak, that the combatants seemed to be disconcerted. It was observed that Quin changed colour, and Garrick appeared embarrassed; and these great actors were never less masters of themselves than on the first night of the contest. Quin was too proud to own his feelings on the occasion, but Garrick was heard to say, "Faith, I believe Quin was as much frightened as myself." The play was repeatedly acted with constant applause to very brilliant audiences.—Quin had been strongly patronized by Frederick Prince of Wales, and was employed to instruct the royal children in a correct pronunciation. The dignified propriety and grace of diction which marked his present Majesty's first speech to parliament being mentioned to Quin, he exultingly exclaimed "I taught the boy." His last performance was in the character of Falstaff, March 19, 1753, after which he retired to Bath where he died in 1766. He was possessed of powerful sense and a ready wit. The bon-mots and repartees attributed to him would swell a volume.

[V. 923.] Betterton and Booth, tragedians of consummate excellence, flourished towards the conclusion of the 17th and commencement of the 18th centuries. In the Tatler and Spectator frequent mention is made of them, and high encomiums bestowed on their chaste style of acting.

But, just to living merit, she maintains, 935
 And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns,
 Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
 Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
 But, though prescription's force we disallow,
 Nor to antiquity submissive bow ; 940
 Though we deny imaginary grace,
 Founded on accidents of time and place,
 Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
 Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
 His words bore sterling weight ; nervous and strong,
 In manly tides of sense they roll'd along : 946
 Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
 To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense,
 No actor ever greater heights could reach
 In all the labour'd artifice of speech. 950

Speech ! is that all ?—And shall an actor found
 An universal fame on partial ground ?
 Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
 And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
 I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
 Neglect the heart, to compliment the head ; 956
 With strict propriety their care's confin'd
 To weigh out words, while passion halts behind :
 To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
 Allow them accent, cadence,—Fools may feel ; 960
 But, spite of all the criticising elves,
 Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

V. 962.] — Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum
 Ipsi tibi. Hor. Ep. ad Pis.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
 Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul :
 Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage, 965
 Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
 When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
 Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
 With the same cast of features he is seen
 To chide the libertine, and court the queen. 970
 From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
 With just desert his reputation rose ;
 Nor less he pleas'd, when on some surly plan
 He was at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequall'd : all agree 975
 Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
 When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
 With equal praise the actor labour'd too ;
 For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
 Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute. 980
 In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
 He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
 In whate'er cast his character was laid,
 Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
 Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in : 985
 Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.

Next follows Sheridan.—A doubtful name,
 As yet unsettled in the rank of fame :

V. 967.] *Andromache* in the tragedy of the *Distress Mother*, taken by Ambrose Philips from the French of Racine.

V. 975.] Sir John Brute in Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife*.

V. 986.] Dorax, the rough soldier in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*.

V. 987.] Thomas Sheridan, the son of Dean Swift's friend Dan, was born at Quilca in Ireland, in 1721. After a classical edu-

This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
 Gives him all merit ; that allows him none, 990
 Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
 Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great,
 His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
 Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
 Envy would drive the colour from his cheek ; 996
 But stepdame Nature, niggard of her grace,
 Denied the social pow'rs of voice and face.
 Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
 Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie : 1000

cation, he in 1743 appeared on the stage in Dublin, and acquired considerable eminence as a tragedian, particularly in the character of Cato. In the situation of manager he became very unpopular in that city, owing to his attempts to prevent any spectators intruding behind the scenes ; and, being compelled to embark for England, was engaged during one season at Covent-Garden. In 1756 he revisited Dublin, where the animosity against him had subsided, and he was received with great applause. However he soon quitted the Irish stage and commenced lecturer on elocution, in which he met with signal success, and was honored by the university of Dublin with the degree of M. A. At the accession of his present Majesty a pension was granted to him, and in 1763 he read a course of elegant lectures on elocution to numerous audiences in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In 1778 he compiled a Dictionary of the English Language with respect chiefly to its orthocopy. He also published a life of Swift in 1784, and died in 1788. Mr. Sheridan was a man of considerable abilities, and his oratorical essays evince his talents as an author. He was husband to the author of *Nourjahad* and *Sidney Biddulph*, and father of R. B. Sheridan, Esq. M. P. for Stafford. As an actor it may be considered as a sufficient tribute to his merit to relate that he excited the jealousy of Garrick more than any other player.

In vain the wonders of his skill are tried
 To form distinctions Nature hath denied.
 His voice no touch of harmony admits,
 Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits,
 The two extremes appear like man and wife, 1005
 Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
 That candour must declare he acts too much.
 Why must impatience fall three paces back ?
 Why paces three return to the attack ? 1010
 Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,
 Unless in motion semicircular ?
 Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
 And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye ?
 In royal John, with Philip angry grown, 1015
 I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
 Inhuman tyrant ! was it not a shame
 To fright a king so harmless and so tame ?
 But, spite of all defects, his glories rise,
 And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies. 1020
 Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
 Whilst in his own contending passions roll ;
 View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
 And then deny him merit if you can.
 Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone ; 1025
 Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
 Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

V. 1027.] David Garrick was the son of Peter Garrick of Lichfield, a captain in the army. He was born in 1716. In 1737 he with his townsman and instructor Dr. Sam. Johnson

One finds out,—“ He’s of stature somewhat low—
“ Your hero always should be tall you know,— 1030

came to London to seek his fortune. In 1741, after experiencing some slights from the managers of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, he determined to make trial of his theatrical qualifications at the playhouse in Goodman’s Fields, under the direction of Mr. Giffard. The part he chose for his first appearance was that of Richard the Third, in which he displayed so clear a conception of the character, such power of execution, and an union of talents so varied, extensive, and unexpected, as soon established his reputation as the first actor of his own or any former age. His fame spread through every part of the town with the greatest rapidity; and Goodman’s Fields theatre, which had been confined to the inhabitants of the city, became the resort of fashion, and was honored with the notice of all ranks and orders of people. At Goodman’s Fields Mr. Garrick remained but one season, after which he removed to Drury-Lane, where he continued till Fleetwood’s mismanagement and want of prudence brought that theatre to the brink of ruin. Rich of Covent-Garden availed himself of the folly of his brother manager, and engaged Garrick in his service; here he continued only one year, when Rich refusing him an adequate share in the profits, Garrick closed with Lacey, who was now the sole proprietor of the theatre in Drury-Lane, for a moiety of the patent at 8000*l.* which sum by a strict attention to economy he had accumulated. This transaction took place in 1747, and his joint management with Lacey continued with uninterrupted unanimity and consequent success, until the death of the latter in 1773, when the whole management devolved to the survivor. At length an event took place which the admirers of theatrical entertainments had long expected with concern, and now viewed with regret. Mr. Garrick, at a period when his powers had suffered little injury from time, and in the height of his fame and popularity, determined to relinquish his connexion with the stage, and retire to the honorable enjoyment of a large fortune, acquired in the course of near forty years spent in the service of the public. His last appearance was in the character

“ True nat’ral greatness all consists in height,”
Produce your voucher, Critic.—“ Serjeant Kyte.”

of Don Felix, in the play of the Wonder, acted 10th June, 1776, for a charitable benefit. He was received by a crowded and brilliant audience, and dismissed with the loudest plaudits ever heard in any theatre. The obligations which the public are under to him for the decency and propriety of our present dramatic performances will ever entitle him to the grateful respect of this country, independent of his transcendent merit as an actor, or of his abilities as an author. Notwithstanding Mr. Garrick no longer retained his situation in the theatre as manager and performer, he did not entirely relinquish his attention to the stage; but continued to assist several authors and actors with his experience and advice, and to promote the advantage of the house as occasion offered or required. The death of a man who had taken so considerable a part in the dramatic line, for such a number of years, might justly be considered a national loss. He died on the 20th of January, 1779, and went to the grave with the universal admiration of the public at large, and with the particular concern of his numerous friends and connexions.

Dr. Johnson, though from an early period of life in habits of familiar intimacy with Garrick, never entertained a cordial affection for him, and excluded him from the club in Ivy-Lane, lest Davy should disturb it with his buffoonry. The truth is the Doctor had a thorough contempt for the *profession*, as he emphatically styled it, of an actor, and frequently treated Garrick with the austerity of a schoolmaster, by assuming a right of correcting his enunciation. “ You often,” said Johnson, “ mistake the emphatical word of a sentence;” “ Give me an example,” said Garrick; “ I cannot,” answered Johnson, “ recollect one, but repeat the seventh commandment.”—Garrick pronounced it, “ Thou *shalt* not commit adultery;” “ You are wrong,” said Johnson, “ it is a negative precept and ought to be pronounced thus, thou shalt *not* commit adultery.”

Johnson’s objection to the admission of Garrick, notwithstanding their long continued acquaintance, may be justified by Gar-

Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts ;

rick's deficiency in useful and sound learning; he was no disquisitor, his reading had been confined, and he could contribute little else to the pleasures of sober and instructive conversation than the fleeting occurrences of the day, or the petty detail of theatrical intrigue. Even his knowledge of the world was derived through the medium of dramatic writers, who are far from being the safest guides.

Garrick's characteristic foible was vanity, and a consequent painful apprehension of ridicule; his general character is so well portrayed by Dr. Goldsmith, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing it, though from so well known a poem as *Retaliation*, because in addition to our author's just panegyric on him as an actor, we obtain a correct and masterly delineation of him as a man.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine ;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And be-plastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting :
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day ;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
He cast off his friends, like a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.

Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.— 1035

“Avaunt! unnat’ral start, affected pause.”

For me, by Nature form’d to judge with phlegm,
I can’t acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.

The best things carry’d to excess are wrong;

The start may be too frequent, pause too long; 1040

But, only us’d in proper time and place,

Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form’d on Imitation’s plan,

Just in the way that monkies mimic man,

Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace, 1045

And pause and start with the same vacant face,

We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn

Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn;

But let us be candid and speak out our mind;

If dunce applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys and Woodfalls so grave,

What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave!

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais’d,

Whilst he was be-Roscius’d and you were be-prais’d!

But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,

To act as an angel, and mix with the skies;

Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,

Shall still be his flatt’ers, go where he will;

Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Mr. Garrick, who was much displeas’d with this accurate exposure of his ruling passion, wrote the following epigram on Goldsmith’s poem:

Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us?

Is this the great poet whose works so content us?

This Goldsmith’s fine feast, who has written fine books?

Heav’n sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.

[Y. 1032.] Farquhar’s Recruiting Officer.

But when, from Nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force, 1050
When in the features all the soul's pourtray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught,
Each start is nature, and each pause is thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms, 1055
And the whole state of man is up in arms,
What but a critic, could condemn the play'r
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face; 1060
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man,
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—1065
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd:
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree, 1069
And, pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with thee.

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout;
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire;
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts, 1075
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the sev'ral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each
claim,

And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed :

- “ If manly sense, if Nature link’d with art ; 1081
 “ If thorough knowledge of the human heart ;
 “ If pow’rs of acting vast and unconfin’d ;
 “ If fewest faults with greatest beauties join’d ;
 “ If strong expression, and strange pow’rs which lie
 “ Within the magic circle of the eye ; 1086
 “ If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
 “ And which no face so well as his can show,
 “ Deserve the preference ;—Garrick ! take the chair,
 “ Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.” 1090

V. 1090.] Dr. Johnson with his usual force of expression pays a just tribute to the memory of his deceased friend.—“ At this man’s (Mr. Walmsley) table I enjoyed many chearful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often to be found ; with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened, life ; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered ; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend ; but, what are the hopes of man ! I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.” *Life of EDMUND SMITH.*

THE APOLOGY

ADDRESSED TO

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

THIS poem was occasioned by the very extraordinary critique upon the Rosciad which appeared in the Critical Review soon after the publication of that poem. The Monthly Review cautiously abstained from all mention of it, until a second edition proclaimed the author's name, but whether from the *esprit du corps*, or the personal pique of some of its conductors, Churchill gained but extorted and unwilling praise for his merits, while his defects were studiously exposed and minutely expatiated upon.

The charge of unprovoked hostility cannot therefore in this instance be imputed with justice to our author. The Reviewers were decidedly the aggressors; they endeavoured, as far as their influence could extend, to prejudice the public mind against a poem that occasioned a greater sensation in it than had ever before been excited by any poetical performance. The Rosciad was modestly ushered into the world without a name, and consequently claimed, in common with all anonymous publications, an exemption from personal abuse: here this precaution was of no avail. A nominal author was selected by the reviewers for the purpose of censuring men far their superiors in intellectual attainments; and though they dared not impeach the general merit of the poem, for it had received the stamp and sanction of public approbation, yet they were sparing of commendation and gratuitously undertook the defence of the histrionic band, whom they pretended to consider in the light of harmless victims to the insatiable vengeance of a satirical Drawcansir.

The reader will be enabled to judge of the truth of the above statement from the following extract from the Critical Review for March 1761.

“The observations with regard to the respective merits of the actors are, for the most part, just, though not new, being indeed

no more than the echo of the critics in every coffee-house, put into tolerable good rhyme. The whole drift of the performance seems to be plainly and indisputably this: first, to throw all the players, like so many faggots, into a pile, and set fire to them by way of a sacrifice to the modern Roscius; and secondly, to do the same by all the wits and poets of the age, in compliment to Messrs. Lloyd and Colman, the heroes of the piece. Mr. Garrick is seated between these two gentlemen

—like Hercules

Supported by the pillars he had raised.

There he receives incense which they stuff up his nostrils at a most profuse rate.

“ It is natural for young authors to conceive themselves the cleverest fellows in the world, and withal that there is not the least degree of merit subsisting but in their own works, it is natural likewise for them to imagine, that they may conceal themselves by appearing in different shapes, and that they are not to be found out by their style, but little do these *connoisseurs* in writing know how easily they are discovered by a veteran in the service. In the title page of this performance we are told (by way of quaint conceit) that it was written by *the author*; what if it should prove that *the author* and *the actor* are the same! certain it is, that we meet with the same vein of peculiar humour, the same facility of versification, the same turn of thought, the same affected contempt of the antients, the same extravagant praise of the moderns, the same *autophilism* (there’s a new word for you to bring into your next poem) which we met with in the other,

When in discoursing of each mimic elf,

We praise and censure with an eye to *self*.

Insomuch that we are ready to make the conclusion in the *author’s* own words,

Who is it?—LLOYD.

We will not pretend, however, absolutely to assert, that Mr. Lloyd wrote this poem, but we may venture to affirm that it is the production jointly or separately of the new triumvirate of wits, (Colman, Lloyd, and Thornton), who never let an oppor-

tunity slip of singing their own praises, *caw me, caw thee*, as Sawney says; and so it is, they go and scratch one another like Scotch pedlars."

Besides his not being well pleased with the above account of his poem, Churchill wished to add something farther on the subject of it, and to justify the attack he had made upon the players. Whatever reasons the Reviewers had to be dissatisfied with this poem, the players themselves were not so much offended as they had been with the *Rosciad*. The author, indeed, treats the profession of acting with great contempt; and paints in the strongest colours the meanness and distress of itinerant companies, and the unhappy shifts to which they are occasionally reduced. But all this the London actors regarded as a trifling injury, compared with the satire which had been directed against their individual defects.

Dr. Smollett, the editor of, and principal contributor to the *Critical Review*, exculpated himself from the charge of being the author of the critique on the *Rosciad*, in a letter to Mr. Garrick; but so warm was Churchill in his temper, and so prone to take offence, that besides his satirising the writer of the *Journal*, he extended his resentment to Archibald Hamilton, the printer of it. Their being both Scotchmen certainly did not operate in mitigation of the punishment.

The conduct of the Reviewers was the more to be lamented, as all their subsequent animadversions, however just, were imputed by Churchill to disappointed malice and revenge. Had his faults of style and composition been reprehended with a spirit of liberal and manly criticism, he would probably have been the first to acknowledge and correct them; both parties were obstinate in their error, the Reviewers never bestowed any but unwilling commendation, and evinced an asperity in their comments which betrayed the source of their chagrin. Churchill, on the other hand, bold in the public applause, contemned their admonitions, and purposely, though injuriously to his own reputation, persisted in declining to adorn his original and vigorous thoughts with the graces of polished versification, or by labour

————— weaken to refine

The gen'rous roughness of a nervous line.

THE APOLOGY

ADDRESSED TO

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.*

Tristitiam et Metus. HOR.

LAUGHS not the heart, when giants, big with pride,
Assume the pompous port, the martial stride ;
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous shield,
Vast as a weaver's beam the jav'lin wield ;
With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy
And dare to single combat—What ?—A fly.

And laugh we less, when giant names, which shine
Establish'd, as it were, by right divine,
Critics, whom ev'ry captive art adores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores ; 10

* In the Critical Review for May 1761, the month when this poem was published, the editors, instead of making the *amende honorable*, ransacked Billingsgate for terms sufficiently vulgar and opprobrious, wherein to convey their abuse of the author, who they now find to be one "Churchill, who it seems is a clergyman." In an aukward attempt at humour, they proceed to rally this "furious ecclesiastic," and then seriously attempt to vindicate their own immaculate purity. With such subjects to work upon, it may easily be imagined that they fail in both their objects.

Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
And hold, Astræa like, the scales of wit,
With partial rage rush forth,—Oh! shame to tell!
To crush a bard just bursting from the shell?

Great are his perils in this stormy time 15
Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme:
Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below:
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me most who lavishly commends. 20

Look through the world—in ev'ry other trade
The same employment's cause of kindness made,
At least appearance of good will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates:
Coblers with coblers smoke away the night, 25
And in the common cause e'en play'rs unite:
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.
The pride of Nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit; 30
Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all.

Smit with the love of honour,—or the pence,—
O'er run with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the rhiming trade 35
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade,
Forth from the court, where scepter'd sages sit,
Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit,
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they won by dulness, still maintain, 40

Legions of factious authors throng at once,
 Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
 To Hamilton's the ready lies repair,—
 Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there—
 Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought, 45
 The polish'd falsehood's into public brought.
 Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford;
 And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.

A critic was of old a glorious name,
 Whose sanction handed merit up to fame; 50
 Beauties as well as faults he brought to view;
 His judgment great, and great his candour too;
 No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
 Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
 But now, oh! strange reverse! our critics bawl 55
 In praise of candour with a heart of gall;
 Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
 They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night;
 Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,
 And stab, like bravoës, all who come that way. 60

When first my Muse, perhaps more bold than
 wise,
 Bade the rude trifle into light arise,
 Little she thought such tempests would ensue,
 Less, that those tempests would be rais'd by you.
 The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak, 65
 Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal
 stroke.

Vain thought! a critic's fury knows no bound;
 Drawcansir like, he deals destruction round;

Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire. 70

Unhappy Genius ! plac'd by partial Fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state ;
Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,
Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings.
In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne 75
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here ?
Thus, when, the Julian tyrant's pride to swell,
Rome with her Pompey at Pharsalia fell, 80

V. 70.] Dr. Smollett having about this time discovered, began to inveigh against the tendency of Voltaire's writings, and though he had on former occasions bestowed high encomiums on his genius and assumed patriotism, now denied him the former, and termed the latter inflammatory and seditious.—The booksellers having undertaken a translation of Voltaire's works, Doctors Smollett and Franklin were for a valuable consideration induced to suffer their names to appear as the translators, but had no farther share in the concern. This was on both sides an unpardonable imposition on the public, and the slovenly manner in which the job was performed rendered the transaction if possible still more disgraceful.

* V. 71.] Churchill, judging by his own sentiments, little suspected that the subject of this animated panegyric had not one spark of public spirit in his composition, that he was servile and arrogant, bigotted and licentious, as interest might dictate ; in short, that he was a compound of all the vices that caprice can engender upon vanity. The characters of Churchill and Voltaire were as opposite as those of their respective countrymen ; our author bold, manly, independent, and a stranger to deceit—the Frenchman specious, designing, hypocritical, and equally destitute of principle as of veracity.

The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand,
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base ?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown, 85
Did Genius sleep, when Dulness seiz'd the throne ?
Whence, absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law.
Without her licence, not a letter stirs,
And all the captive criss-cross-row is her's. 90
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say ?
Their word's sufficient ; and to ask a reason, 95
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell ;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull superstitious readers they deceive, }
Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve, 100 }
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe ! }
But why repine we, that these puny elves
Shoot into giants ?—we may thank ourselves :
Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore. 105
But let true reason once resume her reign,
This god shall dwindle to a calf again.

Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
Wrapp'd in mysterious secrecy they rise, 110
And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.

At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe,
 'Th' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear :
 Prudence forbid that step ;—then all might know,
 And on more equal terms engage the foe. 115
 But now, what Quixote of the age would care
 To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air !
 By int'rest join'd, th' expert confed'rates stand,
 And play the game into each other's hand :
 The vile abuse, in turn by all denied, 120
 Is bandy'd up and down from side to side :
 It flies—hey !—presto !—like a juggler's ball,
 Till it belongs to nobody at all.

All men and things they know, themselves unknown,
 And publish ev'ry name——except their own. 125
 Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes,
 The nameless author passes in disguise ;
 But vet'ran critics are not so deceiv'd,
 If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.
 Once seen, they know an author evermore, 130
 Nay, swear to hands they never saw before.
 Thus in the Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,
 They by the writing found the writers out.
 “ That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly trace,
 “ And all the Actor stares you in the face. 135
 “ By Colman that was written—on my life ;
 “ The strongest symptoms of the Jealous Wife ;
 “ That little disingenuous piece of spite,
 “ Churchill, a wretch unknown! perhaps might
 write.”

How doth it make judicious readers smile, 140
 When authors are detected by their style,

Though ev'ry one, who knows this author, knows
He shifts his style much oft'ner than his clothes ?

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean ? 145
What had I done, that angry heav'n should send
The bitt'rest foe where most I wish'd a friend ?
Oft' hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.

V. 148.] Dr. Tobias Smollett was originally a surgeon's mate and served at the siege of Carthage, of which, together with many other circumstances of his life, a faithful account is given in the *Adventures of Roderic Random*, in this and most of his other novels, many living characters were introduced, particularly Dr. Akenside, under the name of the Republican Doctor, whose history forms one of the most agreeable episodes in *Peregrine Pickle*. Smollett attempted to practise physic at Bath, but being unpopular among the ladies, failed of success, abandoned his profession altogether, and took up that of an author ; he lived at Chelsea, and pursued his literary labors under the auspices of the booksellers, who were his only patrons, for he possessed an irritable spirit of independence which disqualified him from seeking the patronage of the leaders of the cause he espoused. By the unprecedented sale of his *History of England* he cleared 2,000*l.* the extraordinary success of this work can be scarcely credited in the present day, when it is little read and less quoted. As a controversial writer he was foiled by the North Briton, owing, as his friends alleged, to Lord Bute's denying him the necessary information, and neglecting to fulfil the engagements he had entered into with him ; be that as it may, the Doctor appears not by his subsequent performances to have forgotten the transaction. His constitution being at last greatly impaired by a sedentary life, he went abroad for his health, in 1763. During his travels he appears to have laboured under a constant fit of chagrin ; in one of a series of letters afterwards published by him, he writes to a friend thus :—" In gratifying your curiosity I shall

For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground, 150
 So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound ;
 From Livy's temples tear th' historic crown,
 Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
 Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
 But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb. 155
 Who ever read the Regicide, but swore
 The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before ?
 Others for plots and under-plots may call,
 Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
 Who can so often in his cause engage 160
 The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
 Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow
 At tragic Ha ! and no less tragic Oh !

find some amusement to beguile the tedious hours, which without some such employment would be rendered insupportable by discontent and disquiet. You knew and pitied my situation, troubled by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair." By this domestic calamity he meant the loss of his only child, a daughter whom he loved with the tenderest affection. The Doctor lived to return to his native country ; but his health continuing to decline, and meeting with fresh mortifications and disappointments, he went back to Italy, where he died Oct. 21, 1771, in the 52d year of his age.

V. 156.] Very early in life Dr. Smollett wrote a tragedy, entitled, the Regicide, founded on the story of the assassination of James the first of Scotland, which with all his interest he could never get represented on the stage ; he afterwards published it by subscription with no great success. He has alluded to this and other of his theatrical occurrences in the story of Melopoyne in Roderic Random.

To praise his nervous weakness all agree,
 And then for sweetness who so sweet as he ! 165
 Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
 The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell ;
 But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
 Why—then the voice must speak again, you know.

Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade, 170
 I kept no Naiads by me ready made ;
 Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
 Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France ;
 No flimsy linsey-woolsey scenes I wrote,
 With patches here and there, like Joseph's coat : 175
 Me humbler themes befit : secure, for me,
 Let play-wrights smuggle nonsense duty free ;
 Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins ! bound,
 And frisk and frolic o'er the fairy ground :
 Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn ! 180
 Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn ;
 Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove
 Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove :
 Secure, for me, let foppish Nature smile,
 And play the coxcomb in the Desert Isle. 185

The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—
 'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.

V. 185.] The Desert Island, a dramatic tale in three acts, by A. Murphy, 1760, borrowed from a drama of Metastasio, entitled, *L'Isola disabitata*. This ridiculous pastoral medley suited not the taste of John Bull, the Desert Island was deserted, and has never since been represented on the stage. Murphy, in revenge for the treatment he had received in the Rosciad, wrote a contemptible satire, called “An Ode to the Naiads of Fleet-

All common exhibitions open lie
 For praise or censure to the common eye.
 Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed ; 190
 Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily bread.
 This is a gen'ral tax which all must pay,
 From those who scribble, down to those who play.
 Actors, a venal crew, receive support
 From public bounty for the public sport. 195
 To clap or hiss all have an equal claim,
 The cobbler's and his lordship's right the same.
 All join for their subsistence ; all expect
 Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct.
 When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends, 200
 The three days' wonder of his laughing friends,
 Each, or as judgment or as fancy guides,
 The lively witling praises or derides.
 And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
 Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a play'r ? 205
 The strolling tribe, a despicable race !
 Like wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place.
 Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
 They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
 And, fawning, cringe for wretched means of life 210
 To Madam May'ress, or his Worship's wife.

ditch," too grossly indecent to admit of our sullyng our pages with a single extract from it.

V. 208.] By 17 G. II. c. 5. " All common players of interludes, and all persons who for hire or reward, act or cause to be acted any interlude or entertainment of the stage, or any part therein, not being authorized by law, shall be deemed rogues and vagabonds, and be punished accordingly."

The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
 Carries his whole regalia at his back ;
 His royal consort heads the female band,
 And leads the heir apparent in her hand ; 215
 The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
 Bearing a future prince on either side.
 No choice musicians in this troop are found
 To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound ;
 No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl ; 220
 No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll ;
 No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown ;
 The monarch here must be a host alone :
 No solemn pomp, no slow processions here ;
 No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier. 225

By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
 The varied actor flies from part to part ;
 And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride !
 His character is shifted with his side.
 Question and answer he by turns must be, 230
 Like that small wit in Modern Tragedy,
 Who, to patch up his fame—or fill his purse—
 Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse ;
 Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
 Defacing first, then claiming for his own. 235
 In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe,
 The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe :
 No high conceits their mod'rate wishes raise,
 Content with humble profit, humble praise.

V. 231.] Mr. Murphy, in the preface to his *Grecian Daughter*, the only tragedy of his on the acting list, acknowledges that it is principally borrowed from the *Zelmire* of M. Belloy ; all his other dramas may with ease be traced to their French or Italian parents.

In spite of new-made laws, and new-made kings, 270
 The free-born Muse with lib'ral spirit sings.
 Bow down, ye slaves ! before these idols fall ;
 Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all :
 Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
 To those who, slaves to all, are slaves to me. 275

Actors, as actors, are a lawful game,
 The poet's right, and who shall bar his claim ?
 And if, o'er weening of their little skill,
 When they have left the stage they're actors still ;
 If to the subject world they still give laws, 280
 With paper crowns, and sceptres made of straws ;
 If they in cellar or in garret roar,
 And kings one night, are kings for evermore ;

V. 275.] These sarcastic lines were in general supposed to have been aimed at Mr. Garrick, and were not bestowed in vain ; he felt all the force of them, and was rendered exceedingly unhappy at having, by some indiscreet reflexions on the author of the *Rosciad*, provoked so irritable and so powerful a writer. To insure a reconciliation, he wrote a long letter to Churchill, which comprehended an apology for himself and the players, full of encomiums upon the satirist's uncommon vein of poetry, and concluding with deprecating his future wrath. This epistle Garrick read to a friend, expecting his approbation of it in very ample terms, but here he was disappointed ; he was told that as Churchill had attacked him on very slight or scarce any provocation, it was too much condescension in him to write such a laboured vindication of his conduct, and to adopt a tone of expostulation in which many of the expressions were of too humiliating and even degrading a nature for any man of spirit to submit to, and that the writer of the *Rosciad*, who was a man of quick discernment and an undaunted mind, would not think the better of him for such an apology. They were afterwards reconciled : and Churchill frequently visited Garrick both at Hampton and in town, but

Shall not bold truth, ev'n there, pursue her theme,
 And wake the coxcomb from his golden dream? 285
 Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
 They rise superior to their present state;
 If, with each social virtue grac'd, they blend
 The gay companion and the faithful friend;
 If they, like Pritchard, join in private life 290
 The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
 Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure speak,
 Though Mimics bark, and Envy split her cheek?
 No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise;
 No greatness can above her censure raise; 295
 Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
 She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.

Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
 To sense of honour as to virtue dead,

would never accept of any play-house freedom, or other favor from him.

V. 298.] Dr. Smollett, even in the opinion of his best friends, was too acrimonious in the conduct of the Critical Review, and was at the same time so tremblingly alive to ridicule as to evince much sensibility when retaliated upon by any of the authors he had censured. He had made some very severe strictures on a pamphlet published by Admiral Knowles, as well as on the character of the writer, who commenced a prosecution against the printer, declaring he only wanted to know the author, that if a gentleman he might obtain the satisfaction of a gentleman from him. In this affair the Doctor behaved with great spirit. Just as sentence was going to be pronounced against the printer he came into court, avowed himself the author of the strictures in question, and declared himself ready to give the Admiral any satisfaction he chose. Upon this the Admiral commenced a fresh prosecution against the Doctor, who was found guilty, fined 100*l.* and condemned to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench.—It is there he is said to have written the Adventures of Sir Lancelot Greaves,

Whom ties nor human nor divine can bind, 300
 Alien to God, and foe to all mankind ;
 Who spares no character ; whose ev'ry word,
 Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,
 Cuts to the quick ; whose thoughts with rancour swell ;
 Whose tongue, on earth, performs the work of hell ?
 If there be such a monster, the Reviews 306
 Shall find him holding forth against abuse.
 " Attack profession !—'tis a deadly breach !—
 " The Christian laws another lesson teach :—
 " Unto the end shall charity endure, 310
 " And candour hide those faults it cannot cure."
 Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
 As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote.
 The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd 314
 To please, improve, instruct, reform, mankind ;
 To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
 Above the tow'ring pitch of splendid Vice ;
 To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
 And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
 Now arm'd with wrath, she bids eternal shame, 320
 With strictest justice, brand the villain's name ;

in which he has described some remarkable characters then his fellow-prisoners.

V. 311.] The Monthly Review adopted the same language in favour of the players—" However we may admire the strength of poetry, the accuracy of observation, and happy vein of humour in the Rosciad, humanity would wish that no set of men should be made ridiculous and contemptible in a *profession* from which they must draw their subsistence. In the Apology there is a greater degree of severity, and more poignancy of satire against the *gentlemen* of the stage than even in the Rosciad."—Month. Rev. vol. 24.

Now in the milder garb of Ridicule
She sports, and pleases while she wounds the fool.
Her shape is often varied ; but her aim,
To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same, 325
In praise of mercy let the guilty bawl ;
When Vice and Folly for correction call,
Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it spares.

But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth, 330
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth ;
If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
And quits the actor to expose the man ;
Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot. 335

But what is candour, what is humour's vein,
Though judgment join to consecrate the strain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choicest music play in ev'ry word ?
Verses must run, to charm a modern ear, 340
From all harsh, rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze,
Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas,
Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense
A happy tuneful vacancy of sense. 345
Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage :
Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.

V. 333.] Churchill, much to his credit, blotted out several lines, which, in the first edition of the *Rosciad*, were of a nature personally injurious to the character of Mr. John Palmer.

Henceforth farewell then fev'rish thirst of fame; 350
 Farewel the longings for a poet's name;
 Perish my Muse—a wish 'bove all severe
 To him who ever held the Muses dear—
 If e'er her labours weaken to refine
 The gen'rous roughness of a nervous line. 355

Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;
 Their Muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays:
 The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
 Lest poetry approach too near to prose.
 See tortur'd Reason how they pare and trim, 360
 And, like Procrustes, stretch, or lop the limb.

Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
 Parent of harmony in English verse,
 Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
 In couplets first taught straggling sense to close. 365
 In polish'd numbers and majestic sound,
 Where shall thy rival, Pope! be ever found?

V. 367.] Our author, who had studiously formed himself on the model of Dryden, was always a warm advocate for the superiority of that poet over Pope. Davies gives us the following anecdote on this subject:—"Churchill held Pope so cheap that one of his most intimate friends assured me, that he had some thoughts of attacking his poetry; and another gentleman informed me that, in a convivial hour, he wished the bard of Twickenham was alive, that he might have an opportunity to make him bring forth all his art of poetry; for he would not only have a struggle with him for pre-eminence, but endeavour to break his heart." Davies adds, "this must be considered as a wild effusion over a bottle." The private character of Pope chiefly excited Churchill's antipathy, and certainly gave rise to a design of systematically attacking the "Sweet swan of Thames,"

But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,
Ev'n excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.

which on maturer consideration he abandoned, and even so far conquered his aversion as to suppress a couple of very injurious lines which he had written in the third book of *Gotham*, which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter. In a letter to Wilkes, in Aug. 1763, he thus confidently expresses his intention: "Next winter is certainly ordained for the rising and falling of many in Israel—the Lord forbid I should be idle in so great a work, *aut tanto cessarim cardine rerum*. Several poems I shall have out soon, but not I hope so soon as to cut them off from the advantage of your criticism. Mr. Pope ought surely to feel some instinctive terrors, for against him I have double pointed all my little thunderbolts, in which as to the design I hope I shall have your approbation when you consider his heart, and as to the execution, if you approve it, I can sit down easily and hear with contempt the censures of all the half-blooded, prudish lords. For something relative to Pope take the following lines, intended as an answer to those who, because I have mentioned slightly a few qualities of a goodly nature of one of my friends, would have me enlarge on his bad, and think me inexcusable for not mentioning them:—

Not spare the man I love, not dare to feel
The partial glowings of a friendly zeal?
Nature forgives, nay justifies the deed,
By friendship's first and noblest law decreed.
Shall I not do then, what in days of yore
Most bitter satirists have done before?
They saw the follies, but they loved the men:
Ev'n Pope could feel for friendship, now and then."

Churchill was not singular in his preference; Voltaire comparing the two poets, says, "that Pope drove gently about town a neat gilt chariot with a pair of bays, whilst Dryden poured along the plain a full gallop in a coach with six fiery horses:" and Dr. Johnson in his lives of the poets, after a very minute

Nature, through all her works, in great degree, 370
Borrows a blessing from variety.

Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the nightingale would teaze;
Still in one key, not Brent would always please. 375

Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?
Still, when his subject rises proud to view, 380
With equal strength the poet rises too:
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force; 385
The pow'rs of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.

But what are numbers, what are bards, to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poesy?
“ A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen; 390
“ Priests must not hear nor see like other men ;

investigation of their respective merits, gives a decided preference to Dryden. Something of our Poet's partiality may also be fairly attributed to a sense of his own negligence of composition which he attempted to palliate if he could not justify by the example of the great though unequal Dryden.

V. 390.] On this passage the Critical Reviewers elegantly observe in vindication of themselves, “ that they never enquired whether the author was a priest or a publican, a curate or a cobbler ; whether he spent his time in squabbling with the players behind the scenes at the theatre, or in praying his pible among the old women in Westminster.” Crit. Rev. Vol. XII.

“ Far higher themes should her ambition claim:
 “ Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame.”

Whilst, with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
 Let Reason for a moment take her turn. 395
 When coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
 And blindly walk in paper leading-strings,
 What if a man delight to pass his time
 In spinning reason into harmless rhyme,
 Or sometimes boldly venture to the play? 400
 Say, where's the crime?—great man of prudence, say?
 No two on earth in all things can agree;
 All have some darling singularity:
 Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
 In gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys. 405
 Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,
 Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
 In things indiff'rent Reason bids us chuse,
 Whether the whim's a monkey or a Muse.
 What the gay triflers on this busy scene, 410
 When they make use of this word Reason, mean,
 I know not; but, according to my plan,
 'Tis Lord Chief-justice in the court of man,
 Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
 The friend of Virtue, and the guide to truth. 415
 To her I bow, whose sacred pow'r I feel;
 To her decision make my last appeal;
 Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain
 Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
 By her absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue:
 If Reason's for me, God is for me too. 421

NIGHT.

AN EPISTLE TO

ROBERT LLOYD.

THIS poem was published in October 1761, and considered in the light of a familiar address to an intimate friend, is not subject to those strict rules of composition which more dignified poetry requires. Notwithstanding this due allowance, *Night* contains more faulty, bald and prosaic lines than any other of our author's productions. An instance of his sinning against his own better judgment, occurs in his frequent adoption of the coarse epithet *Fool*; for the use of which he in the *Ghost* censures Dr. Johnson, in the concluding part of the character of Pomposo,

“ For 'tis with him a certain rule

“ The folly's prov'd when he calls fool.”

The title of the poem may probably have been suggested by Dr. Armstrong's “ *Day, an epistle to J. Wilkes of Aylesbury, Esq.*” then lately published, without the consent of the author, who was with the English army in Germany; from whence it was written in easy loose verse, with little regard to the matter, and less to the manner. In his epistle Dr. Armstrong ventured to censure Churchill, who expressed much resentment at the attack, and would never be reconciled with the author of it. The principal object of *Night* was to exculpate the poet and the friend to whom it is addressed, from the censure of the world on the score of those irregularities in conduct, which the celebrity of the foregoing poems rendered more conspicuous in the author of them, by inducing those who smarted under his lash, to make researches into his private character; and by publishing exaggerated statements of his improprieties of behaviour, to deaden the force of the

blow they could not parry. His propensity to late hours, and his employment of them in genial converse with his friends, he here avows; and great examples in antient and modern times, will certainly rescue his taste from the charge of singularity. Had he not been himself so severe a Censor, his private irregularities would have been softened down to the eccentricities of genius, and his midnight parties would have been dignified with the amiable attributes of social enjoyment, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" instead of which, they were blazoned abroad as the orgies of brutal intemperance, and the scenes of vulgar and depraved gratification. His clerical character might indeed have induced a stricter attention to the opinion of the world, though some justification is afforded by a similar predilection for tavern meetings and late hours, in Dr. Johnson; whose purity of life, habitual temperance, and stern morality, would have dignified the most exalted station in the church. The *Noctes Atticæ* in Ivy Lane, were ushered in by the Doctor with his favourite toast, the dying ejaculation of Father Paul, "Esto perpetua!"

NIGHT.

Contrarius exhor orbi. OVID MET. LIB. 2.

WHEN foes insult, and prudent friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft' with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown, 5
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.
Let slaves to bus'ness, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Olemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We Night prefer, which heals or hides our care. 10
Rogues justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by gold,
Freely may bask in fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But threadbare Merit dares not shew the head 15
Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of Care are always sons of Night.

V. 18.] What have we with *day* to do?

Sons of Care 'twas made for you.

This is the more popular doctrine, and we believe most commonly governs the distribution of the four and twenty hours.

The wretch bred up in method's drowsy school,
Whose only merit is to err by rule, 20
Who ne'er through heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought;
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace, 25
Still travels on through life's insipid space,
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be,
Among God's creatures, two such things as we;
Then for his nightcap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep good
hours. 30

Good hours—fine words—but was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the sun,
Expatriates on good hours, their cause defends 35
With as much vigour as our prudent friends.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things;
Each takes the phrase in his own private view;
With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two. 40

Go on, ye Fools, who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing, distinctions make;
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains 45
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.

Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reason to herself alone is law: 50
That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol-titled name her rev'rence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd, 55
And all are good if virtuously enjoy'd.

Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of wig declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air, 60
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health:
For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether fate 65
Allot a longer or a shorter date,
I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill. 70
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools;
As well may sons of physic hope to find 75
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head;

What reason this which me to bed must call,
Whose head, thank Heaven, never aches at all? 80
In diff'rent courses diff'rent tempers run;
He hates the moon, I sicken at the sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, his clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.

Then in oblivion's grateful cup I drown 85
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distrest. 90
Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose,
But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

Whether those classic regions are survey'd 95
Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
Though now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
And taught a stump to shoot with pilfer'd praise, 100
Who once for rev'rend merit famous grown,
Gratefully strove to kick his maker down;

V. 99.] The poet and his friend were not fortunate in the attachments they formed at Westminster school, and poor Lloyd had, on more occasions than one, to lament the defection of pretended friends; even Thornton, to whom he had addressed his Actor, and with whom he once lived upon terms of the most cordial intimacy, abandoned him in his distress, and

Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar, or stage;
If half-bred surgeons, whom men Doctors call, 105
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exercise our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray, 110
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed
Where virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head,
Whilst vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns, 115
And conscience plants the villain's couch with
 thorns,

Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,

treated him with the most cutting neglect. Lloyd, whilst in the Fleet prison, where he was supplied by Churchill with a guinea a week and a servant to attend him, thus gently alludes to Thornton's conduct, in a letter to Wilkes on the death of his benefactor. " My own affairs I forbear to mention, Thornton is what you believed him, I have many acquaintance, but *now* no friend here." The Rev. William Sellon, minister of St. James' Clerkenwell, the person immediately alluded to in these lines, is again characterised in the Ghost, under the name of Plausible. By the assistance of his more able contemporaries at Westminster school, he contrived to acquire some reputation there; but on his quitting that seminary, he forgot the obligation, and treated his open unsuspecting friends with a degree of illiberality and ingratitude, which their misconduct did not occasion, nor if it did, could justify.

Leaps from her seat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a single glance; 120
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
And see by Night what fools we are by day.

Stripp'd of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
See where ambition mean and loathsome lies;
Reflection with relentless hand pulls down 125
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone;
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute. 130

But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like heav'n's dew, refreshing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all, 136
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

Through a false medium things are shewn by
day;
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray. 140
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom Night disdains to number with the great!
Must not we laugh to see yon' lordling proud
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?
Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play, 145
Like insects in the sun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilst, Jehu like, he drives at furious rate,
And seems the only charioteer of state,

Talking himself into a little god,
And ruling empires with a single nod ; 150
Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
That he had int'rest, and that they had sense ?
Injurious thought ! beneath Night's honest shade,
When pomp is buried, and false colours fade,
Plainly we see, at that impartial hour, 155
Them dupes to pride, and him the tool of pow'r.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the seeming, or the real great !
Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
Than any slave who labours at the oar : 160
By slavish methods must he learn to please,
By smooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curs'd court-
disease ;

Supple to ev'ry wayward mood strike sail,
And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
To nature dead he must adopt vile art, 165
And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.
A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And Conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne, for many years,
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers,
When he at last expects, good easy man ! 171
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing lackey, or rapacious whore,
To favours of the great the surest door,
Some catamite, or pimp, in credit grown, 175
Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for some minion's minion claims the prize.

Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
 Too resolute, from nature's active heat 180
 To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by,
 Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie.
 Too plain to please, too 'honest to be great,
 Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state ;
 Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
 Where rascals promise, and where fools believe; 186
 Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,
 Calm, independent, let me steal through life,
 Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
 To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile. 190
 Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
 And look on riches with untainted eye :
 To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
 Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage, 195
 We see what vain designs mankind engage ;
 Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
 And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
 Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,
 Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for
 strife ; 200
 Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed
 For some vile spot, where fifty cannot feed.

V. 202.] The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot,
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain.

HANLET.

Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
 For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.
 What odds?—to us 'tis all the self-same thing, 205
 A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

Britons, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
 Are cast by nature in a patriot mould ;
 No private joy, no private grief, they know,
 Their souls engross'd by public weal or woe : 210
 Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn ;
 Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn :
 Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
 Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
 All would be deem'd, ev'n from the cradle, fit 215
 To rule in politics as well as wit.
 The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
 Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
 The court-bred lord his promises and debts ; 220
 Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
 The rake his mistress, and the fop himself,
 Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
 And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.

Females themselves the glorious ardour feel, 225
 And boast an equal or a greater zeal ;

V. 225.] The nation was now wound up to a temporary pitch of enthusiasm in favor of Frederic of Prussia ; all ranks united in his praise, and the appellation of the Protestant Hero was religiously bestowed upon an avowed atheist ; his gratitude to this country for its blind partiality lasted no longer than its subsidies were regularly remitted. He hated England, because, like all tyrants, he dreaded the effect of public opinion in the only coun-

From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies, .
 Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
 O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
 Envy, and twenty other faults beside. 230
 No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
 A passion for applause, or rage for dress ;
 No more they pant for public raree-shows,
 Or lose one thought on monkies or on beaus :
 Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan, 235
 And lustful prudes forget to rail at man :
 The darling theme Cecilia's self will chuse,
 Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.

The cit, a Common-Councilman by place,
 Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face, 240
 By situation as by nature great,
 With nice precision parcels out the state ;

try where it can be decidedly expressed. He preferred a petty complimentary intercourse with the cringing witlings of Paris, whose servile flattery could only be equalled by the insatiable arrogance and vanity of their heroic patron, to the more lasting and solid approbation of a free and unbiassed people. Of Frederic's consummate excellence in the theory and practice of the military art there can be but one opinion, but his literary productions, including his celebrated code, will never rank him above mediocrity in the opinion of any one who has endured a perusal of them. The following instance of liberality, extracted from a newspaper of March 1758, may have called forth the poet's censure on female political enthusiasm :—" Miss Bab. Wyndham of Salisbury, sister of Henry Wyndham, Esq. of that city, a maiden lady of ample fortune, ordered her Banker to prepare the sum of 1000*l.* to be immediately remitted in her own name as a present to the King of Prussia."

Proves and disproves, affirms and then denies,
 Objects himself, and to himself replies ;
 Wielding aloft the politician rod, 245
 Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god ;
 Maintains, ev'n to the very teeth of Pow'r,
 The same thing right and wrong in half an hour :
 Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
 And plainly proves, whatever is, is not : 250
 Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
 And deals out empires as he deals out thread ;
 His useless scales are in a corner flung,
 And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace to such triflers, be our happier plan 255
 To pass through life as easy as we can.
 Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
 Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen.
 Secrets of state no more I wish to know
 Than secret movements of a puppet-show: 260
 Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
 Unseen the hand which guides the master-wire.

What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall ?
 Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
 Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal, 265
 Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
 His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
 But must I bellow too, who sit at ease ?
 By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
 Free as the light and air some years ago. 270

[V. 270.] An additional tax on windows was just imposed by parliament to commence from the 5th of April, 1762.

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
 To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
 Burthens like these, vile earthly buildings bear ;
 No tribute's laid on castles in the air.

Let then the flames of war destructive reign, 275
 And England's terrors awe imperious Spain ;
 Let ev'ry venal clan and neutral tribe
 Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe ;
 Let each new-year call loud for new supplies,
 And tax on tax with double burthen rise ; 280
 Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress'd,
 And, having little, are with little bless'd.
 All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
 And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply ;
 Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away, 285
 Nor one dull thought foretells approach of day.

Thus have we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford
 Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
 Whilst Mirth with Decency, his lovely bride, 289
 And wine's gay god, with Temp'rance by his side,
 Their welcome visit pay ; whilst Health attends
 The narrow circle of our chosen friends ;
 Whilst frank Good-humour consecrates the treat,
 And woman makes society complete,
 Thus will we live, though in our teeth are hurl'd 295
 Those hackney strumpets, Prudence and the World.

V. 277.] Alluding to the severe precautions adopted by government after the rebellion of 1745, and to some difficulties which occurred in carrying into effect Mr. Pitt's measure, proposed in 1757, for raising 2000 men in the Highlands of Scotland for the British service in America.

Prudence, of old a sacred term, implied
 Virtue, with godlike wisdom for her guide,
 But now in gen'ral use is known to mean
 The stalking-horse of vice, and folly's screen. 300
 The sense perverted we retain the name ;
 Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.

A tutor once, more read in men than books,
 A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
 Demurely sly, with high preferment bless'd, 305
 His fav'rite pupil in these words address'd :

“ Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous
 deem'd,

By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd ?
 Be this thy rule ; be what men Prudent call ;
 Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all. 310
 Keep up appearances ; there lies the test ;
 The world will give thee credit for the rest.
 Outward be fair, however foul within ;
 Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
 This maxim's into common favour grown, 315
 Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known.
 Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field ;
 But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
 Should raging passion drive thee to a whore,
 Let Prudence lead thee to a postern door ; 320

V. 310.] *Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia.* This is the uniform text of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, published in 1774. His Lordship's precepts appear to have been anticipated by our author in this poem, and their material substance compressed in very few lines.

Stay out all night, but take especial care
 That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
 As one with watching and with study faint,
 Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint."

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard, 325
 And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
 Successfully pursu'd the plan, and now,
 " Room for my Lord—Virtue, stand by and bow."

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
 To mask, but not amend a vicious heart ? 330
 Shall luke-warm caution and demeanour grave
 For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave ?
 Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
 Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,
 Whilst Virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize, 335
 Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise ;
 Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
 Seems what she is, and scorns to pass for more ?
 Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
 Unenvied pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold ;
 Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf, 341
 To flatter others, or deny myself ;
 Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
 I would not be that thing, that prudent man.

" What !" cries Sir Pliant, " would you then
 oppose 345
 Yourself, alone, against an host of foes ?
 Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
 Above all sense of interest prevail.
 Throw off, for shame ! this petulance of wit ;
 Be wise, be modest, and for once submit : 350

Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight ;
 You must be wrong ; the World is in the right."

What is this World?—a term which men have got
 To signify, not one in ten knows what ;
 A term, which with no more precision passes 355
 To point out herds of men than herds of asses ;
 In common use no more it means, we find,
 Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change nature's stated laws ?
 Can numbers make the worse the better cause? 360
 Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
 Though thousands rail at good and practise ill.
 Would'st thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage,
 Because vast nations on his part engage ?
 Though to support the rebel Cæsar's cause 365
 Tumultuous legions arm against the laws ;
 Though scandal would our patriot's name impeach,
 And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,
 What honest man but would with joy submit
 To bleed with Cato, and retire with Pitt ? 370.

V. 370.] Mr. Pitt, in Sept. 1761, indignant at the repeated insults offered to this country by Spain, proposed to the Cabinet an immediate rupture with that Court; in this proposition he was supported by Lord Temple, but was opposed by Lord Bute, and all the other members of the Cabinet: upon which Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple took their leaves, and their written advice on the subject being rejected by his Majesty, they resigned their seals of office into his hands on the 5th of October following. Upon this event an article appeared in the London Gazette, stating their resignation, the appointment of the Earl of Egremont as Mr. Pitt's successor in the situation of one of the principal Secretaries of State, and that, in consideration of the great and im-

Stedfast and true to virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,

portant services of Mr. Pitt, his Majesty was pleased to grant to the Lady Hester Pitt the Barony of Chatham; and also to confer upon William Pitt, Esq. an annuity of 3000*l.* during his own life, and that of his wife and their eldest son.

The moment the preceding intelligence was published Mr. Pitt's character was assailed with the most ardent malignity and savage frenzy by all the hired servants of administration, and by some mistaken zealots of the opposite faction. They branded him in various newspapers and pamphlets with the names of pensioner, apostate, deserter, and with every term of reproach that malice could apply or depravity suggest. They succeeded so far as to occasion a temporary diminution of his character in the public esteem. In a few weeks, however, the public prejudice began to subside, and the torrent ran a contrary course. When he went into the city on the ensuing Lord-Mayor's day, he was honored in all the streets through which he passed with unbounded marks of applause, and soon after he was presented with addresses from several cities and towns, thanking him for his important services and lamenting the cause of his resignation.

All doubts respecting the propriety of his conduct were dispelled by the declaration of war against Spain, which his successors found themselves under the necessity of issuing on the 2d of Jan. 1762, though they postponed that important measure until the insults of the Court of Spain became so notorious that even Lord Bute confessed they could be no longer concealed.

Thus came by constraint, without dignity, and above three months after an opportunity for essentially crippling the enemy had elapsed, that declaration of war which would have been issued with eclat by Mr. Pitt in September.

Mr. Pitt, in July 1766, irrecoverably forfeited his popularity by his coalition with the very men against whom he had hitherto directed all the vast powers of his commanding eloquence. He was created Earl of Chatham, and, with the office of Lord Privy

Let the World talk, my Friend ; that World, we
know,

Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.

Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan ; 375

Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.

Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong ;

Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd, be strong.

In spite of Dulness, and in spite of Wit,

If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit, 380

Rather stand up, assur'd with conscious pride,

Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

Seal, took the general controul over the measures of government. Mr. Townshend and General Conway were his managers in the House of Commons. His noble brother-in-law, Lord Temple, and his intimate friend, Lord Rockingham, not only refused to hold any situation under him, but peremptorily declined any interview or personal intercourse with him. He sensibly felt the loss of Lord Temple, whose gracious affability procured him the esteem of all ranks of people, while the splendor of his own talents commanded their admiration. This preyed upon his mind while his body was a victim to the gout, and the conduct of his new associates in office did not contribute to alleviate his uneasiness. In 1768 he resigned, was reconciled to Lord Temple, and retired to Hayes. He now confined his political exertions to a punctual attendance in the House of Lords, but, notwithstanding his animated opposition, until his death in 1778, to most of the measures of government, and particularly to the American war, he could never regain the confidence of the people.

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

MR. Wilkes pronounced of this poem before its appearance in Jan. 1763, "that he was sure it would take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political:" his prediction was accomplished. The Prophecy of Famine almost exceeded the Rosciad in popularity, and in extent of circulation; but, like that poem, excited a number of inferior writers to draw their pens in praise, censure, or imitation of our colossal bard. The titles of these productions are preserved in the periodical publications of the day, but the works themselves sleep with their fathers. Of such productions and their authors Churchill might with propriety have said with Lord Shaftesbury, "that he would never reply unless he should hear of them or their works in any good company a twelvemonth after."

In a letter to Wilkes, previous to the publication of this poem, Churchill writes: "Think not that the Scottish Eclogue totally stands still, or that I can ever be unmindful of any thing which I think will give Wilkes pleasure, and which I am certain will do me honor in having his name prefixed. The present state of it however stands thus:—it is split into two poems—the Scottish Eclogue, which will be inscribed to you in the pastoral way—and another poem, which I think will be a strong one, immediately addressed by way of Epistle to you—this way they will be both of a piece, otherwise it would have been

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

The Pastoral begins thus, and I believe will be out soon, but nothing comes out till I begin to be pleased with it myself:—

"When Cupid first instructs," &c.

The other runs thus : —

“ From solemn thought,” &c.

“ Can Wilkes ?—I know thou can’st—retreat awhile,

“ Learn pity’s lesson, and disdain to smile.”

“ Oft have I heard thee,” &c.

This plan our author altered, and consolidated the two intended poems in the following acrimonious satire, which unites in itself more excellencies of severe political invective than any poem that has ever been produced in the English language since the publication of Dryden’s *Absalom and Achitophel*.

Churchill omitted no opportunity of displaying his inveterate animosity against the whole Scottish nation ; and, highly pleased with the extraordinary success of this poem, he dressed his younger son in a Scotch plaid like a little Highlander, and carried him every where in that garb : the boy being once asked by a gentleman, why he was clothed in such a manner ? answered with great vivacity—“ Sir, my father hates the Scotch, and does it to plague them.”

The best defence of Scotland that the Prophecy of Famine called forth was one entitled “ *Genius and Valour, a Scots pastoral,*” with this motto “ *Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ sol jungit ab urbe.*” The following apostrophe towards the commencement of the poem is not deficient in spirit :

“ Yet still some pleasing monuments remain,

“ Some marks of genius in each later reign,

“ In nervous strains Dunbar’s bold music flows,

“ And *Time* yet spares *the Thistle and the Rose*.

“ O, while his course the hoary warrior steers

“ Through the long range of life-dissolving years,

“ Through all the evils of each changeful age

“ Hate, envy, faction, jealousy, and rage,

“ Ne’er may his scythe these sacred plants divide,

“ These plants by heav’n in native union tied.

“ Still may the flower its social sweets disclose,

“ The hardy thistle still defend the rose.”

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

Nos patriam fugimus. VIRGIL.

WHEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means ;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire 5
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire ;
Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a Muse.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,¹⁰
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills, proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and eke the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more— 16
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies—
Green moss her couch ; her canopy the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the roguish gale
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them through the
vale. 20
'The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his am'rous descant plays.

V. 18.] Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies. PORL.

Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.

The streams, with music freighted, as they pass 25
Present the fair Lardella with a glass,
And Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed ; 30
Form'd after some great man, whose name breeds
awe,

Whose ev'ry sentence Fashion makes a law ;
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears ;
Then we discard the workings of the heart, 35
And nature's banish'd by mechanic art ;
Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown ;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown :
Then Ostentation marches to our aid,
And letter'd Pride stalks forth in full parade ; 40
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd ev'ry line :
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of ancients with a modern air ;
Nonsense with classic ornaments is grac'd, 45
And passes current with the stamp of taste.

Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,
And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's shore ;
Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home ; 50
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns ;

Flow'rs which once flourish'd fair in Greece and
Rome,

More fair revive in England's meads to bloom ;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn, 55
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn ;
Landscapes unknown to dowdy Nature rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay, 60
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and attun'd to woe ;
Who, if plain Common-sense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some ghost affrighted, 'start and stare, 65
And ask the meaning of her coming there :
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of Folly's wing ;
In Love's pagoda shall they ever doze,
And Gisbal kindly rock them to repose ; 70
My Lord —— to letters as to faith most true—
At once their patron and example too—

V. 67.] William Mason, author of *Elfrida*, *Caractacus*, an *Elegy on the death of the Countess of Coventry*, and some other pieces of inferior merit, was the intimate friend and executor of Gray, whose life he wrote and prefixed to an edition of his works. Mr. Mason, through the 'patronage of the Holdernessee family, obtained considerable church preferment, and died Precentor of York, April 5, 1797, aged 71. There is a want of nerve in all his productions, which will ever prevent his attaining a station in English poetry much above mediocrity.

V. 70.] Gisbal, an Hyperborean tale, said to be translated from the fragments of Ossian, the son of Fingal. The stupidity of this piece can only be equalled by its scurrility.

Shall quaintly fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
 Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams;
 Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know, 75
 Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
 From the green umbrage of some Druid's seat
 Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me, whom no Muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
 No judgment tempers when rash genius fires; 80
 Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
 Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time;
 Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads
 By prattling streams o'er flow'r-empurpled meads;
 Who often, but without success, have pray'd 85
 For apt Alliteration's artful aid;
 Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
 Coin fine new epithets, which mean no ill:
 Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
 For pacing poesy, and ambling wit, 90

V. 74.] A harsh censure on Lord Lyttelton's Monody on his Wife; which, though like all his productions, highly laboured, contains many beauties.

V. 86.] Mason's poetry abounds with instances of a ridiculous fondness for alliteration.

Those who admire Virgil's

—— *Validas in viscera vertite vires*

must be pleased with the following specimens:—

“ And vainly vent'rous soar on waxen wing,—
 “ Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last,—
 “ And wean her from a world she loved so well—
 “ This let me learn, and learning let me live ;”

with many other instances : such as, boisterous breath, wayward world, lovely lawn, soft serenity, liquid lustre, &c.

Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess—to thy law
Myself I dedicate—hence, slavish awe,
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules 95
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools ;
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste 101
Of toil, which critics now mistake for taste,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdu'd, 105
However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
To northern climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the
year ;

Where, undisturb'd by Art's rebellious plan,
She rules the loyal laird, and faithful clan. 110

To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe !
What waggon-loads of courage, wealth and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence ?
'To us she gives, disinterested friend ! 115
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.

V. 116.] Stuart, the family name of Lord Bute: it was noticed by the opposition papers of the day, that out of sixteen names in one list of gazette promotions there were eleven Stuarts and four M'Kenzies.

When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
 Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share ?
 And if, by some disast'rous turn of fate,
 Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state, 120
 Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
 Such refuge as the holy ma. yr found?

Nor less our debt in silence, though denied
 By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.

V. 122.] The disgraceful surrender by the Scotch of their unfortunate sovereign, who had claimed their protection, into the hands of his persecutors, has from various motives been much canvassed and artfully perplexed. Lord Clarendon's plain statement of the fact appears to claim that credibility which party or national prejudice has in vain attempted to dispute.

"The Parliament having required the person of the King, the Scots began to talk sturdily, and denied that the parliament of England had power absolutely to dispose of the person of the King without their approbation, and the parliament as loudly replied that they had nothing to do but to observe their orders, and added such threats to their reasons as might let them see they had a great contempt of their power, and would exact obedience from them if they refused to yield it. But these discourses were only kept up till they could adjust all accounts between them, and agree what price they should pay for the delivery of *his* person whom one side was resolved to have, and the other as resolved not to keep, and so they agreed; and upon the payment of 200,000*l*. in hand, and security for as much more, the Scots delivered the King up into such hands as the parliament appointed to receive him. In this infamous manner that excellent Prince was, in the end of Jan. 1647, given up by his Scottish subjects to those of his English, who were intrusted by Parliament to receive him."

Clarendon, Hist. vol. iii. part 1.

Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note, 125
 Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote ;
 Thence, Home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
 For loving plays, though no dull dean was there ;

V. 125.] Allan Ramsay, originally a barber in Edinburgh. His songs are in some esteem, as is also his "Gentle Shepherd," which possesses merit enough to have been deemed not to be his own production. He died in 1758. His son was a portrait-painter of some eminence, and author of some tracts on various branches of polite literature, particularly the Investigator.

V. 127.] John Home, the author of Douglas, on which alone his reputation should justly be founded ; besides which he wrote the following tragedies : Agis, the Siege of Aquileia, the Fatal Discovery, Alonzo, and Alfred, all of which fall much below mediocrity, and such of them as the managers ventured to present to the public met the condemnation they deserved. Mr. Home was bred to the Ministry of the Kirk of Scotland ; but the heinous crime of writing plays and frequenting theatres having been proved against him, and ineffectually remonstrated against by the Synod, they thundered their anathema against the author, the performers, and the spectators, with as little success ; at length, after having in vain adopted every species of persecution which their limited powers would permit, the holy Synod pronounced a sentence of perpetual seclusion from the ministry upon the devoted Home ; but, as it is fortunately in the nature of intolerance to defeat its own ends, thus, in this instance, Frederic Prince of Wales stretched forth his protecting hand, and saved Mr. Home from the malice of his bigotted antagonists. A handsome pension was settled upon him in this country, and he soon afterwards obtained a lucrative place under government.

V. 128.] Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, when the name of our author appeared to the second edition of the Rosciad, reprimanded him for writing on a subject so totally inconsistent with his profession : Churchill re-

Thence issu'd forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That old, new, epic pastoral, Fingal; 130

plied, "that if he was so culpable, the translator of Longinus (Dr. Pearce) could not be entirely blameless:" the Bishop immediately shifted the topic of reprehension, and desired him to alter his mode of dressing, and not affect in his appearance the gaiety of a layman, when he ought to assume the gravity becoming his sacred function. These animadversions being again enforced by the Dean in his official capacity, at the instance of the parishioners of St. John the Evangelist, Churchill found it necessary, in Jan. 1763, to resign the lectureship of that parish.

The following Epigram on the subject was written by Robert Lloyd:

"To Churchill the bard cries the Westminster Dean,
"Leather breeches, white stockings! pray what do you mean?
"'Tis shameful, irrev'rent—you must keep to church rules.
"—If wise ones I will—and if not they're for fools,
"If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters,
"To be *black and all black* I shall leave to my betters."

V. 129.] James Macpherson, Esq. author of Fingal, Temora, and other epic poems, alleged to be translated from the Erse. These fragments, which were declared to be genuine remains of ancient Scottish poetry, at their first appearance delighted many readers; and some good judges, amongst the rest Mr. Gray and Dr. Blair were extremely warm in their praises. As other specimens were said to be recoverable, a subscription was set on foot to enable Mr. Macpherson to quit the family he was then in, and undertake a mission into the Highlands, to secure them. He engaged in the undertaking, and soon after produced the works whose authenticity has since occasioned so much controversy, but which now seem generally admitted to be the productions of Mr. Macpherson himself. Dr. Johnson had the merit of being among the first to expose the forgery, in consequence of which, Macpherson wrote him a very insolent letter, which drew forth the following answer from the Doctor:

Thence Malloch, friend alike to church and state,
Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate

Mr. James Macpherson,

I received your foolish and impudent letter.—Any violence that shall be attempted upon me, I will do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me; for I will not be hindered from exposing what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian. What would you have me retract? I thought your work an imposition; I think so still; and for my opinion I have given reasons which I here dare you to refute. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morality inclines me to credit rather what you shall prove than what you shall say.

SAM. JOHNSON.

Mr. Macpherson published a contemptible translation of the Iliad, and was not more successful in his attempts in historical and controversial writing. He sat in parliament many years for the Borough of Camelford, and died in 1796, in opulent circumstance, the fruit of his East-India agencies and connections.

V. 131.] David Mallett or Malloch, as he first called himself. His real name was Macgregor, the clan of which name had rendered themselves so notorious for acts of violence and robbery, that they were obliged by act of parliament to change their appellation. At his outset in life he was through penury compelled to be janitor of the high school at Edinburgh; he afterwards became tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom he travelled, and on his return settled in London, where he became an author by profession. Here his literary reputation so highly advanced, that the Duchess of Marlborough left him and Mr. Glover 1,000*l.* between them to write the life of the great Duke her husband. Mr. Glover declining the task the whole 1,000*l.* became the property of Mallett, who never executed it. In 1740, when the Prince of Wales had a separate Court, he made Mallett his under-secretary; and when it was found that Pope had clandestinely printed an unauthorized number of the "Patriot King," Bolingbroke employed Mallett, in 1747, to be

Rais'd to rewards, which, in a pious reign,
 All daring infidels should seek in vain ;
 Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught;
 To this wise town by simple patrons brought, 136

the executioner of his vengeance in traducing the memory of his deceased friend, and rewarded him for this office by the legacy of his own works, which were published with success very much below the editor's expectation. In the political disputes, which commenced with the present reign, Mr. Mallett took part with his countryman, Lord Bute ; to serve whom he wrote his tragedy of *Elvira*, and was rewarded with the office of keeper of the book of entries for ships in the port of London, to which he was appointed in 1763. He enjoyed also a considerable pension which had been bestowed on him for his success in turning the public vengeance upon Admiral Byng, by means of a letter of accusation under the character of "*a plain man*." Towards the latter end of his life he went to France, but finding his health declining he returned to England, and died in 1765. He was an avowed free-thinker, and a very free-speaker of his thoughts at his own table ; indeed, the lady of the house (who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, say, " Sir, we Deists." She once made use of this expression in a mixed company to David Hume, who declined the intended compliment by asserting that he was a very good Christian ; for the truth of which he appealed to a worthy clergyman present, and this occasioned a laugh which not a little disconcerted Mr. and Mrs. Mallett. As a writer, Mallett holds a very inferior rank. There is no species of composition in which he was eminent. In his life of Lord Bacon, published in 1740, he omitted to notice that great man as a philosopher, which rendered it highly probable that had he written the long expected memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough, he might have forgotten to relate his merit as a General. His dramas had their day, a short day, and were forgotten. Dr. Johnson remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotsmen did not commend.

In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.

Waft me, some muse, to Tweed's inspiring
stream,

Where all the little Loves and Graces dream ; 140

Where, slowly winding, the dull waters creep,

And seem themselves to own the power of sleep ;

Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims ;

There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,

As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood, 145

Wash off my native stains, correct that blood

Which mutinies at call of English pride,

And, deaf to prudence, rolls a patriot tide.

From solemn thought which overhangs the brow,

Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how ;

From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to rule,

In compliment to folly, plays the fool ; 152

From those gay scenes, where mirth exalts his
pow'r,

And easy Humour wings the laughing hour ;

From those soft better moments, when desire 155

Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire ;

V. 138.] If the *simplicity* of the Whiteheads, Masons, and Malletts, which was always delicate, and occasionally classical and elegant, could thus excite the just ridicule of the satirist, what language could he have found sufficiently expressive of his disgust at the *simplicity* of the modern Anglo-Teutonic school, in which vulgarity and extravagance struggle in lame and antiquated phrase for pre-eminence in absurdity ?

“ But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all

“ All very simple, meek simplicity.”

When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At Friendship's summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, once seen before, that ancient seat, 160
That ancient seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, long before the world was made !

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind :
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave, 165
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of
kings,

Let rude licentious Englishmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not
why; 170

Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee good humour tempers lively wit, 175
Enthrôn'd with judgment, candour loves to sit,
And Nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

Oft' have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted Scot, 180
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.

When scribblers, to the charge by int'rest led, 185
 The fierce North-Briton foaming at their head,
 Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
 And, injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
 On northern Pisgah when they take their stand,
 To mark the weakness of that Holy Land, 190
 With needless truths their libels to adorn,
 And hang a nation up to public scorn,
 Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,
 And hates the faithful, but ill-natur'd page.

The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride;
 True is the charge, nor by themselves denied. 196
 Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
 Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
 If, by low supple arts successful grown,
 They sapp'd our vigour to increase their own; 200
 If, mean in want, and insolent in power,
 They only fawn'd more surely to devour,
 Rous'd by such wrongs should Reason take alarm,
 And ev'n the Muse for public safety arm?

V. 190.] In the 13th number of the North Briton, appeared "Howell's perfect description of the people and country of Scotland, written in 1649;" a tissue of disgusting exaggerations, more disgraceful to the narrator, than to the subject of his libel. A pamphlet of a similar nature, entitled "Scotland characterised: in a letter written to a young gentleman, to dissuade him from an intended journey thither," is preserved in vol. vii. of the Harleian miscellany. Both the works are curious specimens of the length to which national prejudice may be carried; and prove that it could not be more inveterate in the 18th, than it had been in the 17th century.

But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway, 205
And follow where true honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or, by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found: 210
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but justice can't condemn.
" Into our places, states, and beds, they creep;" 215
They've sense to get what we want sense to keep.

Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps, which men, call'd Patriots, laid,
By specious arts unwarily betray'd, 220
Madly I leagu'd against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth:
But shall I meanly error's path pursue,
When heav'nly Truth presents her friendly clue?
Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in? 225
To make the oath, was rash: to keep it, sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
Those pleasures which from true conversion flow, 230
Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttelton and West)

V. 232.] George Lord Lyttelton, author of the history of Henry II, and Gilbert West, the translator of Pindar. The former, who had been addicted to scepticism in his earlier

Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
 To raise new trophies to the Scottish name ;
 To make (what can the proudest Muse do more?) 235
 Ev'n faction's sons her brighter worth adore ;
 To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhimes,
 In fullest tide roll down to latest times.

“ Presumptuous wretch ! and shall a Muse like
 thine,

“ An English Muse, the meanest of the nine, 240

“ Attempt a theme like this ? Can her weak strain

“ Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane ?

“ Should he from toils of government retire,

“ And for a moment fan the poet's fire ;

“ Should he, of sciences the moral friend, 245

“ Each curious, each important, search suspend,

“ Leave unassisted Hill of herbs to tell,

“ And all the wonders of a cockleshell,

“ Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,

“ Would not the Home step forth and gain the
 prize ? 250

years, received at Wickham in Kent, in the house of Mr. West, that conviction which produced his celebrated “ Dissertation on the conversion and apostolic mission of Paul.” Mr. West was much in the intimacy of Mr. Pitt, and enjoyed some lucrative appointments under government. For his “ Observations on the Resurrection,” which appeared in 1747, he received from Oxford by diploma, the degree of LL. D. He died of a paralytic stroke the 28th of March, 1756. His friend Lord Lyttelton survived him upwards of seventeen years.

V. 247.] Of this man, and of Lord Bute's patronage of him, enough has been said in a note upon the Rosciad.

“ Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
 “ The humble brows of one in England born,
 “ Presumptuous still thy daring must appear ;
 “ Vain all thy tow’ring hopes whilst I am here.”

Thus spake a form, by silken smile and tone 255
 Dull and unvaried, for the Laureat known,
 Folly’s chief friend, Decorum’s eldest son,
 In ev’ry party found, and yet of none.
 This airy substance, this substantial shade,
 Abash’d I heard, and with respect obey’d. 260

V. 256.] William Whitehead was the son of a tradesman in Cambridge, and a member of Clare Hall. He accompanied Lords Nuneham and Villiers, sons of the Earls of Harcourt and Jersey, in their travels on the Continent; and after their return, kept up an uninterrupted intercourse with these noble families, living constantly with one or the other of them. Through their interest he in 1757, on the death of Colley Cibber, was appointed Poet Laureat, and also obtained the badge of Secretary and Register of the order of the Bath. He wrote several poetical and dramatic works of considerable merit. Churchill’s resentment was probably excited against Whitehead, by the publication by the latter, in 1762, of his “ Charge to the Poets,” in which, however, the satire was so general, that we have found it difficult to discover at what our author could take offence; but after that period all Churchill’s productions abounded with severe attacks upon the laureat. Whitehead adhered to the precepts which he had laid down, and made no reply. Churchill’s animadversions however had such an effect upon Mr. Garrick, who dreaded being again involved in a dispute with so powerful an enemy, that he would not venture to produce upon the stage a new tragedy offered to him by Whitehead.—The Laureat died in 1785, at the age of 70; and was succeeded in his chair by Mr. Thomas Wharton.

From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,
 Discretion beckons to an humbler scene ;
 The restless fever of ambition laid,
 Calm I retire, and seek the sylvan shade.
 Now be the Muse disrob'd of all her pride, 265
 Be all the glare of verse by truth supplied,
 And if plain nature pours a simple strain,
 Which Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain,
 Ossian, sublimest, simplest bard of all,
 Whom English infidels, Macpherson call, 270
 Then round my head shall Honour's ensigns wave,
 And pensions mark me for a willing slave.

Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question, springs
 From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
 Shepherds, of Scottish lineage, born and bred 275
 On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
 By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
 To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
 Fresh as the morning, which, enrob'd in mist,
 The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd, 280
 Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose ;
 Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no clothes ;
 Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,
 Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

Jockey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown,
 With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down, 286
 With meikle art could on the bag-pipes play,
 Ev'n from the rising to the setting day ;
 Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
 Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal : 290

Oft' at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen, 295
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green :
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die :
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the cameleon, who can feast on air. 300
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew ;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo :
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here : 304
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan :
No flowers embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows ;
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades. 310

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, nature gave ;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
There snares without entangling briars spread, 315
And thistles, arm'd against th' invader's head,
Stood in close ranks, all entrance to oppose ;
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.

V. 307.] The white rose, the emblem of the Jacobites, was worn by them on the 10th of June, in honor of the young pretender's birth-day.

All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man, 320
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight;
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark
Their saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place within: marking her noisome road 325
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common
size,

And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd
flies:

In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy
wall: 330

The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fixt her native throne.

Here, for the sullen sky was overcast, 335
And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast;
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day *take keep*, 340
Sickly crept on, and, with complainings rude,
On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,

Safe from the pelting of this per'lous storm, 345
 Are laid *emong* yon' thistles, dry and warm,
 What, Sawney, if by shepherds' art we try
 To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
 What if we tune some merry roundelay?
 Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play. 350

SAWNEY.

Ah! Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wis*,
 To think of songs at such a time as this:
 Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
 Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
 Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south, 355
 And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
 Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
 The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a silly swain; 359
 Of things past help what boots it to com-
 plain?
 Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
 No sky is heavy if the heart be light:
 Patience is sorrow's salve: what can't be cur'd,
 So Donald right areeds, must be endur'd.

V. 345.] Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? LEAR.

SAWNEY.

Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now. 365
 How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
 When with a foreign loon she stole away,
 Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
 Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
 Applied those proverbs, which you now apply? 370

JOCKEY.

O she was *bonny*! all the Highlands round
 Was there a rival to my Maggy found?
 More precious (though that precious is to all)
 Than the rare med'cine which we Brimstone call,
 Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose, 375
 Which, in I know not what far country, grows,
 Was Maggy unto me: dear do I rue
 A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
 Through all the land did Jamie find a peer? 380
 Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
 And in the shepherds' calendar forgot,

V. 376.] Tobacco, which forms the principal luxury of the lower ranks in Scotland.

V. 381.] The year 1745 is memorable for the last struggle of the Jacobites to restore their outcast prince. This rebellion was quelled in the ensuing year, by the courage and conduct of the duke of Cumberland, at the decisive battle of Culloden.

That fatal year when Jamie, hapless swain!
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain:
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled, 385
Was seiz'd, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

JOCKEY.

390

Full sorely may we all lament that day,
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful
swains ;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died :
Ah ! silly swains ! to follow war's alarms ;
Ah ! what hath shepherds' life to do with arms ?

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—there saw I strangers clad 395
In all the honours of our ravish'd plaid ;
Saw the Ferrara, too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the aukward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay ; 400

The numerous executions that followed this victory, though stigmatized as needless barbarities, instilled a wholesome dread of the existing power; and the severity of the punishment subdued the spirit of the clans, to whose native ferocity, any mitigation or lenity would have borne the appearance of fear. Parliament followed up the blow by an act for disarming the Highlanders, and for abolishing the heritable jurisdiction of their chiefs; measures, which, under other circumstances, it would have been hazardous to have attempted.

Bless'd those which fell ! curs'd those which still
survive,
To mourn Fifteen renew'd in Forty-five.

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of
turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well, 405
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head ; her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start : 410
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell :
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd, 415
She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but
wind :

All shrivell'd was her skin ; and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare :
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw. 420
“ Cease,” cried the goddess, “ cease, despairing
swains !

And from a parent hear what Jove ordains.

“ Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile ;
Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share 425
What was rejected by the lawful heir ;

Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth ;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves ;
Then into bondage by that nation brought, 431
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought ;
Whom still with unslak'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will ;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind, 435
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life or throw away ;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book ; 440
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold.
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still ;
But times of happier note are now at hand, 445
And the full promise of a better land :
There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains, 449
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns :
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship Int'rest and our track pursue ;

V. 448.] Cleveland, in his famous couplet on Scotland, introduces an allusion to scripture equally severe,

“ Had Cain been Scot, God had revers'd his doom,

“ Not made him wander, but confin'd him home.”

There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners' leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase,
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece; 456
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown :
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow : 460
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil :
When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies ;
His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain, • 465
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain :
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit ours :
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless, travel through the deep : 470
The sail of commerce, for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world :
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach ;
For us, their statesmen plot, their churchmen
 preach :
Their noblest limbs of council we'll disjoint, 475
And, mocking, new one's of our own appoint :
Devouring War, imprison'd in the North,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot-wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue, 480
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,

Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey, 485
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous, Peace give way.

Think not, my Sons, that this so bless'd estate
Stands at a distance on the roll of fate ;
Already big with hopes of future sway,
Ev'n from this cave I scent my destin'd prey. 490
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race
Whose former deeds shall time's last annals
grace,

In the rough face of peril must be sought,
And with the lives of thousands dearly bought :
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art 495
Which laughs to scorn the blund'ring hero's heart,
Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
Their choicest levies to a foreign shore, 500
What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with
blood,

Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
And, scorning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age ?
When, for our interest too mighty grown, 505
Monarchs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,
What if we strove divisions to foment,
And spread the flames of civil discontent,
Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled ? 510

When restless Glory bade her sons advance,
 And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France,
 What if, disdaining oaths, an empty sound,
 By which our nation never shall be bound,
 Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam, 515
 Through the weak land, and brought cheap laurels
 home?

When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
 Of law, religion, liberty, and sense,

V. 512.] Before the union of the two crowns, Scotland was always in strict alliance with France; in consequence of which, when Edward III claimed the Gallic throne, and crossed the seas in person to assert his right, the French king prevailed upon David Bruce king of Scotland, to make a general irruption into England. David accordingly entered Northumberland with 50,000 men, and was met at Neville's cross, by Edward's heroic queen Phillippa, at the head of no more than twelve thousand; notwithstanding this fearful inferiority of numbers, the English obtained a decisive victory, about twenty thousand of the Scotch were killed or taken prisoners, and David was led captive to the tower of London, where he was some years after joined in a similar fate by John king of France, who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince, in the glorious battle of Poitiers.

The Scotch, though seldom successful in their pitched battles with the English, did much mischief by their predatory incursions.

“ For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
 To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.”

SHAKSPEARE, HEN. V.

When they against their lawful monarch rose,
 And dar'd the Lord's anointed to oppose, 520
 What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
 And strove the royal vagrants to replace,
 With fierce rebellions shook th' unsettled state,
 And greatly dar'd, though cross'd by partial fate?
 These facts, which might, where wisdom held the
 sway, 525

Awake the very stones to bar our way,
 There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
 In the dull region of an English brain:
 Bless'd with that faith, which mountains can re-
 move,
 First they shall dupes, next saints, last martyrs,
 prove. 530

Already is this game of fate begun
 Under the sanction of my darling son;
 That son, of nature royal as his name,
 Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame:
 His boundless pow'r, beyond example great, 535
 Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked
 straight;
 Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
 And sink the mountain level to the plain.

V. 523.] The dangerous rebellions of 1715 and 1745, bear witness to the devotion of the Scottish nation to the name and cause of the Stuarts. This attachment subsided soon after the latter contest, and the extinction of the antient royal line precludes the possibility of the revival of so fatal a difference, the effects of which, though gradually disappearing, will require a further lapse of years entirely to efface.

Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late patriot bound; 540
Where her own flesh the furious hag might
 ear,

And vent her curses to the vacant air;
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpose shall our chief release, 545
Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.

Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit!
Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race, 550
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites, are still the same:
To sooth our rage, the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,

V. 540.] Mr. Pitt, whom we have before mentioned to have been thwarted in his plans, and checked in his brilliant career of glory, by the growing influence of lord Bute's party, who arrogated to themselves the exclusive title of "the king's friends."

V. 546.] The splendid victories obtained under Mr. Pitt's administration had, like those of the duke of Marlborough, infused a warlike spirit into the nation, which indisposed it towards the greatest of all blessings. The peace of 1763 was compared to that of Utrecht, and became the constant object of intemperate abuse with the leaders of opposition; on the discussion of the preliminary articles, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Bute entered into a spirited vindication of them, and concluded his speech with declaring, "That he wished no other epitaph to be inscribed upon his tomb, than, that he was the adviser of the peace, on the merits of which their lordships were then called upon to decide."

562

V. 562.] His Majesty's avowed partiality for the nobleman in question, and our author's frequent allusions to it, induce us to extract the following character of him from a once popular pamphlet; which appears to be drawn with temper, and to form a mean between the eloquent but malignant portrait introduced in the first volume of the *Anecdotes of lord Chatham*, and the fulsome panegyrics of the ministerial hirelings of the day.

“ If disinterestedness herself was to draw the negative qualities of the first officer of state in this kingdom, it would be much such a character as had now assumed the reins of government. He was a man that at no time of life had opportunity or inclination for applying to business. When young, he was disposed to gaiety; and though, having been at the close of a session elected one of the sixteen peers, yet by his opposing, right or wrong, all measures of government, he was at the next election excluded, and then in disgust retired to an isle in the kingdom of Scotland, where he spent many years in close monasterial retirement. This being the prime of his life, in which most men, after the school of books, enlarge their ideas in the only useful school, the conversation of men, he formed his from theory; became re-

served, full of strange prejudices, and unfit for any thing but the tyrannic dominion of an Highland clan.

“ When he returned, as if fate was still making him her sport, one time exalting him, the more completely to depress him at another, he was taken notice of on an occasion, that no one could have conceived introductory to the prime ministership. The Duchess of Queensbury having entertained her friends with the play of the Fair Penitent, the part of Lothario fell to the lot of his lordship, in which he succeeded so much better than in his late performances in the character of a statesman, that he was greatly admired, and particularly by his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, who took great notice of this occasional Roscius, and invited him to Leicester House, which laid the foundation of a connection that I fear England will ever repent. After the death of this excellent Prince, at the settling of the household at Saville House, his lordship became a great officer, and a great Favourite; his talents, however unfit for public employ, very deservedly made him amiable to his young master in a private capacity; his morals were unexceptionable, and he was disposed to arts and artists, though he has ever been directed by national attachments, caprice, or private friendship, and not by a disinterested zeal for real merit. If any doubt these assertions, I appeal to those miserable pictures which disgrace Guildhall. If they boast his judgment in sculpture, I appeal to the new invented figure at the Exchange. If they say he knows more of poetry than an hottentot does of cookery, I appeal to those unfortunate people who yawned at the execrable Scotch performance, called Agis king of Sparta. But if it should be said, that his private regard for Ramsay, Wilton, and Home, made him promote them at the expence of his own reputation for taste, I then applaud his good-nature, but cannot acquiesce in his public pretensions, of being a *Mæcenas*.

“ He was in every respect adapted to the small circle of a coal fire, here his virtues were known, and his sincere attachments made him amiable; but when viewed in the en-

larged light of a minister or *Maccenas*, were truly ridiculous and contemptible, and the means of bringing those works of genius into disgrace, which he made a parade of promoting. This was the man who became so great a dupe to his pride, vanity, and ambition, and the selfishness of his dependents, that after the expulsion of the ablest and most approved ministry, this nation ever had, during which there was the greatest union and harmony, ever known, between the people and government, he weakly and arrogantly assumed absolute rule in their stead; and on the 29th of May 1762, became the prime minister.

“ Very many were the reasons for the people’s being alarmed, particularly this minister was in that situation which in public and private life has ever been detestable, for he was a Favourite. His abilities were doubted. His country, so famed for attachment merely to themselves, made him odious. The people he brought into power with him, were in general truly contemptible: that most important office, the national accountant, was prostituted on a man to whom a sum of five figures was an impenetrable Secret.”

Contrast.

AN EPISTLE

TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

HOGARTH, in an attempt to gratify the malevolence of his disposition, or to court the favour of administration; publicly expressed an intention of holding out Lord Temple, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Wilkes as objects of ridicule, in a series of prints emblematic of the Times: the last gentleman, by two of their common acquaintance, remonstrated with him against such a proceeding, as what would not only be in the highest degree inconsistent with that intimate cordiality and friendship that had hitherto subsisted between them, but extremely injudicious. It was urged to him, that such a pencil ought to be universal and moral, to speak to all ages and to all nations; not to be dipt in the dirt of the faction of the day, of an insignificant part of the country, when it might command the admiration of the whole*. Mr. Hogarth, had he listened to the salutary advice of his friends, would have been spared much anxiety arising from disappointed malice and extreme mortification. When Mr. Wilkes was the second time brought from the Tower to Westmin-

* An answer was given by Hogarth that neither Mr. Wilkes nor Mr. Churchill were attacked in the Times, though Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were; and that the print would soon appear. A second message told the artist that Mr. Wilkes would never think it worth while to notice any reflections on himself; but when his friends were attacked, he felt himself wounded in the most sensible part, and would endeavour to revenge their cause: adding, that he would make an appeal to the Public on the Saturday following the publication of the print. The Times soon after appeared, and on Saturday following, No. 17 of the North Briton, with this motto:

“ Its proper power to hurt each creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels.”

ster Hall, Hogarth skulked behind a screen, in a corner of the gallery of the court of Common Pleas; and while lord chief justice Pratt was enforcing the great principles of the constitution, the painter was employed in caricaturing the prisoner, who was discharged by the unanimous sentence of all the judges of that court. The print of Mr. Wilkes was soon after published, "*drawn from the life by William Hogarth.*" This caricature, of what nature had already caricatured, roused the bard in defence of his injured friend, and gave birth in August 1763, to the following spirited epistle; the blow was severely felt by Hogarth, who poorly retaliated by vamping up an old print of a pug dog and a bear, which he published under the title of "The Bruiser, C. Churchill (once the Reverend) in the character of a Russian Hercules," in this print the satirist is represented in the form of a bear dressed canonically, holding a pot of porter in his right paw, and a club in his left, which he hugs to his side; and is intended to denote his friendship for Mr. Wilkes. On the notches of the club are written lie 1, lie 2, &c. signifying the falsities in the North Briton. The other figure is a pug dog, which is supposed to mean Mr. Hogarth himself, discharging water with the utmost contempt on the epistle addressed to him by Churchill. In the centre is a prison begging box, standing on a folio, the title of which is "Great George Street" (where Wilkes resided) "A list of the subscribers to the North Briton." Under it is another book, the title of which is "A new way to pay old debts," a comedy by Massinger, alluding to Mr. Wilkes's debts, which were defrayed by the subscriptions to the North Briton, &c. After the publication of this print, Mr. Hogarth made the following additions to it: in the form of a framed picture, he has represented an Egyptian pyramid, on the side of which is a Cheshire Cheese, and round it 300*l.* per annum: and at the foot, a Roman veteran in a reclining posture, designed to allude to Mr. Pitt's resignation. The cheese is meant to ridicule a speech formerly made by him, wherein he said, "He would rather subsist on a Cheshire cheese and a shoulder of mutton, than submit to the implacable enemies of his country." But to ridicule this

character still more, he is, as he lays down, firing a piece of ordnance at the standard of Britain, on which is perched a dove with an olive branch in his mouth, the emblem of peace. On one side of the pyramid is the city of London, in the figure of one of the Guildhall giants going to crown the reclining hero; on the other side is the king of Prussia, in the character of one of the Cæsars. In the centre stands Mr. Hogarth himself, whipping a dancing bear (Mr. Chur-chill), which he holds in a string. At the side of the bear is a monkey, designed for Mr. Wilkes; between the little animal's legs is a mopstick, on which he seems to ride as children do across a hobby horse; and at the head of the mopstick is a cap of liberty. The monkey is undergoing the same discipline as the bear. Behind the monkey is the figure of a man, but having no distinguishable lineaments of face, playing upon a violin, apparently designed for Lord Temple. So impotent an attack on his antagonist, was but a poor compensation for the deep wound Hogarth had received; and which is generally thought to have accelerated his progress to the grave. It must ever be lamented, that men of genius who had been intimate friends, and might have continued such as long as they lived, should have their union dissolved, and discord sown among them, by the demon of politics and party.

AN EPISTLE
TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear, 5
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.

Be wicked as thou wilt; do all that's base;
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race:
Let Vice and Folly thy black soul divide;
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride.
Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall 11
From side to side, yet be of none at all:
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which Nature, in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety, and ensure her plan, 15
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man:
Lift against Virtue Pow'r's oppressive rod;
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line
To group, which volumes scarcely could define, 20
Whate'er of sin and dullness can be said,
Join to a F——'s heart a D———'s head;

V. 22.] The first initial has been supposed to allude to Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, paymaster general of the forces, during the whole of the war, and during Lord Bute's administration, of which he was one of the ablest advocates in the House of Commons.

Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
 And, free from envy, safely sneak along :
 The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown 25
 To saints whose lives are better than his own,
 Shall spare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
 Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce.

But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
 Vile int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r; 30
 Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
 A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,

From some alleged inaccuracies in his accounts while paymaster, he was stigmatized as "the defaulter of unaccounted millions." Soon after the peace of Paris, Sir John Phillips moved the House of Commons, "that a committee be appointed to take into consideration the several estimates and accounts presented to the House, either in the present or in any former session of parliament, which relate to the application or expenditure of the public money since the commencement of the late war." The House of Commons came to this resolution on the 22d of February 1763: on the 16th of April following, Mr. Fox was created Lord Holland, and in a very short time after retired to France.

V. 22.] The public voice attributed the second name to Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer, a zealous revolution tory, intimately connected during the last reign with the court of Leicester house. On Lord Bute's coming into power, he succeeded Mr. Legge in the chancellorship of the exchequer, and Lord Temple in the colonelcy of the Buckinghamshire militia. His unshaken fidelity to the party he espoused, doubtless compensated for his deficiency in some of the qualifications requisite for a compleat performance of the duties of his station. Lord Holland might not suffer much inconvenience from acting in conjunction with a man to whom it was imputed that a sum of five figures was an impenetrable secret.

Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reason's court, is amply justified :
Or, fond of knowledge, and averse to strife, 35
Shouldst thou prefer the calmer walk of life ;
Shouldst thou, by pale and sickly study led,
Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head ;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Should every thought to our improvement tend, 40
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind ;
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breast,
Redoubled Horror grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart, 45
Quick from her cell shall madd'ning Envy start ;
Then shalt thou find, but find, alas ! too late,
How vain is worth ! how short is glory's date !
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes con-
spire
To give more proof than virtue would desire, 50
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well ;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.

Whilst Satire thus, disdaining mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candour, who, with the charity of Paul, 55
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.

Canst thou, with more than usual warmth, she
cried,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride ; 60

Dost thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
 Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor ?
 Dost thou on law and liberty depend ?
 Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend. 80
 Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Pow'r,
 When Wilkes, prejudg'd, is sentenc'd to the Tow'r ?

Rigby presuming severely to censure this address, the house came to a resolution upon the motion of Mr. C. J. Fox ; “ that the speaker did express with just and proper energy the sentiments of this house,” and passed an unanimous vote of thanks to him for his conduct on the occasion.

V. 82.] The North Briton had ceased upon the resignation of Lord Bute, in April 1763; and having gained a compleat victory over that minister, menaced his successors, and recommenced on Saturday the 23d of April, with the famous No. 45, containing an attack upon the king's speech, made at the close of the session, and charging it with conveying a direct falshood ; the author obtained his end by becoming the object of an illegal prosecution. A general warrant, signed by and under the seal of Lord Halifax, was issued to apprehend the author, printers, and publishers of that seditious and treasonable paper. On the 29th of April 1763, late at night, the messengers entered the house of Mr. Wilkes, and produced their warrant, with the terms of which he peremptorily refused to comply ; but on their return the next morning, he was compelled to accompany them to the office of the secretary of state, whence he was committed close prisoner to the tower, his papers being previously seized and sealed, and all access to his person strictly prohibited. On his examination, Wilkes, with great presence of mind, screened our author, his fellow labourer in the political vineyard, from a similar prosecution ; though it afterwards appeared by the evidence of Kearsley, the original publisher of the North Briton, that Mr. Charles Churchill received a part of the profits arising from its sale.

Mr. Wilkes, immediately on his commitment, applied to the court of common pleas for an habeas corpus, and was after

Dost thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?

Several attempts on the part of the law officers of the crown to evade the force of that writ, brought up to the court on the 3d and 6th days of May, when, after due deliberation, he was, upon his claim of privilege as a Member of the House of Commons, discharged by order of the chief justice. In the next term an information was filed against him as the author of No. 45, to which he refused to answer on his former plea of privilege; upon which a message was sent by the King in November to the House of Commons, informing the House of the proceedings that had been taken against Mr. Wilkes, and that he had out of regard to their privileges directed copies of the libel, the examinations, &c. to be laid before them for their consideration; the House upon this immediately prejudged the cause, and surrendered one of their most important privileges by voting "that privilege of parliament does not extend to the writing and publishing seditious libels, and that the North Briton No. 45, is a false, scandalous, and seditious libel," it was accordingly ordered to be burnt at the Royal Exchange by the common hangman, which was carried into execution with great difficulty by Mr. Sheriff Harley. With respect to No. 45, Churchill never saw a line of it previous to the publication, though he narrowly escaped being taken into custody by the messengers under the general warrant against the persons concerned in the North Briton. He called at Mr. Wilkes' house while they were in possession of it, but that wily demagogue addressing him by the name of Thompson (his person being entirely unknown to the messengers) gave him an opportunity of withdrawing unmolested.

During the Christmas vacation, Mr. Wilkes thought proper to cross the channel to France; on the 16th of January, 1764, a day fixed for his appearance in the House of Commons, the Speaker produced a letter from Mr. Wilkes, inclosing medical certificates of the ill state of his health, in

Or to prerogative, (that glorious ground 85
 On which state-scoundrels oft have safety found)
 Dost thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
 Unpunish'd, thus to libel human kind ?

When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
 Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhime, 90
 Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
 Hadst thou not valu'd honour more than bread ;
 Had Int'rest, pliant Int'rest, been thy guide,
 And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
 In flatt'ry's stream thou wouldst have dipp'd thy
 pen, 95
 Applied to great and not to honest men,

consequence of a wound he had received in his duel with Mr. Martin, as an apology for his absence. The house notwithstanding voted Mr. Wilkes guilty of a contempt of their authority, proceeded to hear evidence on the charge against him, and on the 29th of January, 1764, after a long and vehement debate, resolved " that John Wilkes, Esq. is guilty of writing and publishing the paper intitled the North Briton, No. 45; and that for this offence he be expelled from his seat in this house." In the courts of law, the officers of the crown proceeded to outlawry against him, for not appearing to the informations filed against him as author of the North Briton and of the Essay on Woman. The outlawry was reversed on his return to England in 1768, when he entered into fresh contests with administration, which ended in his being returned a fifth time representative for Middlesex, being chosen Lord Mayor of London, getting the above vote of the house of Commons expunged out of its journals, and lastly in being elected to the lucrative office of chamberlain of the city of London, which he held till his death in 1797, aged 69.

Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker though the better part.

What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path mislead, 100
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing Panegyric's flow'ry way?
There might the Muse have saunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please;
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat, 105
And ladies, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown. 110
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen, bring their off'rings to success)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou
In lawn hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd, 115
As dull as R——, and half as proud.

Peace, Candour—wisely hadst thou said, and well
Could Int'rest in this breast one moment dwell;
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose. 120
I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate:
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
I scorn their practice; they may laugh at mine.

But in this charge, forgetful of thyself, 125
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf

Whom, God in wrath, for man's dishonour fram'd
 Cunning in heav'n, amongst us Prudence nam'd,
 That servile prudence, which I leave to those
 Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes. 130

Had I, with cruel and oppressive rhimes,
 Pursu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
 Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
 Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
 Had I made Modesty in blushes speak, 135
 And drawn the tear down beauty's sacred cheek;
 Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my
 lays,

To wound that sex which honour bids me praise;
 Had I, from vengeance, by base views betray'd,
 In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's shade; 140

V. 140.] John Ayliff was originally steward in the Ilchester family, from whence he was by Lord Holland promoted to the situation of Commissary of the Musters. Considerable as were the emoluments of this office, they proved unequal to the expences of his establishment, and he had recourse to several nefarious practices to support it; he had proceeded in a long course of villainy, not without many imputations on his noble friend and patron, when a period was put to it with his existence at Tyburn, in 1759; the crime for which he suffered was forging Lord Holland's name to a valuable lease to himself. He expected till the last moment a pardon, which it was reported had been promised to him by a friend, provided he never revealed some important transactions he had been privy to; with this condition he complied, and his friend, who was too much a fox for him, thought the fulfilment of the sentence would be the best pledge of his secrecy.

Churchill was only prevented by death from publishing a poem

Had I (which satirists of mighty name,
 Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for moral fame,
 Have done before, whom justice shall pursue
 In future verse) brought forth to public view
 A noble friend, and made his foibles known, 145
 Because his worth was greater than my own ;
 Had I spar'd those (so Prudence had decreed)
 Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
 I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king
 Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they sting;
 Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast 151
 Of those, who flatter least, but love him most ;
 Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
 At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
 The deep rebuke ; myself should be the first 155
 To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurst.

But shall my arm—forbid it, manly pride,
 Forbid it reason, warring on my side—
 For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
 And hang suspended in the desert air, 160
 Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
 Palsied, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown ?
 When Justice bids me on, shall I delay,
 Because insipid Candour bars my way ?

he had more than once advertised, intitled, “ An Elegy, or Ayliff's Ghost.” A reverend emissary was employed by a noble Lord with full powers to ward off the threatened blow, but Churchill was not to be bribed, and death alone deprived the world of the promised satire.

V. 145.] Alluding to Pope's insidious attack on his friend Addison, under the character of Atticus.

When she, of all alike the puling friend, 165
Would disappoint my satire's noblest end ;
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live ;
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush ; 170
All leagues with Candour proudly I resign ;
She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.

Yet come, cold monitor ! half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't com-
mend ;

Come, Candour, by thy dull indiff'rence known, 175
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou luke-warm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect
We call that virtue which we know defect ;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times, 180
Observe it well, and then review my plan,
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.

Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at court ;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies 185
Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise ;
Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name ;
Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worshipp'd by those, who justice never knew ; 190
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder through the day ;
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep ;

Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led, 195
 Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
 Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd, wealth to grace,
 An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
 Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
 And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay, 200
 Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
 Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers;
 Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
 And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
 Whilst C——, false to God and man, for gold, 205
 Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,

V. 195.] Thomas Potter, Esq. one of our author's companions, and a man of splendid but misdirected talents, was disinherited by his father the archbishop of Canterbury, on account of the unprincipled dissoluteness of his life and conduct.

V. 199.] The hero of the Duellist.

V. 200.] Philip Carteret Webb, Esq. M. P. for Haslemere, Solicitor to the Treasury, by his active exertions in the proceedings against Wilkes rendered himself very obnoxious to the party. He was also justly blamed for publishing several private papers of Mr. Wilkes, which came into his possession by virtue of his office. On the trial brought by Wilkes against Mr. Wood, Lord Egremont's secretary, for seizing his papers, Mr. Webb, as a witness, swore that while in Mr. Wilkes's house *he had no key in his hand*; for this evidence he was indicted for perjury, and was tried before Lord Mansfield, at Westminster-hall, when the Jury, after staying out a considerable time, acquitted him.

V. 205.] Churchill occasionally threw out an initial by way of exciting the curiosity of the reader, who was at liberty to apply the cap to the head it might, in his opinion, fit.—We hope, for the honour of human nature, that this character was not drawn from the life.

To shame his master, friend, and father, gives ;
 Whilst Bute remains in pow'r, whilst Holland lives ;
 Can satire want a subject, where Disdain,
 By Virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain? 210
 Where, cloth'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
 And Candour justify the rage of song ?

Such things! such men before thee! such an age!
 Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
 And sicken ev'n to surfeit ; where the pride 215
 Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
 May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
 Justice behold the ruin with a smile ;
 Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
 Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem, 220
 Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuse
 To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse ?
 With fallacy, most infamous, to stain
 Her truth, and render all her anger vain ?
 When I beheld thee, incorrect but bold, 225
 A various comment on the stage unfold ;
 When play'rs on play'rs before thy satire fell,
 And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell ;
 When states and statesmen next became thy care,
 And only kings were safe if thou wast there, 230

V. 208.] Lord Bute, though nominally out of administration, was considered as possessed of all-powerful influence at this time, but in the garbled ministry, selected from all parties which he had formed, there were some individuals who wished to shake off the yoke, not for the purpose of serving their country, but of having a share in that patronage attached to their offices, which by express stipulation they were debarred from exercising.

Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in judgment's scale,
 And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail ;
 Why dost thou now to falsehood meanly fly ?
 Not even candour can forgive a lie.

Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhimes
 Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes ? 236
 Crimes which, existing only in thy mind,
 Weak spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
 By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
 To practise virtue, and improve in art ; 240
 To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest
 fame,

A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)
 Thy drudge contrives, and in our full career
 Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of fear ;
 Tells us that all our labours are in vain ; 245
 That what we seek we never can obtain ;
 That, dead to virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
 Envy possesses the whole race of man ;
 That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
 Danger extreme, in being good and wise. 250

'Tis a rank falsehood ; search the world around,
 There cannot be so vile a monster found,
 Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
 Of that gross guilt which you impute to all.
 Approv'd by those who disobey her laws, 255
 Virtue from vice itself extorts applause :
 Her very foes bear witness to her state ;
 They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
 Hate Virtue for herself ! with spite pursue
 Merit for merit's sake ! might this be true 260

I would renounce my nature with disdain,
 And with the beasts that perish graze the plain,
 Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
 The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
 Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find, 265
 Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg, behind,
 Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
 And Providence in justice crush us all.
 None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
 Those who for double guilt are doubly curst, 270
 Can be so lost ; nor can the worst of all
 At once into such deep damnation fall ;
 By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
 Which ev'n in hell must be a work of time.
 Cease, then, thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
 With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run ; 276
 List to my voice—be honest, if you can,
 Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite man.
 But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
 Once having err'd, persists in error still, 280
 Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
 And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
 Which I would stamp as false, though on the
 tongue
 Of angels the injurious slander hung.
 Dup'd by thy vanity, (that cunning elf, 285
 Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
 Or blinded by thy rage, didst thou believe
 That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive ?
 That we, as sterling, falsehood would admit,
 Because 'twas season'd with some little wit ? 290

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
 Men will believe, because they love the lie ;
 But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
 Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
 Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
 And bring into contempt the human race ; 296
 Hast thou, or canst thou, in Truth's sacred court,
 To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
 Produce one proof, make out one real ground,
 On which so great, so gross, a charge to found? 300
 Nay, dost thou know one man (let that appear,
 From wilful falsehood I'll proclaim thee clear)
 One man so lost, to nature so untrue,
 From whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew?
 On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall— 305
 Prove that in one which you have charg'd on all.
 Reason determines, and it must be done ;
 'Mongst men or past or present name me one.

Hogarth.—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
 Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard. 310
 Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
 Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name ;
 By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains 315
 With that mean falsehood which my soul disdains—
 Hogarth, stand forth.—Nay, hang not thus aloof—
 Now Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
 Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt
 fear

To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
 Hogarth, stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
 In that great court, where Conscience must preside ;

At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand ; 321
 Think before whom, on what account, you stand—
 Speak, but consider well—from first to last
 Review thy life, weigh every action past—
 Nay, you shall have no reason to complain— 325
 Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
 Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth,
 And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
 A single instance where, self laid aside,
 And justice taking place of fear and pride, 330
 Thou with an equal eye didst genius view,
 And give to merit what was merit's due ?
 Genius and merit are a sure offence,
 And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
 Is any one so foolish to succeed, 335
 On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed ?
 Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
 The place of executioner supplies :
 See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
 And proves himself by cruelty a priest. 340
 Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
 Would bury all those pow'rs which nature gave ;
 Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
 Those rays thy jealousy could not endure ;
 To feed thy vanity would rust unknown, 345
 And to secure thy credit blast his own,
 In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend ;
 He could not fear, and therefore might com-
 mend :
 But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
 Shook off that lethargy and soar'd to fame ; 350

When, with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee could such a rebel know ; 355
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous cast, of petty name
In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
May some remorse, some qualms of conscience,
 feel,

And suffer honour to abate their zeal ; 360
But the man truly and completely great
Allows no rule of action but his hate ;
Through ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Passion his principle, and parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind 365
Within the pale of temperance confin'd ;
The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd, through ev'ry age
On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage, 370
'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made,
In way of science, and in way of trade :
Stung with mean jealousy she arms her spite,
First works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here, a grand improver, shines, 375
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines ;
He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound ;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vast wrath suffice ?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize : 380

'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state ;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common
friend,
Arose, his king, his country, to defend ;
When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view, 385
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew ;
When rancour found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour, and his truth impeach ;
What could induce thee, at a time and place 389
Where manly foes had blush'd to shew their face,
To make that effort which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame ?
Did virtue move thee ? No ; 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst died.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end, 395
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and, driven to the stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge. 400

When that Great Charter, which our fathers
bought
With their best blood, was into question brought ;
When big with ruin, o'er each English head
Vile Slav'ry hung suspended by a thread ;
When Liberty, all trembling and aghast, 405
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past ;
When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till Reason pointed out that Pratt was there ;

V. 408.] Charles Pratt, Earl Camden, Chief Justice of the

Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind a screen,
 So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen, 410
 Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
 The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand.
 What was the cause of Liberty to him,
 Or what was Honour? let them sink or swim,
 So he may gratify, without controul, 415
 The mean resentments of his selfish soul;
 Let freedom perish, if to freedom true,
 In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.

With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
 With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away, 420
 Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and falt'ring tongue,
 The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
 Thy body shrivell'd up; thy dim eyes sunk
 Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk,
 The body's weight unable to sustain, 425
 The stream of life scarce trembling through the vein,
 More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
 Through thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee
 well,
 Canst thou, ev'n thus, thy thoughts to vengeance
 give,
 And dead to all things else, to malice live? 430
 Hence, Dotard, to thy closet; shut thee in;
 By deep repentance wash away thy sin;

Common Pleas, in which situation his cool, deliberate, persua-
 sive eloquence, his thorough knowledge of the constitution,
 and manly defence of its principles, afforded the best check to
 the alarming encroachments of administration, and the most
 proper counterpoise to the influence of Lord Mansfield.

From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation ! wash the Ethiop white, 435
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Controul the course of Nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart. 440
That envy, which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die : but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen, 445
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who, with giant stride,
Stalks through the vale of life by Virtue's side,
Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death. 450
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie ;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die ;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd, she rears her head, 455
And damns alike the living and the dead.

Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and
vain,
Thyself the idol of thy aukward strain,
Through the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away, 460
Whilst friends with friends, all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise ;

But if athwart thee Interruption came,
 And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
 Some ancient's name who, in the days of yore, 465
 The crown of art with greatest honour wore,
 How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
 And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale !
 How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
 And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own ! 470
 Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
 And arts and artists all became thy prey ;
 Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules,
 And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
 Condemn'd those works, with praise through ages
 grac'd, 475
 Which you had never seen, or could not taste,
 " But would mankind have true perfection shown,
 " It must be found in labours of my own :
 " I dare to challenge, in one single piece,
 " Th' united force of Italy and Greece." 480
 Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
 And brought the boasted master-piece to view.
 Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—
 The picture seen, why is the painter heard ?
 Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks ; 485
 Without a comment Sigismunda speaks.

V. 486.] Hogarth's unconquerable vanity induced him to try his pencil in the serious walk of historical composition ; his several unsuccessful attempts did not deter him from the hopeless project of attaining in it a degree of reputation equal to that he had obtained in the line of humour and caricature ; in this he was woefully disappointed ; his portraits and historical pieces were

Poor Sigismunda ! what a fate is thine !
 Dryden, the great high-priest of all the Nine,
 Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
 And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live ; 490
 Gave thee those soft sensations which might move
 And warm the coldest anchorite to love ;
 Gave thee that virtue, which could curb desire,
 Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire ; 494
 Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,
 And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel ;
 Gave thee that firmness, which our sex may shame,
 And make man bow to woman's juster claim ;
 So that our tears, which from compassion flow,
 Seem to debase thy dignity of woe. 500
 But, O, how much unlike ! how fall'n ! how
 chang'd !
 How much from Nature and herself estrang'd !
 How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
 To shew her feelings, and awaken ours,

almost as ridiculous as his comic ones. His favorite Sigismunda was scarcely human, but such was his reputation or the dread of his satirical pencil, that he was paid very considerable sums for this and his other uninteresting serious pieces. The idea of Sigismunda was taken from Dryden's admirable fable of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, from Boccace ; she is in the painting represented in the attitude of receiving, in a rich golden goblet, the heart of her murdered lover presented to her by order of her inhuman father.

“ Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
 “ She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes ;
 “ Then thus, tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
 “ The gold, though precious, equals not the heart.”

Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand, 505
The helpless victim of a dauber's hand !

But why, my Hogarth, such a progress made,
So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade ?
In the full force, and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was heroic painting laid aside ? 510
Why is it not resum'd ? thy friends at court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy support ;
Be grateful then for once, and through the field
Of politics, thy epic pencil wield ; 514
Maintain the cause which they, good lack ! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.

Through ev'ry pannel let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell !
How England's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless
Against our will, with insolent success) 520
Approve their fall, and with addresses run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottish sun ?

V. 522.] The addresses to the King, which followed the parliamentary approbation of the preliminary articles of peace, were obtained by means equally dishonorable and corrupt. There was one instance where the seal of a corporation was forged, and more than one where it was feloniously obtained. The city of London refused to address, though the sum of 14,000*l.* was offered to complete the new bridge at Blackfriars. No means were left untried every where to obtain addresses. The lords-lieutenants had begging letters sent them to use their influence, and an order for 50*l.* secret service money was added to each letter. The sum of 50*l.* was the notorious price of an address, some cost a much larger sum, which was regulated according to the importance and magnitude of the place from which the address was procured. The corruption without doors was as lavish as it had been within.

Anecdotes of Earl Chatham, Vol. I.

Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world ;
Thine, and thy country's honour to increase, 525
Point out the honours of succeeding peace ;
Our moderation, Christian-like, display,
Shew, what we got, and what we gave away ;
In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a state-chaos through the whole prevail. 530

But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues ;
Whilst her quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall ;
Whilst a dear country, and an injur'd friend 535
Urge my strong anger to the bitt'rest end ;
Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd :
Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greatest foe. 540

O ! that I here could that rare virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of envy, pride and spleen,
Which springs not from the labour'd works of art,
But hath its rise from Nature in thîe heart ;
Which in itself with happiness is crown'd, 545
And spreads with joy the blessing all around !
But truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of praise,
Must Hogarth stand ; that praise which genius
gives,
In which to latest time the artist lives, 550
But not the man ; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good :

That praise be Hogarth's ; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted
there:

Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down, 555
Myself would labour to replace the crown.

In walks of humour, in that cast of style
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile ;
In comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name, 560
Where a beginning, middle, and an end,
Are aptly join'd ; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole ;
Where a plain story to the eye is told, 565
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

How couldst thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun ?
Why did ambition overleap her rules, 571
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools ?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel ;
But where is he who can do all things well ?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of sublime ; 576
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw ? 580
Blush, thou vain man ! and if desire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,

To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake, 585
With pity view, and pardon this mistake ;
Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind ;
Of arts despis'd, of artists, by thy frown
Aw'd from just hopes, of rising worth kept down,
Of all thy meanness through this mortal race, 591
Canst thou the living memory erase ?
Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave ?
With so much merit, and so much success, 595
With so much pow'r to curse, so much to bless,
Would he have been man's friend, instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little god below.
Why then, like savage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in Scripture story we are told, 600
Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy ?
Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made ?
Most rank ill-nature must applaud thy art, 605
But even Candour must condemn thy heart.

For me, who, warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands will commend,
And no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose, 610
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age ;

Thy feeble age ! in which, as in a glass,
 We see how men to dissolution pass.
 Thou wretched being, whom, on reason's plan, 615
 So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man,
 What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
 To launch afresh into the sea of strife ?
 Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
 Almost as much a child as at thy birth, 620
 To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
 And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
 Why would thy gray, gray hairs resentment brave,
 Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave ?
 Now, by my soul, it makes me blush to know, 625
 My spirits could descend to such a foe :
 Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
 It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.

Sure 'tis a curse which angry fates impose,
 To inortify man's arrogance, that those 630
 Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
 Much sooner than the common herd decay.
 What bitter pangs must humbled Genius feel,
 In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele !
 How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast 635
 When she beholds men mark'd above the rest

V. 634.] Swift, it is well known, died in a state of insanity, with which he had been afflicted for upwards of four years previous to his decease. Sir Richard Steele also for some years before his death laboured under a paralytic affection, by which his intellectual powers were materially impaired, and at times completely deranged.

For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night ;
Are men, indeed, such things ? and are the best
More subject to this evil than the rest, 640
To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
And fit the monuments of living death !
O, galling circumstance to human pride !
Abasing thought, but not to be denied.
With curious art the brain, too finely wrought, 645
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride, 650
Possess'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age :
The greatest genius to this fate may bow ;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now. 654

V. 654.] Sir Joshua Reynolds, fortunately for the world and for himself, did not accomplish this prediction. He died in 1791, with a reputation still undiminished, though scarcely susceptible of increase.

THE DUELLIST.

IN THREE BOOKS.

THE North Briton, with its usual acrimony of stricture and unrelenting persecution of all the members of administration, had in some of its numbers incidentally introduced some characteristic sketches supposed to allude to the hero of this poem, Samuel Martin, Esq. M. P. for Camelford, Secretary to the Treasury, and Treasurer to the Princess Dowager of Wales. In that strain of personal abuse, which forms the predominant feature of that scurrilous journal, mention is made in No. 37 * of "The secretary of a certain board, a very apt tool of ministerial persecution, who, with a spirit worthy of a Portuguese inquisitor, is hourly looking for carrion in every office to feed the maw of the insatiable vulture. *Imo etiam in senatum venit, notat & designat unumquemque nostrum*: he marks us and all our innocent families for beggary and ruin. Neither the tenderness of age, nor the sacredness of sex is spared by the cruel Scot." And again, in the 40th Number, notice is taken "of the most treacherous, base, selfish, mean, abject, low-lived and dirty fellow that ever wriggled himself into a secretaryship."

Of these passages Mr. Martin took no notice until the first day of the session of the ensuing parliament, when, in the debate† upon the proceedings which had been adopted during the recess against the persons concerned in the North Briton, he observed that the author of that paper was a malignant, infamous scoundrel, who had stabbed him in the dark.

* Published Feb. 12, 1763.

† This debate occasioned the longest sitting which ever took place in the House of Commons. The Speaker was twenty hours in the chair, the House not adjourning until between seven and eight in the morning.

On the breaking up of the House the following letter to Mr. Martin threw the desired light upon the subject of his complaint :

SIR, *Great George street, Westminster, Nov. 16.*

You complained yesterday, before five hundred Gentlemen, that you had been stabbed in the dark by the North Briton, but I have reason to believe you was not so much in the dark as you affected and chose to be. Was the complaint made before so many Gentlemen on purpose that they might interpose? To cut off every pretence of ignorance as to the author, I whisper in your ear that every passage in the North Briton, in which you have been named or even alluded to, was written by

Your humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

To this letter the following answer was returned :—

SIR,

As I said in the House of Commons yesterday, that the writer of the North Briton, who had stabbed me in the dark, was a cowardly as well as a malignant and infamous scoundrel; and your letter of this morning's date acknowledges that every passage of the North Briton, in which I have been named or even alluded to, was written by yourself; I must take the liberty to repeat, that you are a malignant and infamous scoundrel, and that I desire to give you an opportunity of shewing me whether the epithet of cowardly was rightly applied or not.

I desire that you may meet me in Hyde Park immediately with a brace of pistols each, to determine our difference.

I shall go to the ring in Hyde Park with my pistols so concealed that nobody may see them, and I will wait in expectation of you one hour. As I shall call in my way at your house to deliver this letter, I propose to go from thence directly to the ring in Hyde Park, from whence we may proceed, if it be necessary, to any more private place, and I mention that I shall wait an hour in order to give you full time to meet me.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

SAMUEL MARTIN.

Mr. Wilkes complied with the appointment, and when he met

Mr. Martin at the ring they walked together for a little while to avoid some company who seemed coming up to them. They each brought a pair of pistols. When they were alone the first fire was from Mr. Martin's pistol, which missed, and the pistol in Mr. Wilkes's hand flashed in the pan. The gentlemen then each took one of Mr. Wilkes's pair of pistols, Mr. Wilkes missed, and the ball of Mr. Martin's pistol lodged in Mr. Wilkes's belly. Mr. Wilkes bled immediately very much, Mr. Martin then came up, and desired to give him every assistance in his power. Mr. Wilkes replied that Mr. Martin had behaved like a man of honour, that he was killed, and insisted on Mr. Martin's making his immediate escape, and that no creature should know from Mr. Wilkes how the affair happened. Upon this they parted, but Mr. Martin came up again in two or three minutes to Mr. Wilkes, offering him a second time his assistance, but Mr. Wilkes again insisted on his going off. Mr. Martin expressed his concern for Mr. Wilkes, said the thing was too well known by several people who came up almost directly, and then went away. Mr. Wilkes, was carried home, but would not tell any circumstance of the case till he found it so much known. He only said to the surgeon that it was an affair of honour.

The day following Mr. Wilkes, imagining himself in the greatest danger, returned Mr. Martin his letter that no evidence might appear against him, and insisted upon it, with his relations, that in case of his death no trouble should be given Mr. Martin, for he had behaved as a man of honour.

The wound Mr. Wilkes had received prevented his obeying an order made by the House of Commons for his attendance, upon which the time was enlarged for a week, and by a vote of 16th of December Dr. Heberden and Mr. Hawkins, the surgeon, were directed to attend Mr. Wilkes to observe the progress of his cure, and report the same to the House. Mr. Wilkes, in a very humorous letter to Dr. Brocklesby, professed himself perfectly satisfied with his attentions, and those of Mr. Graves, his own surgeon, and declined the proffered aid of the physicians appointed by the House. As soon as his health would permit, Mr. Wilkes withdrew to Paris, where Mr. Martin also was on a visit;

they had a conciliatory interview, and Mr. Martin, in a very handsome note, declared his intention not to take any part in the proceedings of the House of Commons against Mr. Wilkes.

Mr. Martin's conduct, in this transaction, appears to have been highly honourable ; but the public mind was so exasperated at the danger to which Wilkes had been exposed, that no credit was given to the spirit which his antagonist had displayed.

It was remarked that Mr. Martin took no notice of the objectionable passages in the North Briton, until above eight months after their publication, and that in so public a manner before the House of Commons as almost to invite its interference ; he was also charged with having, during that period, every day practised at a target, Sundays not excepted, and with not returning Mr. Wilkes's letter until a month after the duel, with a view, as it was suggested, had Mr. Wilkes speedily recovered, of making use of it in evidence of his being concerned in the North Briton.

We have as briefly as we could given a summary account of the transaction which gave birth to the following poem, and can only regret that Churchill could bestow such strength of colouring, and power of imagery upon subjects which at the time were too insignificant to create an interest in any but the slaves of prejudice and party, and which, though now obscure, are too unimportant in their consequences to excite curiosity.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK I.

THE clock struck twelve ; o'er half the globe
Darkness had spread her pitchy robe :
Morpheus, his feet with velvet shod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide, 5
Distill'd his poppies far and wide.

Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty, but fantastic schemes,
Who, when asleep, ne'er knows that rest
With which the humbler soul is blest, 10
Was building castles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale Study, by the taper's light, 15
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading, but with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midst plenty, with a face
Which might the court of Famine grace, 20
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Gray Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.

Jealousy, his quick eye half-clos'd
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd :

And, mean distrust not quite forgot, 25
Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not.

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring sleeping round,
Snor'd restless Labour ; by his side
Lay Health, a coarse but comely bride. 30

Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the soft arms of sleep was laid ;
Whilst Vice, within the guilty breast,
Could not be physic'd into rest.

Thou bloody Man ! whose ruffian knife 35
Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
And never scruples to descend
Into the bosom of a friend ;
A firm, fast friend, by vice allied,
And to thy secret service tied, 40
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly secur'd from law :

Thou man of Lust ! whom passion fires
To foulest deeds, whose hot desires
O'er honest bars with ease make way, 45
Whilst idiot Beauty falls a prey,
And to indulge thy brutal flame
A Lucrece must be brought to shame ;
Who dost, a brave, bold sinner, bear
Rank incest to the open air, 50
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down :
Thou simular of Lust ! vain man,
Whose restless thoughts still form the plan

Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root, 55
Thy lifeless nerves can't execute,
Whilst in thy marrowless, dry bones
Desire without enjoyment groans ;
Thou perjur'd Wretch ! whom falsehood clothes
Ev'n like a garment, who with oaths 60
Dost trifle, as with brokers, meant
To serve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the day's broad and searching eye
Making God witness to a lie,
Blaspheming heaven and earth for pelf, 65
And hanging friends to save thyself :
Thou son of Chance ! whose glorious soul,
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with honour caught,
Nor on poor virtue lost one thought ; 70
Who dost thy wife, thy children, set,
Thy all, upon a single bet,
Risking, the desp'rate stake to try,
Here and hereafter on a die ;
Who, thy own private fortune lost, 75
Dost game on at thy country's cost,
And, grown expert in sharpening rules,
First fool'd thyself, now prey'st on fools :
Thou noble Gamester ! whose high place
Gives too much credit to disgrace, 80
Who, with the motion of a die,
Dost make a mighty island fly,

The sums, I mean, of good French gold
 For which a mighty island sold ;
 Who dost betray intelligence, 85
 Abuse the dearest confidence,
 And, private fortune to create,
 Most falsely play the game of state ;
 Who dost within the Alley sport
 Sums, which might beggar a whole court, 90
 And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
 With good Earl Talbot, was not there :
 Thou daring Infidel ! whom pride
 And sin have drawn from Reason's side ;
 Who, fearing his avengeful rod, 95
 Dost wish not to believe a God ;
 Whose hope is founded on a plan
 Which should distract the soul of man,
 And make him curse his abject birth ;
 Whose hope is, once return'd to earth, 100
 There to lie down, for worms a feast,
 To rot and perish like a beast ;
 Who dost, of punishment afraid,
 And by thy crimes a coward made,
 To ev'ry gen'rous soul a curse, 105
 Than hell and all her torments worse,

V. 92.] Earl Talbot, Lord Steward of the King's Household from 1761 to 1782. On his first appointment to the office, his Lordship proposed some economical reforms in the palace, but the clamour excited among some of the retainers of the court, together with his lordship's want of resolution, induced him to desist from carrying them into execution. In a future page we shall have occasion to notice his lordship's rencontre with Mr. Wilkes at Bagshot.

When crawling to thy latter end,
 Call on destruction as a friend,
 Chusing to crumble into dust
 Rather than rise, though rise you must : 110
 Thon Hypocrite ! who dost profane,
 And take the patriot's name in vain ;
 Then most thy country's foe when most
 Of love and loyalty you boast ;
 Who for the filthy love of gold 115
 Thy friend, thy king, thy God, hast sold,
 And, mocking the just claim of Hell,
 Were bidders found, thyself wouldst sell.
 Ye Villains ! of whatever name,
 Whatever rank, to whom the claim 120

V. 118.] The colouring of this portrait is rather too high, though the general resemblance is preserved. Had Churchill confined his muse to the exposure of such characters only, and not been biassed by party prejudice, few of his friends would have escaped his lash, and an impartial condemnation of profligacy, whether in or out of office, would have been of essential service to the cause of virtue. Mr. Gray's muse appears to have been equally indignant in the following very severe verses written on viewing the grotesque pile of buildings raised at Kingsgate, in the Isle of Thanet, and which were visited by the Bard soon after their erection :

Old and abandon'd by each venal friend,
 Here ——— form'd the pious resolution
 To smuggle some few years, and strive to mend
 A broken character and constitution.
 On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice,
 (Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighb'ring sand)
 Here sea-gulls scream and cormorants rejoice,
 And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Of Hell is certain, on whose lids
 That worm, which never dies, forbids
 Sweet sleep to fall, come, and behold,
 Whilst envy makes your blood run cold,
 Behold, by pitiless Conscience led, 125
 So Justice wills, that holy bed
 Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
 And Innocence with Holland sleeps.

Bid Terror, posting on the wind,
 Affray the spirits of mankind ; 130
 Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
 Rive their concealing continent,
 And, forcing an untimely birth
 Through the vast bowels of the earth,
 Endeavour, in her monstrous womb, 135
 At once all Nature to entomb ;

Here reigns the blustering North and blighting East ;

No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing,

Yet nature cannot furnish out the feast :

Art he invokes, new horrors still to bring.

Now mould'ring fanes and battlements arise,

Arches and turrets nodding to their fall,

Unpeopled palaces delude his eyes,

And mimic desolation covers all.

“ Ah (said the sighing Peer) had **** been true,

“ Nor ****'s, ****'s friendship vain,

“ Far other scenes than these had crown'd our view,

“ And realiz'd the ruins that we feign.

“ Purg'd by the sword, and beautified by fire,

“ Then had we seen proud London's hated walls ;

“ Owls might have hooted in St. Peter's choir,

“ And Foxes stunk and littered in St. Paul's.”

Bid all that's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conspire
To make night hideous as they can,
Still is thy sleep, thou virtuous Man ! 140
Pure as the thoughts which in thy breast
Inhabit, and insure thy rest ;
Still shall thy Ayliff, taught, though late,
Thy friendly justice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian angel, spread 145
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the night, by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations shake, 150
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Destroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.

Deep Horror held her wide domain ;
The sky in sullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and through the air, 155
Which, op'ning, laid its bosom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning stream'd ;
The owl at Freedom's window scream'd,
The screech-owl, prophet dire, whose breath
Brings sickness, and whose note is death ; 160
The churchyard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All sad and silent, through the gloom
The ghosts of men, in former times,
Whose public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant stalk'd ; sorrow and rage 165
Blank'd their pale cheeks : in his own age

The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the gen'rous care ;
Sidney, by grief, from heav'n was kept,
And for his brother patriot wept :
All friends of Liberty, when Fate
170 Prepar'd to shorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, Liberty ! a glorious word,
175 In other countries scarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of course,
Without or energy or force :
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, she springs,
Far, far beyond the reach of kings ;
180 Fresh blooming from our mother Earth,
With pride and joy she owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breasts her genius burn ;
Bids us with all those blessings live
185 Which Liberty alone can give,
Or nobly with that spirit die
Which makes death more than victory.

Hail those old patriots, on whose tongue
Persuasion in the senate hung,
190 Whilst they the sacred cause maintain'd !
Hail those old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd !
Shall men like these unmention'd sleep
195 Promiscuous with the common heap,

And (Gratitude forbid the crime !)
 Be carry'd down the stream of time
 In shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
 On Lethe's stream, like flags, to rot ? 200
 No—they shall live, and each fair name,
 Recorded in the book of Fame,
 Founded on honour's basis, fast
 As the round earth to ages last.

V. 200.] This simile is deficient in that force of expression which characterises the opening of the poem. The poet's meaning appears to be that the fame of the heroes of Runnymede is in danger of mouldering away like their own banners, or the flags and standards, the trophies of their achievements, which once proudly waved over their sculptured monuments. That Churchill could not mean the leaders in the great Rebellion, his celebrated lines in *Gotham* may be quoted as a convincing proof :

“ Unhappy Stuart ! harshly though that name
 “ Grates on my ear, I should have died with shame,
 “ To see my King before his subjects stand,
 “ And at their bar hold up his royal hand ;
 “ At their commands, to hear the monarch plead,
 “ By their decrees to see that monarch bleed.
 “ What though thy faults were many and were great,
 “ What though they shook the basis of the state ;
 “ In royalty secure thy person stood,
 “ And sacred was the fountain of thy blood,” &c.

yet the subsequent mention of Sydney justifies a contrary inference, not very favourable to our author's political consistency. He certainly did not intend to insult the name of Algernon Sydney, but it could not be more degraded than by being transmitted to posterity in the same line with that of John Wilkes.

Some virtues vanish with our breath ; 205
Virtue like this lives after death.

Old Time himself, his scythe thrown by,
Himself lost in eternity,
An everlasting crown shall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join. 210

But should some slave-got villain dare
Chains for his country to prepare,
And, by his birth to slav'ry broke,
Make her, too, feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurst, 215
Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst ;
May he be still himself, and still
Go on in vice, and perfect ill ;
May his broad crimes each day increase,
Till he can't live nor die in peace ; 220
May he be plung'd so deep in shame
That Satan mayn't endure his name,
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,
His children curse him for their birth ;
May Liberty, beyond the grave, 225
Ordain him to be still a slave,
Grant him what here he most requires,
And damn him with his own desires !

But should some villain, in support
And zeal for a despairing court, 230
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepest shame.
Whilst filthy lucre is his aim ;

Should such a wretch, with sword or knife 235
Contrive to practise 'gainst the life
Of one, who honour'd through the land,
For Freedom made a glorious stand,
Whose chief, perhaps his only, crime
Is, (if plain Truth at such a time 240
May dare her sentiments to tell)
That he his country loves too well :
May he—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to speak—
May he—O for a noble curse 245
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age. 248

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a temple stood ;
Ancient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side, 5
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, most unsound ; 10
Some rotten to the heart, aloof,
Seem to support the tott'ring roof,
But to inspection nearer laid,
Instead of giving, wanted aid.

The structure, rare and curious, made 15
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was suffer'd into dust to fall,

V. 2.] Churchill, with true patriot zeal, under this metaphorical picture of the British Constitution, deplores the state of dotage and decay to which it was in his time reduced, and expatiates in glowing verse on its former advantages and blessings. This has always been a favourite topic of declamation, though the perpetual recurrence of the complaint, in the same comparative shape, proves the injustice of it.

Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather, 20
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,
A crime, which Art would treason hold,
To mention with those names of old.

Builders, who had the pile survey'd, 25
And those not Flitcrofts in their trade,
Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt
Merely sometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief,
Taught wisely to obtain relief 30
Through Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It must not, in all parts unsound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (though after ages ne'er 35
Shall raise a building to compare)
Art, if they should their art employ,
Meant to preserve, might not destroy,
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and hasting to decay, 40
Bidding the power of Art despair,
Cannot those very med'cines bear
Which, and which only, can restore,
And make them healthy as before.

V. 26.] Henry Flitcroft, an architect of some eminence, and surveyor to the Board of Works. What he had done to merit being hitched into this line we know not, and the discovery could not recompense the trouble of the inquiry.

To Liberty, whose gracious smile 45
Shed peace and plenty o'er the Isle,
Our grateful ancestors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.

Full in the front, stretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her strength 50
In spring eternal, lay a plain
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their sons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and steel the infant heart ;
Labour, their hardy nurse, when young, 55
Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung ;
Abstinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they first drew breath,
The best of doctors, with plain food
Kept pure the channel of their blood ; 60
Health in their cheeks bade colour rise,
And Glory sparkled in their eyes.

The instruments of husbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride, 65
War's keener tools their place supplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew ;
Swift to the point their jav'lins flew ;
They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear ;
Their fathers felt a pleasing fear, 70
And even Courage, standing by,
Scarcely beheld with steady eye.
Each stripling, lesson'd by his sire,
Knew when to close, when to retire ;

When near at hand, when from afar 75
To fight, and was himself a war.

Their wives, their mothers, all around,
Careless of order, on the ground,
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a son's or husband's brow, 80
With eager fingers, laurel wove ;
Laurel which in the sacred grove,
Planted by Liberty, they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,
To give them pride and spirits, fit 85
To make a world in arms submit.

What raptures did the bosom fire
Of the young, rugged, peasant sire,
When, from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of night, 90
He saw his babe resign the breast,
And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,
With which hereafter he shall make
The proudest heart in Gallia quake !

Gods ! with what joy, what honest pride, 95
Did each fond, wishing, rustic bride,
Behold her manly swain return !
How did her love-sick bosom burn,
Though on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the liv'ry of red, 100
When, Pleasure height'ning all her charms,
She strain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilst love and glory fire,
A son, a son just like his sire !

Such were the men in former times, 105
Ere luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter punishment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign shore ;
Such were the men who, free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led, 110
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains :
Such were the men, when lust of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways 115
On which a king should found his praise ;
When stern Oppression, hand in hand
With Pride, stalk'd proudly through the land ;
When weeping Justice was misled
From her fair course, and Mercy dead : 120
Such were the men, in virtue strong,
Who dar'd not see their country's wrong,
Who left the mattock and the spade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arins, departing, took 125
Their helpless babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, swore to see
Those babes no more, or see them free :
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never fasten to his side 130
By threats or bribes, who, freemen born,
Chains, though of gold, beheld with scorn ;
Who, free from ev'ry servile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from law,

From that broad gen'ral law which Sense 135
Made for the general defence ;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependant stations rise :
Could never be to slav'ry led,
For Property was at their head : 140
Such were the men, in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her temple on the sacred green,
In martial pastimes oft were seen—
Now seen no longer—in their stead, 145
To laziness and vermin bred,
A race who, strangers to the cause
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To interest, and slaves for pay. 150
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of honour founded! leads their van ;
Discretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but resolv'd, brings up their rear ;
Discretion, Valour's better half ; 155
Dependance holds the gen'ral's staff.

In plain and home-spun garb array'd,
Not for vain shew, but service, made,
In a green flourishing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage, 160
In rules of Porterage untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the temple-door ;
Full on his breast a glass he wore,

Through which his bosom open lay 165
 To ev'ry one that pass'd that way :
 Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face,
 But prouder heart, his vacant place
 Corruption fills, and bears the key ;
 No entrance now without a fee. 170

With belly round, and full fat face,
 Which on the house reflected grace,
 Full of good fare, and honest glee,
 The steward Hospitality ;
 Old Welcome smiling by his side, 175
 A good old servant, often tried
 And faithful found, who kept in view¹
 His lady's fame and int'rest too,
 Who made each heart with joy rebound,
 Yet never run her state aground, 180
 Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
 Is more in modern use) resign'd.

Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred
 In beggary, with carrion fed,
 Detested, and detesting all, 185
 Made up of avarice and gall,
 Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more
 Than ever steward did before,

V. 182.] The Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire, Lord Temple, &c. resigned their offices in 1762. The ground on which their successors founded their claim to popularity was the stale pretence of economy, in their zeal for which the pension list was increased beyond all former precedent.

Succeeded one, who, to engage
 The praise of an exhausted age, 190
 Assum'd a name of high degree,
 And call'd himself Economy.

Within the temple, full in sight,
 Where without ceasing day and night
 The workman toil'd; where Labour bar'd 195
 His brawny arm; where art prepar'd,
 In regular and even rows,
 Her types, a Printing-press arose;
 Each workman knew his task, and each
 Was honest and expert as Leach. 200

V. 198.] Wilkes had a private printing press at his house in Great George-street, Westminster. The uses to which it might have been put, the poet well describes; of the uses to which it was put, the infamous *Essay on Woman* is a specimen.

V. 200.] Dryden Leach was a printer in Crane-court, Fleet-street: he was one of the first who introduced the taste for the embellishments of typography, but his editions are eclipsed by the superior splendor of those of Baskerville, Bensley, &c.

Under the celebrated General Warrant, Nathan Carrington, with his gang of King's messengers, took Leach, with all his journeymen and servants, into custody; and though it clearly appeared that the *North Briton* was printed by Balfe, in the Old Bailey, Mr. Leach was detained in confinement several days. For this illegal outrage and imprisonment Leach brought an action against the messengers, and recovered 400*l.* damages; fourteen journeymen printers also obtained verdicts in their favour, and were prevailed on to accept their money of Carrington and Blackmore, two of the messengers, in manner following: thirteen of them, who had 200*l.* damages awarded them, accepted 120*l.* each, and one of them who had 300*l.* accepted 175*l.* and all agreed to pay their own costs.

Hence Learning struck a deeper root,
 And Science brought forth riper fruit ;
 Hence Loyalty receiv'd support, .
 Even when banish'd from the court ;
 Hence Government gain'd strength, and hence
 Religion sought and found defence ; 206
 Hence England's fairest fame arose,
 And Liberty subdu'd her foes.

On a low, simple, turf-made thrône,
 Rais'd by Allegiance, scarcely known 210
 From her attendants, glad to be
 Pattern of that equality
 She wish'd to all, so far as could
 Safely consist with social good,
 The goddess sat ; around her head 215
 A cheerful radiance Glory spread :
 Courage, a youth of royal race,
 Lovelily stern, possess'd a place
 On her left hand, and on her right
 Sat Honour, cloath'd with robes of light ; 220
 Before her Magna Charta lay,
 Which some great lawyer, of his day
 The Pratt, was offic'd to explain
 And make the basis of her reign :

V. 213.] Lord Camden, in his charge to the Jury on occasion of the action brought by Mr. Wilkes against Mr. Wood, the Under-Secretary of State, for illegally entering his house, and seizing and carrying away his papers, gave his opinion on the warrant in the following words :—" Upon the maturest consideration I am bold to say that this warrant is illegal, but I am far from wishing a matter of this consequence should rest solely

Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast 225
 Two smiling twin-born infants prest ;
 At her feet couching War was laid,
 And with a brindled lion play'd :
 Justice and Mercy, hand in hand,
 Joint guardians of the happy land, 230
 Together held their mighty charge,
 And Truth walk'd all about at large :
 Health for the royal troop the feast
 Prepar'd, and Virtue was high priest.
 Such was the fame our goddess bore, 235
 Her temple such, in days of yore.
 What changes ruthless Time presents !
 Behold her ruin'd battlements,
 Her walls decay'd, her nodding spires,
 Her altars broke, her dying fires, 240

on my opinion. I am only one of twelve whose opinions I am desirous should be taken in this matter, and I am very willing to allow myself the meanest of the twelve. There is also a higher court before which this matter may be canvassed, and whose determination is final ; and here I cannot help observing the happiness of our constitution in admitting these appeals ; in consequence of which, material points are determined on the most mature consideration, and with the greatest solemnity. To this admirable delay of the law (for in this case the law's delay may be stiled admirable) I believe it is chiefly owing that we possess the best digested and most excellent body of laws which any nation on the face of the earth, whether ancient or modern, could ever boast of. If these higher jurisdictions should declare my opinion erroneous I submit as will become me, and kiss the rod ; but I must say I shall always consider it as a rod of iron for the chastisement of the people of Great-Britain."

The Jury gave Mr. Wilkes 1,000*l.* damages.

Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,
 Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
 Herself (by ministerial arts
 Depriv'd ev'n of the people's hearts,
 Whilst they, to work her surer woe, 245
 Feign her to monarchy a foe)
 Exil'd by grief, self-doom'd to dwell
 With some poor hermit in a cell;
 Or, that retirement tedious grown,
 If she walks forth, she walks unknown, 250
 Hooted, and pointed at with scorn
 As one in some strange country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
 A band of spoilers, seize her place:
 With looks, which might the heart dis-seat, 255
 And make life sound a quick retreat,
 To rapine from the cradle bed,
 A staunch old blood-hound at their head,
 Who, free from virtue and from awe,
 Knew none but the bad part of law. 260
 They rov'd at large : each on his breast
 Mark'd with a greyhound, stood confest:
 Controlment waited on their nod
 High wielding persecution's rod;
 • Confusion follow'd at their heels, 265
 And a cast statesman held the seals;

V. 253.] Carrington and his band of King's messengers ; a silver greyhound, the emblem of dispatch, is worn by these men as a distinctive badge of office when engaged in the execution of their duty.

V. 266.] The general warrant, so often alluded to by our

Those seals, for which he dear shall pay,
When awful Justice takes her day.

author, was signed by the Earls of Egremont and Hallifax, joint secretaries of state for the home department, to whom, after being liberated from his confinement in the tower, Wilkes addressed the following note :

MY LORDS,

Great George street, May 6, 1763.

On my return here from Westminster Hall, where I have been discharged from my commitment to the tower under your lordships' warrant, I find that my house has been robbed; and am informed that the stolen goods are in possession of one or both of your lordships, I therefore insist that you forthwith return them to your humble servant,

John Wilkes,

The following answer was returned next day by their lordships.

SIR,

In answer to your letter of yesterday, in which you take upon you to make use of the indecent and scurrilous expressions of your having found your house had been robbed; and that the stolen goods are in our possession: we acquaint you that your papers were seized in consequence of the heavy charge brought against you for being the author of an infamous and seditious libel, tending to inflame the minds, and alienate the affections of the people from his majesty, and excite them to traitorous insurrection against the government; for which libel, notwithstanding your discharge from your commitment to the tower, his majesty has ordered you to be prosecuted by his Attorney General.

We are at a loss to guess what you mean by stolen goods, but such of your papers as do not lead to a proof of your guilt, shall be restored to you; such as are necessary for that purpose, it was our duty to deliver over to those whose

The Printers saw—they saw and fled—
 Science, declining, hung her head ; 270
 Property in despair appear'd,
 And for herself destruction fear'd
 Whilst, underfoot, the rude slaves trod
 The works of men, and word of God ;
 Whilst, close behind, on many a book, 275
 In which he never deigns to look,

office it is to collect the evidence, and manage the prosecution against you. We are

Your humble servants,

Egremont.

Dunk Hallifax.

Mr. Wilkes commenced an action against Lord Hallifax, (the earl of Egremont having died soon after this transaction) and obtained a verdict for 4000*l.* damages.

The following extract from the treasury minute book, produced at the trial, will shew that the expence did not fall on the defendant.

Whitehall Treasury chamber, May 31, 1765.

Present, Mr. Grenville, Lord North, Mr. Hunter, and Mr. Harris.

Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer signifies to my lords his majesty's pleasure, that all expences incurred, or to be incurred, in consequence of actions brought against the earl of Hallifax, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, the under secretaries and messengers, and the solicitor of this office, for proceedings had by them in executing the business of their respective offices, against the publishers of several scandalous and seditious libels, should be defrayed by the crown; and that a sufficient sum of money should be from time to time issued to the solicitor of the treasury for that purpose.

Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A bold, bad man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark 280
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Gospel stamp'd an L.

Liberty fled, her friends withdrew;
Her friends, a faithful, chosen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame, 285
Clothing herself with Honour's name,
Usurp'd his station; on the throne
Which Liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods! that such mighty ills should spring
Under so great, so good, a king, 290
So lov'd, so loving, through the arts
Of statesmen, curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpose fit,
Behold in triumph State-craft sit. 294

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait,
The man who meddles with a state,
Whether to strengthen, or oppose!
False are his friends, and firm his foes:
How must his soul, once ventur'd in, 5
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin!
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep, a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest or earnest fight, 10
Risking for those both life and limb
Who would not risk one groat for him!

Under the temple lay a cave,
Made by some guilty, coward slave,
Whose actions fear'd rebuke: a maze 15
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One passage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in secret lov'd to dwell, 20
With all her tools and slaves about her,
Nor fear'd lest Honesty should rout her.

In a dark corner, shunning sight
Of man, and shrinking from the light,

One dull, dim taper through the cell 25
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkness, she prepares,
Working unseen, all kinds of snares,
With curious, but destructive art.
Here, through the eye to catch the heart, 30
Gay stars their tinsel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a lord ;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave plumes of feathers for the head ;
Garters the hag contrives to make, 35
Which, as it seems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and sure than chains of steel,
Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,
Forbid a freeman to be free. 40
Purses she knew (did ever curse
Travel more sure than in a purse?)
Which, by some strange and magic bands,
Enslave the soul, and tie the hands.
Here Flatt'ry, eldest born of Guile, 45
Weaves with rare skill the silken smile,
The courtly cringe, the supple bow,
The private squeeze, the levee vow,
With which, no strange or recent case,
Fools in, deceive fools out of place. 50
Corruption (who in former times,
Through fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,
And what she did, contriv'd to do it,
So that the public might not view it)

Presumptuous gown, unfit was held 53
 For their dark councils; and expell'd,
 Since in the day her bus'ness might
 Be done as safe as in the night.

Her eye down bending to the ground,
 Planning some dark and deadly wound, 60
 Holding a dagger, on which stood,
 All fresh, and reeking, drops of blood,
 Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
 By Treason borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore;
 By which, since they improv'd in trade, 65
 Excisemen have their lanthorns made;
 Assassination, her whole mitid;
 Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd;
 Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
 And held forth instruments of blood, 70
 Vile instruments, which cowards chuse,
 But men of honour dare not use;
 Around, his Lordship and his Grace,
 Both qualify'd for such a place,
 With many a Forbes, and many a Dun, 75
 Each a resolv'd, and pious son,

V. 75.] One Charles John Forbes, a Scotch captain in the regiment of Ogilby in the French service, thought proper, while Wilkes was at Paris, very abruptly to challenge him for being the author of the North Briton; and for having written against Scotland. Wilkes pleaded several pending engagements of the same nature, but expressed his willingness as soon as they were disposed of to meet Captain Forbes. The captain in a wild manner insisted upon immediate satisfaction, but not being able to find a second, or any one to vouch for his being a gentleman, Mr. Wilkes declined acceding to his request

Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd
As she around her orders shar'd,

This *démêlé* coming to the knowledge of the French government, the parties were put upon their parole, not to fight within the French dominions; Mr. Wilkes upon this offered to meet him in Flanders, or in any country in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, except the dominions of France. Soon after the return of Mr. Wilkes to London, Forbes also appeared there, with a view as it was suspected of fighting with him; but the ministry on getting notice of his arrival and intentions, very prudently caused it to be insinuated to him, that his presence on such an errand could not but be very disagreeable; upon which, this doughty champion of Caledonia thought proper to leave the kingdom, and afterwards entered into the Portuguese service.

V. 75.] Alexander Dun, a Scotchman, in December, 1763, obtained admittance by his own appointment into the house of Mr. Wilkes; but being suspected of a design to assassinate him, was immediately seized by some gentlemen who attended there for the purpose of protecting the demagogue. On being searched, a new penknife was found in his pocket, which, coupled with a declaration he had been heard to make, that himself and ten more men were determined to cut Mr. Wilkes off, let the event be what it would, afforded materials for a very pathetic account of the danger our pseudo-patriot had incurred, of becoming a martyr to the cause of liberty. Administration was of course charged with suborning these attempts; and every effort was ineffectually made to excite the populace to revenge. The papers relating to Dun's attempt were laid before the house of Commons, he was taken into custody by the tipstaff, and an indictment was preferred against him; all these proceedings were dropt upon its appearing on his first examination by incontrovertible evidence, that he was completely deranged in mind, and had given many glaring proofs of insanity. He was delivered over to his friends, who undertook to confine him in a private madhouse.

Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
And bid the destin'd victim die, 80
Posting on Villainy's black wing,
Whether he patriot is, or king.

Oppression, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or, at the most, a rev'rend awe 85
To breed, usurp'd the garb of Law.

A book she held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence seem'd to rise
Joy in her breast ; a book of might
Most wonderful, which black to white 90
Could turn, and without help of laws,
Could make the worse the better cause.

She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd ;
She wish'd, and what she wish'd, believ'd,
To make that book for ever stand 95
The rule of wrong through all the land ;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter lesson, N——'s Creed. 100

Ready, ev'n with a look, to run,
Fast as the coursers of the sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-starv'd greyhounds took their stand.
A curious model, cut in wood, 105
Of a most ancient castle stood
Full in her view ; the gates were barr'd,
And soldiers on the watch kept guard ;

In the front, openly, in black
 Was wrote, The Tow'r ; but on the back, 110
 Mark'd with a Secretary's seal,
 In bloody letters, The Bastile.

Around a table, fully bent
 On mischief of most black intent,
 Deeply determin'd, that their reign 115
 Might longer last, to work the bane
 Of one firm patriot, whose heart, tied
 To honour, all their pow'r defied,
 And brought those actions into light
 They wish'd to have conceal'd in night, 120
 Begot, born, bred, to infamy,
 A privy council sat of three :
 Great were their names, of high repute
 And favour through the land of Bute.

The first (entitled to the place 125
 Of honour both by gown and grace,

V. 112.] This was the favourite appellation bestowed by the partisans of Wilkes upon the Tower. His confinement lasted three days, during which time he was debarred the use of pen and ink ; and was not permitted to see his friends. To lord chief justice Pratt's active and constitutional interference on this occasion, we are indebted for exemption from similar wanton exertions of power on the part of the servants of the crown.

V. 125.] This has always been considered as a grossly surcharged caricature of one of the most learned prelates that ever dignified the bench ; for excepting his characteristic haughtiness we believe every other particular imputed to him by the poet to be utterly destitute of veracity.

William Warburton, D. D. bishop of Gloucester and dean of Bristol, was the son of an attorney at Newark upon

Who never let occasion slip
To take right hand of fellowship;

Trent, to which profession he served a regular clerkship; and afterwards practised as an attorney and solicitor two or three years in his native town of Newark; but a moderate share of business, and a strong bias to literary pursuits, induced him with the advice of his friends to take orders, and he was accordingly on the 22d of December, 1723, ordained deacon in the cathedral of York, by archbishop Dawes. His subsequent rise in the church, he owed principally to the high reputation his solid abilities had so justly gained him in the literary world; but this rise was no doubt accelerated by his marriage in 1745, with Miss Gertrude Tucker, the favourite niece of Ralph Allen, Esq. of Prior Park in Somersetshire, the correspondent of Pope, and the Allworthy of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. This gentleman rose to great wealth and consideration by farming the cross posts, which he put into admirable order; he died in 1761, and the bulk of his fortune vested in the bishop, to the prejudice of some nearer relatives. Warburton, by his intolerable arrogance and other causes, had incurred the resentment of Wilkes, and our poet, ever earnest in defence of his friends, made the bishop an object of his bitterest invective, wherever an opportunity presented; and particularly in his last poetical effort, the dedication prefixed to his volume of sermons. It is somewhat singular, that Dr. Hurd the present bishop of Worcester, in his "Discourse by way of General Preface to the quarto edition of Bishop Warburton's works, containing some account of the life, character, and writings of the author," should not only take no notice of Churchill's repeated attacks; but has studiously omitted any mention of him or Wilkes. Of Dr. Hurd's literary intercourse with Dr. Warburton, Dr. Brown, the author of the "Essay on the characteristics," made no scruple of talking in very plain terms. Though a friend and admirer of the bishop of Gloucester, he used frequently to say, "I cannot bring myself to give up the freedom of my mind to Warburton, and therefore we do not

And was so proud, that should he meet
The Twelve Apostles in the street, 130

agree; *but Dr. Hurd will never quarrel with him.*" With pleasure we turn from the pompous inanity of the Right Reverend Biographer, to present the reader with the following masterly sketch of the character of Warburton, by Dr. Johnson.

"About this time (1738) Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervent and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited enquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination nor clouded his perspicuity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations; and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits were too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him a haughty consequence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman emperor's determination, "*oderint dum metuant;*" he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade. His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness: he took the words that presented themselves: his diction is coarse and impure, and his sentences are unmeasured. He had in the early part of his life pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope. A letter was produced, when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, "*Dryden, I observe, borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius; Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty.*" And when Theobald published Shakspeare in opposition to Pope,

He'd turn his nose up at them all,
 And shove his Saviour from the wall:
 Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
 Still go together side to side)
 That he would cringe, and creep, be civil, 135
 And hold a stirrup for the devil;
 If in a journey to his mind,
 He'd let him mount, and ride behind;
 Who basely fawn'd through all his life,
 For patrons first, then for a wife: 140
 Wrote Dedications which must make
 The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;
 Made one man equal to, or more
 Than God, then left him, as before
 His God he left, and, drawn by pride, 145
 Shifted about to t'other side)
 Was by his sire a parson made,
 Merely to give the boy a trade;
 But he himself was thereto drawn
 By some faint omens of the lawn, 150

the best notes were supplied by Warburton. But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion, and Pope was to find a defender in him, who had contributed so much to the exaltation of his rival. From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray (afterwards earl of Mansfield) by whose interest he became preacher of Lincoln's Inn, and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate, and by consequence a bishoprick: when he died, Pope left him the property of his works; a legacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds."

And on the truly Christian plan
To make himself a gentleman,
A title in which form array'd him,
Though Fate ne'er thought on't when she made
him.

The oaths he took, 'tis very true, 155
But took them, as all wise men do,
With an intent, if things should turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn,
Gospel and loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade : 160
Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove :
All gods, all kings, (let his great aim 165
Be answer'd) were to him the same.

A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock, 170
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than she could well contain ;
More than she was with spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digested food, 175
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plow
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He tried to learn ; he grew polite,
And was the poet's parasite. 180

With wits conversing (and wits then
 Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)
 He caught, or would have caught, the flame,
 And would be nothing, or the same.
 He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners, 185
 Herded with infidels for dinners ;
 With such an emphasis and grace
 Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace :
 He, in the highest reign of noon,
 Bawl'd bawdy songs to a psalm tune ; 190
 Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
 Truck'd his salvation for a smile ;
 To catch their humour caught their plan,
 And laugh'd at God to laugh with man ;
 Prais'd them, when living, in each breath, 195
 And damn'd their memories after death,
 To prove his faith, which all admit
 Is at least equal to his wit,
 And make himself a man of note,
 He in defence of Scripture wrote : 200

[V. 188.] Thomas Potter, Esq. M. P. for Okehampton, was in early life on a very intimate footing with Mr. Allen of Prior Park, and on the most friendly terms with Warburton; but latterly getting connected with Wilkes and his associates, he was by the bishop suspected of being the author of the notes on the Essay on Woman, and on that account incurred his and Mr. Allen's utmost indignation. Mr. Potter possessed great parliamentary talents and many brilliant accomplishments, but having offended his father by an imprudent marriage, and being idolized by his dissolute companions, nothing was too sacred to escape his ridicule ; and abilities which might have done honour to any station, were degraded by him, to obtain the reputation of a wit. He died in June 1759.

So long he wrote, and long, about it,
 That ev'n believers 'gan to doubt it :
 He wrote, too, of the inward light,
 Though no one know how he came by't,
 And of that influencing grace 205
 Which in his life ne'er found a place :
 He wrote, too, of the Holy Ghost,
 Of whom no more than doth a post
 He knew, nor, should an angel show him,
 Would he or know, or chuse to know him. 210
 Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry science
 There was a natural alliance)
 He wrote, t'advance his Maker's praise,
 Comments on rhimes, and notes on plays,
 And with an all-sufficient air 215
 Plac'd himself in the critic's chair,
 Usurp'd o'er reason full dominion,
 And govern'd merely by opinion.
 At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
 By one plain simple man of law, 220

V. 212.] The work by which Warburton first distinguished himself in the literary world, was intitled "The Alliance between Church and State, or the necessity of an established religion and a test law," 1736.

V. 220.] Mr. Edwards, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, published a very ingenious work, entitled "Canons of Criticism," in which Warburton is severely censured; indeed the learned prelate, in his notes on Shakspeare, evinced a want of research in English antiquity, which, accompanied with a dictatorial style, and an offensive contempt for all former and contemporary commentators, justly exposed him to critical reprehension.

He arm'd dead friends, to vengeance true,
T' abuse the man they never knew.

Examine strictly all mankind,
Most characters are mix'd we find,
And vice and virtue take their turn 225
In the same breast to beat and burn.
Our priest was an exception here,
Nor did one spark of grace appear,
Not one dull, dim spark in his soul ;
Vice, glorious vice possess'd the whole, 230
And, in her service truly warm,
He was in sin most uniform.

Injurious Satire, own at least
One sniveling virtue in the priest,
One sniveling virtue, which is plac'd, 235
They say, in or about the waist,
Call'd Chastity ; the prudish dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife, (and in these days
Wives seldom without reason praise) 240
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And swears that Tom was vastly wild.

Ripen'd by a long course of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In shape scarce of the human kind, 245
A man, without a manly mind ;
No husband, though he's truly wed ;
Though on his knees a child is bred,
No father ; injur'd, without end
A foe ; and though oblig'd, no friend ; 250

A heart, which virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
 A head, where learning runs to waste;
 A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
 Rests in the article of reading;
 A man of this world, for the next 255
 Was ne'er included in his text;
 A judge of genius, though confess'd
 With not one spark of genius bless'd:
 Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
 Though free from ev'ry taint of taste; 260
 A Christian without faith or works,
 As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
 A great divine, as lords agree,
 Without the least divinity.
 To crown all, in declining age, 265
 Inflam'd with church and party rage,
 Behold him, full and perfect quite,
 A false saint, and true hypocrite.

V. 268.] Had not some of the prominent features of Warburton's character been too strongly depicted to render it possible for it to pass for a general satire or an ideal portrait, we should have been pleased with an opportunity of sparing our author's fame, by passing over in silence so personal, false, and calumnious a misrepresentation of worth, talents, and unbounded learning. Such a gross prostitution of satire is doubly injurious to the cause of virtue, it puts the weapons of ridicule into the hands of weak persons, who are incapable of appreciating the merits of a Johnson, a Warburton, or a Pearce; and impairs, if it cannot destroy, the benefits resulting from their moral and intellectual labours: it also, by imputing vices to men like these, might induce, if corrob-

Next sat a lawyer, often tried
 In perilous extremes ; when Pride 270
 And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
 Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood,
 This bold, bad man arose to view,
 And gave his hand to help them through :
 Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they past 275
 He saw poor Freedom breathe her last ;
 He saw her struggle, heard her groan ;
 He saw her helpless and alone,
 Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and prais'd
 By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd. 280

Bred to the law, he from the first
 Of all bad lawyers was the worst.
 Perfection (for bad men maintain
 In ill we may perfection gain)
 In others is a work of time, 285
 And they creep on from crime to crime ;

rating authorities were wanting, doubts of the justice done to the characters of a S——, a H——, and a D——.

The Bishop of Gloucester died in 1779, having attained the great age of 81 ; he unfortunately survived his relish for society ; an habitual melancholy preyed upon his mind, which was aggravated if not occasioned by the loss of his only child, a very promising young man, who died of a consumption a few years before his father.

V. 269.] This character comprises all the qualifications which can render a lawyer truly odious. It is of little importance to inquire whether they ever met in any Attorney-General since the days of a Noy and a Jefferies.

He, for a prodigy design'd
To spread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave, and perfect dunce. 290

Who will for him may boast of sense,
His better guard is impudence ;
His front, with tenfold plates of brass
Secur'd, Shame never yet could pass,
Nor on the surface of his skin 295
Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often, in contempt of laws,
To sound the bottom of a cause,
To search out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart, 300
Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of trusting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend ?
How often, ev'n in open court, 305
Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,
And laugh'd off, with a villain's ease,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees ?
Such things, as, though to roguery bred,
Had struck a little villain dead. 310

Causes, whatever their import,
He undertakes, to serve a court ;
For he by art this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect, what law cannot.

Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears ; 315
If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,

His weak soul sickens at the sight,
And strives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, so very loud,
He is an angel with the croud, 320
Whilst he makes Justice hang her head,
And judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that Nature, on a plan
Most intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties 325
Binds good and bad, the fool and wise,
Knock at his heart ; they knock in vain ;
No entrance there such suitors gain ;
Bid kneeling kings forsake the throne,
Bid at his feet his country groan ; 330
Bid Liberty stretch out her hands,
Religion plead her stronger bands ;
Bid parents, children, wife, and friends,
If they come thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call, 335
And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conscience with her line
Chalk out their ways ; such starving rules 340
Are only fit for coward fools ;
Fellows who credit what priests tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of hell ;
His spirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face to face.

Such was our lawyer ; by his side, 345
In all bad qualities allied,

In all bad counsels, sat a third,
 By birth a lord; O sacred word!
 O word most sacred, whence men get
 A privilege to run in debt; 350
 Whence they at large exemption claim
 From Satire, and her servant Shame;
 Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
 Forbid bold Truth to hold her course.

Consult his person, dress, and air, 355
 He seems, which strangers well might swear,
 The master, or, by courtesy,
 The captain of a colliery.
 Look at his visage, and agree
 Half-hang'd he seems, just from the tree 360
 Escap'd; a rope may sometimes break,
 Or men be cut down by mistake.

He hath not virtue (in the school
 Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
 Nor hath he sense (which none can doubt 365
 Who know the man) to live without.
 His life is a continued scene
 Of all that's infamous and mean;
 He knows not change, unless grown nice
 And delicate, from vice to vice; 370

V. 348.] We cannot consent to rake into the annals of a brothel for appropriate anecdotes of this abandoned wretch. Fortunately his capacity did not equal his inclination; for, wallowing in the mire of sensuality, his vicious propensities contributed more to his own detriment than to the ruin of his country:—" *homo post homines natos turpissimus, sceleratissimus, contaminatissimus.*"

Nature design'd him, in a rage,
To be the Wharton of his age,
But having giv'n all the sin,
Forgot to put the virtues in.
To run a horse, to make a match, 375
To revel deep, to roar a catch;
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To sweat a woman of the Town ;
By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
In turn to give a pox, or take it ; 380
He is, in faith, most excellent,
And, in the word's most full intent,
A true Choice Spirit we admit ;
With wits a fool, with fools a wit.
Hear him but talk, and you would swear 385
Obscenity herself was there ;
And that Profaneness had made choice,
By way of trump, to use his voice ;
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at Billingsgate ; 390
And that, ascending to the earth
Before the season of his birth,
Blasphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb :
Too honest (for the worst of men 395
In forms are honest now and then)
Not to have, in the usual way,
His bills sent in ; too great to pay :
Too proud to speak to, if he meets
The honest tradesman whom he cheats : 400

Too infamous to have a friend ;
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whose weight
Earth groans; who hath been spar'd by Fate
Only to shew, on mercy's plan, 405
How far and long God bears with man.

Such were the three who, mocking sleep,
At midnight sat, in counsel deep,
Plotting destruction 'gainst a head
Whose wisdom could not be misled; 410
Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart
Which ne'er from honour would depart.

“ Is he not rank'd amongst our foes ?
“ Hath not his spirit dar'd oppose
“ Our dearest measures, made our name 415
“ Stand forward on the roll of shame ?
“ Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
“ By scorning menaces and bribes,
“ And proving, that his darling cause
“ Is of their liberties and laws 420
“ To stand the champion? In a word,
“ Nor need one argument be heard
“ Beyond this to awake our zeal,
“ To quicken our resolves, and steel
“ Our steady souls to bloody bent, 425
“ (Sure ruin to each dear intent
“ Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,
“ Hath dar'd to make the truth appear.”

They said, and, by resentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought ; 430

Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain
To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain :
Scheme after scheme they brought to view ;
All were examin'd ; none would do :
When Fraud, with pleasure in her face 435
Forth issu'd from her hiding place,
And at the table where they meet,
First having blest them, took her seat.
“ No trifling cause, my darling Boys !
“ Your present thoughts and cares employs ; 440
“ No common snare, no random blow,
“ Can work the bane of such a foe,
“ By Nature cautious as he's brave,
“ To honour only he's a slave ;
“ In that weak part without defence, 445
“ We must to honour make pretence ;
“ That lure shall to his ruin draw
“ The wretch, who stands secure in law :
“ Nor think that I have idly plann'd
“ This full-ripe scheme ; behold at hand, 450
“ With three months training on his head,
“ An instrument, whom I have bred,
“ Born of these bowels, far from sight
“ Of virtue's false, but glaring light,
“ My youngest born, my dearest joy, 455
“ Most like myself, my darling boy :
“ He, never, touch'd with vile remorse,
“ Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
“ Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
“ Most mine, when most he Honour's seems ; 460

“ Nor can be found, at home, abroad,

“ So firm and full a slave of Fraud.”

She said, and from each envious son

A discontented murmur run

Around the table ; all in place 465

Thought his full praise their own disgrace,

Wond’ring what stranger she had got,

Who had one vice that they had not ;

When straight the portals open flew,

And, clad in armour, to their view 470

M——, the Duellist, came forth ;

All knew, and all confess’d his worth ;

All justified, with smiles array’d,

The happy choice their dam had made. 471

GOTHAM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

THE first book of this poem was published in February 1764, and the whimsical nature of its contents gave scarcely any intimation of the shape it might in its progress assume. The publication of the third book, however, developed the author's plan, by his drawing in his own person, the portrait of a perfect sovereign; and expatiating on the qualifications requisite for an adequate fulfilment of the functions of that high office. The poem abounds with many exquisite passages, and just delineations of character, and affords the only specimen of our author's powers in the walk of rural imagery; but notwithstanding these and the many other beauties it contains, the plan is in itself so defective, and the vein of egotism that pervades it so disgusting, as, together with its tedious digressions, to have prevented its acquiring that degree of popularity which all Churchill's former productions had obtained.

Gotham contains less personal satire than any other of our author's poems, and probably for that reason, and from the general nature of its subject, may excite more interest at this day, than it did on its being first offered to the public. The name of the author prepared his readers to expect that direct censure of individuals in which he had hitherto indulged, and the consequent disappointment they suffered contributed to class this poem in a lower scale of merit than it was otherwise justly intitled to.

GOTHAM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether east or west,
A real country, or one made in jest,
Not yet by modern Mandevilles disgrac'd,
Nor by map-jobbers wretchedly misplac'd)
There lies an island, neither great nor small, 5
Which, for distinction sake, I Gotham call.

The man who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,
A Gospel title, though the people there
The pious Christian thinks not worth his care; 10
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the Western world.

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
Some roving buccaneer set up a post;
A beam, in proper form transversely laid, 15
Of his Redeemer's cross the figure made,

V. 3.] Sir John Mandeville, a traveller of the 14th century, notorious for the little attention to veracity, observed by him in the narration of his thirty-four years wanderings. He first discovered the "Anthropophagi, or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" and in a high northern latitude observed the singular phenomenon of the congelation of words, as they issued from the mouth, and the strange medley of sounds that ensued upon a thaw.

Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,
 From first to last, had been one scene of strife;
 His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,
 Without more process, the whole race enslav'd, 20
 Cut off that charter they from Nature drew,
 And made them slaves to men they never knew.

Search ancient histories, consult records,
 Under this title the most Christian lords
 Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the ball;
 O'erthrow this title, they have none at all; 26
 For never yet might any monarch dare,
 Who liv'd to truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
 Pretend that Christ, (who came, we all agree,
 To bless his people, and to set them free) 30
 To make a convert ever one law gave
 By which converters made him first a slave.

Spite of the glosses of a canting priest,
 Who talks of charity, but means a feast,
 Who recommends it, (whilst he seems to feel 35
 The holy glowings of a real zeal)
 To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
 To give them heav'n, whom they have robb'd of
 earth,

Never shall one, one truly honest man,
 Who, bless'd with Liberty, reveres her plan, 40
 Allow one moment, that a savage sire
 Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
 By a wild grant, their all, their freedom pass,
 And sell his country for a bit of glass.

Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and France,
 In slav'ry bred, as purchasers advance; 46

Let them, whilst conscience is at distance hurl'd,
 With some gay bauble buy a golden world :
 An Englishman, in charter'd freedom born,
 Shall spurn the slavish merchandise, shall scorn 50
 To take from others, through base private views,
 What he himself would rather die, than lose.

Happy the savage of those early times,
 Ere Europe's sons were known, and Europe's crimes!
 Gold, cursed gold! slept in the womb of earth, 55
 Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth ;
 In full content he found the truest wealth,
 In toil he found diversion, food, and health ;
 Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,
 His sports were labours, and his labours sports ; 60
 His youth was hardy, and his old age green ;
 Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve serene ;
 No rules he held, but what were made for use,
 No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce ;
 False lights he follow'd, but believed them true ; 65
 He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy, now, the savage race,
 Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace !
 Pastors she sends to help them in their need, 69
 Some who can't write ; with others who can't read ;
 And on sure grounds the Gospel pile to rear,
 Sends missionary felons ev'ry year ;

V. 72.] Transportation as a punishment is unknown to the common law of England ; it was first inflicted by Stat. 39 Elizabeth, and was warranted by the Habeas Corpus act 31 Car. II ; from which period, until our Colonial war, many capital offences were commuted into transportation to the

Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
 She teaches them, and in return takes their's :
 Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise, 75
 Her want of prudence means, and arms supplies,
 Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
 Rising in blood, adopts the scalping-knife:
 Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
 How abject is their state, how deep their woe: 80
 The worth of freedom strongly she explains,
 Whilst she bows down, and loads their necks with
 chains :

Faith, too, she plants, for her own ends imprest,
 To make them bear the worst and hope the best ;
 And whilst she teaches, on vile int'rest's plan, 85
 As laws of God, the wild decrees of man,
 Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
 She makes them ten times more the sons of Hell.

But whither do these grave reflections tend ?
 Are they design'd for any, or no end ? 90
 Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act
 Which Nature made, that by no equal pact
 'Twixt man and man, which might, if Justice heard,
 Stand good ; that by no benefits conferr'd,
 Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold 95
 The sons of India, and her mines of gold.
 Chance led her there in an accursed hour ;
 She saw, and made the country her's by pow'r ;

plantations in America. In 1788, the system was renewed by the foundation of an extensive empire in New Holland, and the interesting prospect afforded of an unlimited diffusion of the blessings of British liberty throughout the Southern Hemisphere.

Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my rash folly controvert the claim, 100
Or wish in thought that title overthrown
Which coincides with, and involves my own.

Europe discover'd India first; I found
My right to Gotham on the self same ground;
I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea 105
To her be granted, and denied to me;
I plead possession, and, till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that possession hold.
With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;
Her's be the Western world, be Gotham mine. 110

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice:
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king; 115
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let ev'ry instrument of music play,
Ancient and modern; those which drew their birth
(Punctilio's laid aside) from Pagan earth, 120
As well as those by Christian made and Jew,
Those known to many, and those known to few;
Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And those which swell the slow and solemn note;
Those which (whilst Reason stands in wonder
by) 125
Make some complexions laugh and others cry;
Those which, by some strange faculty of sound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;

Those, which can tear up forests by the roots,
 And make brutes dance like men, and men like
 brutes ; 130

Those which, whilst Ridicule leads up the dance,
 Make clowns of Monmouth, ape the fops of France ;
 Those which, where Lady Dulness with Lord Mayors
 Presides, disdaining light and trifling airs,
 Hallow the feast with psalmody, and those 135
 Which, planted in our churches to dispose
 And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd
 With what a foppish organist calls Taste :
 All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
 The pert son of dull sire, discharg'd from school, 140
 Serves an apprenticeship in college ease,
 And rises through the gamut to degrees)
 To those which (though less common, not less sweet)
 From fam'd Saint Giles's, and more fam'd Vine-street,
 (Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of Man to grant,
 Gave me an old house, and an older aunt) 146
 Thornton, whilst humour pointed out the road
 To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode ;

V. 132.] Our author, in an excursion he made to Wales, took up his residence for a few weeks in Monmouth ; the manners of the inhabitants of that town seem to have displeased the irritable bard.

V. 147.] Alluding to a very humorous burlesque " Ode on St. Cecilia's day, written by Bonnell Thornton, and adapted to the ancient British music ; viz. the salt box, the Jew's harp, the marrow bones and cleavers, the hum strum or hurdy gurdy, &c. as it was performed at Ranelagh, on June 10, 1763." The Ode is preserved in the Annual Register for that year, and exhibits strong marks of those powers of wit and pleasantry, which Thornton possessed in a high degree.

All instruments, (attend, ye list'ning Spheres,
 Attend, ye sons of men, and hear with ears) 150
 All instruments, (nor shall they seek one hand
 Impress'd from modern Music's coxcomb band)
 All instruments, self-acted, at my name
 Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
 Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe, 155
 My praises, whilst gay Nature, in a robe,
 A coxcomb doctor's robe, to the full sound
 Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice, 160
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a king:
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

It would be a piece of injustice to make any extract from so short a poem, which is too good to be mutilated, and will repay the perusal.

V. 158.] William Boyce, a celebrated musician, was born in 1710, and bound apprentice to Dr. Green, organist of St. Paul's. He was, whilst a young man, seized with an obstinate and incurable deafness; notwithstanding which defect, he continued his professional studies with surprising perseverance, and in 1749, obtained from the university of Cambridge the degree of Mus. D. In 1757, he was appointed master of the king's band, and organist and composer to his majesty. He died in 1779, and was interred in one of the vaults of St. Paul's cathedral. Only a few of his numerous compositions have been published. His songs are delicate and lively; and his anthems, symphonies, and oratorios are compositions of considerable merit. The prominent feature in his music is an unusual portion of originality.

Infancy, straining backward from the breast, 165
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
And the fond father sits on t'other side,
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with
pride. 170

Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand
Nurse stands interpreter through Gotham's land.

Childhood, who like an April morn, appears
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm, 175
In reason weak; who wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful billows of the deep,
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep;
Who, with a fev'rish appetite oppress'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd, 180
His trembling lash suspended in the air,
Half-bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth, who, fierce, fickle, insolent and vain, 185
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
Of dear regard, looks back on Childhood past,
In the mid-chase, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick spirits mount into his eye; 190
When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health;
When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,
And, ere he starts hath run o'er half the plain;

When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view,
 And in full cry the eager hounds pursue, 196
 Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
 And ev'n the huntsman stop to cry Amen.

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
 Though worlds should crack around him; on his brow
 Wisdom serene, to passion giving law, 201
 Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
 Dignity into grace by mildness wrought;
 Courage attemper'd, and refin'd by thought:
 Virtue supreme enthron'd, within his breast 205
 The image of his Maker deep imprest;
 Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
 With reason bless'd, and only less than God;
 Manhood, though weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
 Though Honour calls, in Danger's form array'd, 210
 Though cloath'd with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
 By wicked elders chain'd, Redemption waits,
 Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
 (Is't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.

V. 214.] The many Scripture allusions which occur throughout Churchill's poems, shew that he had read his bible with attention, and was not so totally deficient in every branch of his professional duty as his enemies accused him of being. The Monthly Reviewers were very wrath with him for adopting the phrase contained in this line, and are otherwise extremely severe in their strictures on the whole of this book; which they assert to be written in a style very little superior to that of Fra. Quarles or Geo. Withers. Of the third book they give a very favourable account, and bestow on it more praise than on most of the preceding poems.

Old Age, a second child, by Nature curst 215
With more and greater evils than the first :
Weak, sickly, full of pains, in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death ;
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare ; 220
Without enjoyment covetous of pelf,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself ;
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
Ev'n with the acting, on his shatter'd brain ; 225
Though the false registers of youth remain ;
From morn to ev'ning babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men, who liv'd in those rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young,
Dull repetitions falt'ring on his tongue ; 230
Praising gray hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
Ev'n whilst he curses Time, which made him gray ;
Scoffing at youth, ev'n whilst he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth restor'd,
Shall for a moment, from himself set free, 235
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 240
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Things without life shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

The snow-drop, who in habit white and plain,
 Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train: 246
 The coxcomb crocus, flow'r of simple note,
 Who, by her side struts in a herald's coat;
 The tulip, idly glaring to the view, 249
 Who, though no clown, his birth from Holland drew;

V. 250.] The mania that raged in Holland, and particularly among the inhabitants of Harlaem, for the cultivation of tulips in 1634 and the five following years, would scarcely be credited by posterity, was it not authenticated by the incontrovertible testimony of contemporary historians. The commerce of tulips can only be compared to the infatuation which pervaded the French and English nations, during the South Sea and Mississippi bubbles. The price of tulips rose to an extravagant height. Several merchants and tradesmen quitted their counting houses and shops, to devote themselves to the culture of these flowers. Munting relates the following curious bargain concluded for a single tulip called the Viceroy; the purchaser not possessing the money wherewith to pay for it, exchanged for this rare plant, 36 bushels of wheat, 72 bushels of rice, four fat oxen, a dozen fat sheep, eight fatted hogs, two hogsheads of wine, four barrels of beer, two casks of butter, one thousand pound weight of cheese, a bed, some clothes, and a large silver goblet; the whole valued at 2500 florins, or near 300*l.* of our money. About the same period, an individual offered twelve acres of rich land for one tulip bulb, which however the proprietor declined to sell at so low a price. One collection of tulips fetched at a public sale above 9000 florins. An inhabitant of Brussels possessed a small garden, the soil of which had the singular property of giving to plain tulips the most beautifully variegated colours; this man had roots sent to him from all parts, and received large annual payments for rearing them in his garden. At

Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,
 The fop of flow'rs, the More of a parterre;
 The woodbine, who her elm in marriage meets,
 And brings her dowry in surrounding sweets;
 The lily, silver, mistress of the vale, 255
 The rose of Sharon, which perfumes the gale;
 The jessamine, with which the queen of flow'rs
 To charm her god adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
 Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatness drest,
 Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast, 260
 Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
 As the pure zone, which circles Dian's waist;
 All flow'rs of various names, and various forms,
 Which the sun into strength and beauty warms, 264
 From the dwarf daisy, which, like infants, clings,
 And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,
 To the proud giant of the garden race,
 Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace.
 O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
 Demands his wedded love, and bears his name; 270
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue, 275
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,

length the tulipomania rose to such a height as to call for
 the interference of the States General, who viewing it as at-
 tended with serious injury, as well to individuals as to com-
 merce in general, checked the evil by a severe though salu-
 tary law for that purpose.

The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Forming a gloom, through which, to spleen-struck
minds,

Religion, horror stamp'd, a passage finds, 280

The ivy crawling o'er the hallow'd cell

Where some old hermit's wont his beads to tell

By day, by night ; the myrtle ever green,

Beneath whose shade Love holds his rites unseen ;

The willow, weeping o'er the fatal wave 285

Where many a lover finds a watry grave ;

The cypress, sacred held, when lovers mourn

Their true love snatch'd away ; the laurel worn

By poets in old time, but destin'd now,

In grief, to wither on a Whitehead's brow ; 290

The fig, which, large as what in India grows,

Itself a grove, gave our first parents clothes ;

The vine, which, like a blushing new-made bride,

Clust'ring, empurples all the mountain's side ;

The yew, which, in the place of sculptur'd stone,

Marks out the resting-place of men unknown ; 296

The hedge-row elm, the pine, of mountain race ;

The fir, the Scotch fir, never out of place ;

The cedar, whose top mates the highest cloud,

Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud 300

Of such a child, and his vast body laid

Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade ;

The oak, when living, monarch of the wood ;

The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood ;

All, one and all, shall in this chorus join, 305

And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness ; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 310
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

The show'rs, which make the young hills, like
young lambs,
Bound and rebound ; the old hills, like old rams,
Unwieldy, jump for joy ; the streams, which glide,
Whilst Plenty marches smiling by their side, 316
And from their bosom rising Commerce springs,
The winds, which rise with healing on their wings,
Before whose cleansing breath Contagion flies ;
The sun, who, travelling in eastern skies, 320
Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,
Though in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip, can scarce make his steeds stir,
Step by step, up the perpendicular ;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest, 325
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west
As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,
Drove for a crown, or postboys for an inn ;
The moon, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain, 330
Who to her sons, those sons who own her pow'r
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses ;
The stars, who, by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite, 336

Who, without reason, govern those who most
(How truly, judge from thence !) of reason boast,
And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own ; 340
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness ; and on ev'ry tongue, 345
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

The moment, minute, hour, day, week, month,
year,
Morning and eve, as they in turn appear ; 350
Moments and minutes, which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by parliaments to be restor'd ;
The hours, which, dress'd by turns in black and
white, 355
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on day and night ;
The day, those hours, I mean, when light presides,
And Bus'ness in a cart with Prudence rides ;
The night, those hours, I mean, with darkness
hung, 359
When Sense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue,
The morn, when Nature, rousing from her strife
With death-like sleep, awakes to second life ;
The eve, when, as unequal to the task,
She mercy from her foe descends to ask ;

The week, in which six days are kindly given 365
 To think of earth, and one to think of heav'n;
 The months, twelve sisters, all of diff'rent hue,
 Though there appears in all a likeness too;
 Not such a likeness as, through Hayman's works,
 Dull Mannerist! in Christians, Jews, and Turks,
 Cloys with a sameness in each female face, 371
 But a strange something, born of Art and Grace,
 Which speaks them all, to vary and adorn,
 At diff'rent times of the same parents born;
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join, 375
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 380
 The praises of so great and good a king;
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Frore January, leader of the year,
 Minc'd-pies in van and calves heads in the rear;

V. 369.] Hayman painted many of the pictures at Vauxhall. Throughout his works there prevails a tiresome similitude of feature. The Archer was his most capital performance, who appears, from whatever point of view he is beheld, to level his arrow at the spectator. The ingenious and unfortunate Christopher Smart alludes to this painting in the following lines:

" Though with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs and still she burns;
 Cupid shoots, like Hayman's Archer,
 Wheresoe'er the damsel turns."

Dull February, in whose leaden reign 385
 My mother bore a bard without a brain ;
 March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd
 cheeks,
 By wilder Welshmen led, and crown'd with leeks ;
 April, with fools, and May, with bastards blest ;
 June, with White Roses on her rebel breast ; 390
 July, to whom, the Dog-star in her train,
 Saint James gives oysters, and Saint Swithin rain ;
 August, who, banish'd from her Smithfield stand,
 To Chelsea flies, with Dogget in her hand ;
 September, when by custom (right divine) 395
 Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,
 Whilst the priest, not so full of grace as wit,
 Falls to unblest'd, nor gives the saint a bit ;

V. 393.] Alluding to the shortening of Bartholomew fair, and to the annual rowing match for a waterman's coat and silver badge on the 1st of August, being the anniversary of the accession of King George the first to the crown of Great Britain. This ceremony was instituted by Thomas Doggett, an actor, manager, and poet, who flourished in the early part of last century. He was, to use Sir Richard Steele's expression, a whig up to the head and ears; and shewed his attachment to the house of Hanover, by thus, during his life, celebrating its accession, and at his death bequeathing a certain sum of money, the interest of which was by him directed to be appropriated to the like purpose. The match on the river is still continued, the claimants setting out on a signal given at that time of the tide when the current is strongest against them, and rowing from the Old Swan near London bridge to the White Swan at Chelsea.

October, who the cause of freedom join'd,
 And gave a second George to bless mankind ; 400
 November, who at once to grace our earth,
 Saint Andrew boasts, and our Augusta's birth ;
 December, last of months, but best, who gave
 A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,
 Whilst, falsely grateful, man, at the full feast, 405
 To do God honour makes himself a beast ;
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice ;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice, 410
 The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a king ;
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The seasons as they roll ; Spring, by her side 415
 Lech'ry and Lent, lay-folly and church-pride,
 By a rank monk to copulation led,
 A tub of sainted salt-fish on her head :
 Summer, in light transparent gauze array'd,
 Like maids of honour at a masquerade, 420

V. 400.] George the second was born the 30th of October, 1683. The word *second* was printed in Italics in the first edition.

V. 420.] The nominal Duchess of Kingston, when Miss Chudleigh, and a maid of honour to her majesty, appeared at a masquerade in a dress composed entirely of gauze, which was so perfectly transparent as to display at the same time, the graces of her person and the disposition of her mind. We have already given a feature of this despicable woman's character in a note upon the Rosciad.

In bawdry gauze, for which our daughters leave
 The fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,
 Panting for breath, inflam'd with lustful fires,
 Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
 Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat, 425
 Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet :
 Autumn, when Nature, who with sorrow feels
 Her dread foe winter treading on her heels,
 Makes up in value what she wants in length,
 Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her strength,
 Bids corn and fruits in full perfection rise, 431
 Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without excise:
 Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
 By robes of fur, since furs became our own ;
 A hag, who, loathing all, by all is loath'd, 435
 With weekly, daily, hourly, libels cloath'd,
 Vile Faction at her heels, who, mighty grown,
 Would rule the ruler, and foreclose the throne,

V. 432.] The budget of ways and means for the year 1763, consisted among other articles of an excise upon cyder and perry. This duty met with much opposition, and remonstrances against it were presented by the city of London and the western counties. Notwithstanding the clamour it excited, the tax was persisted in until the year 1766; when it had become so universally obnoxious, as imperiously to call for a repeal.

V. 434.] Probably alluding to the recent acquisition of Canada, and the disappointment experienced by the first adventurers in the fur trade.

V. 436.] To which faction Churchill adverts is now immaterial, they were both equally personal and virulent; and the whole winter of 1763-4 teemed with libels of every description.

Would turn all state affairs into a trade,
 Make laws one day, the next to be unmade, 440
 Beggar at home, a people fear'd abroad,
 And, force defeated, make them slaves by fraud;
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice; 445
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a king; 449
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The year, grand circle! in whose ample round
 The seasons regular and fix'd are bound,
 (Who, in his course repeated o'er and o'er,
 Sees the same things which he had seen before;
 The same stars keep their watch, and the same sun
 Runs in the track where he from first hath run; 456
 The same moon rules the night; tides ebb and flow,
 Man is a puppet and this world a show;
 Their old dull follies, old dull fools pursue,
 And vice in nothing, but in mode, is new; 460
 He, — a lord (now far befall that pride,
 He liv'd a villain, but a lord he died)
 Dashwood is pious, Berkeley fix'd as Fate,
 Sandwich (thank Heav'n!) first Minister of State,

V. 461.] We are at a loss with what particular name to supply the place of this dash, and must therefore leave the reader to apply the baronial cap to the noble head which in his judgment it may chance to fit.

V. 463.] Of Lord le Despencer's abilities as a statesman enough has been said, his piety would afford an inexhaustible

And, though by fools despis'd, by saints unbless'd,
 By friends neglected, and by foes oppress'd, 466
 Scorning the servile arts of each court elf,
 Founded on honour, Wilkes is still himself)
 The year, encircled with the various train
 Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign, 470
 Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,

theme; the severities exercised by the monks of the order of St. Francis at Medmenham abbey, of which he was the founder, are referred to by our author in the poem of the Candidate. We shall here only notice the church erected by his lordship at West Wycombe, near his celebrated seat in Buckinghamshire; and which is built at the *top* of a very steep hill, for the convenience and devotion of the town at the *bottom* of it; some churches have been built from devotion, others from vanity or ostentation; this we believe to be the first church ever erected for a prospect.

V. 463.] Colonel Norborne Berkeley, in whose favor the old extinct barony of Bottetourt was revived. This mode of giving precedence, which was also adopted in favor of Sir Francis Dashwood, who thus obtained the barony of le Despencer, gave much offence to the antient nobility. The Colonel was second to Lord Talbot in his duel with Mr. Wilkes.

V. 464.] At the commencement of the Duke of Bedford's ministry, Lord Sandwich, who had been made First Lord of the Admiralty, through the interest of Lord Holland, was now appointed Secretary of State; a situation he held two years, until he was displaced by General Conway, who came in under Lord Rockingham's administration. In 1770, Lord Sandwich was again appointed First Lord of the Admiralty by the influence of his friend Lord North.

The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue, 475
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Thus far in sport—nor let our critics hence,
Who sell out Monthly trash, and call it Sense, 480
Too lightly of our present labours deem,
Or judge at random of so high a theme;
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the sharpest stroke of Satire's pen;
But when kind Time a proper season brings, 485
In serious mood to treat of serious things,
Then shall they find, disdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.

Thus far in sport—nor let half patriots, those
Who shrink from ev'ry blast of Pow'r which blows,
Who, with tame cowardice familiar grown, 491
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their
own;

Who, (lest bold truths, to do sage Prudence spite,
Should burst the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep) 495
Condemn our course, and hold our caution cheap;
When brave Occasion bids, for some great end,
When Honour calls the poet as a friend,
Then shall they find that, ev'n on danger's brink,
He dares to speak what they scarce dare to think. 500

GOTHAM.

BOOK II.

How much mistaken are the men who think
That all who will without restraint may drink;
May largely drink, ev'n till their bowels burst,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well, 5
Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell !
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, music comes of course. 10

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly, racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest ;
To know the times when Humour on the cheek 15
Of Mirth may hold her sports ; when Wit should
speak,

And when be silent ; when to use the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
“ Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air ;” 20
To form, (which few can do, and scarcely one,
One critic in an age, can find when done)

To form a plan, to strike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture shine
A full and perfect piece ; to make coy Rhime 25
Renounce her follies, and with Sense keep time ;
To make proud Sense against her nature bend,
And wear the chains of Rhime, yet call her friend.

Some fops there are, among the scribbling tribe,
Who make it all their bus'ness to describe, 30
No matter whether in or out of place ;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull Propriety in state preside 35
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide ;
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of those tame drudges, Judgment, Taste, and
Sense,

Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with person, place, and time. 40

Let liquid gold emblaze the sun at noon,
With borrow'd beams let silver pale the moon ;
Let surges hoarse lash the resounding shore,
Let streams meander, and let torrents roar ;
Let them breed up the melancholy breeze 45
To sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees ;
Let vales embroid'ry wear ; let flow'rs be ting'd
With various tints ; let clouds be lac'd or fring'd,
They have their wish ; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys ; 50
Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.

Others there are who, in one solemn pace,
 With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
 Railing at needful ornament, depend 55
 On sense to bring them to their journey's end:
 They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their course
 delay,

Nor for a moment step out of the way,
 To make the barren road those graces wear
 Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted
 there. 60

Vain Men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
 Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man;
 Who, bred 'mongst fogs in academic land,
 Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;
 Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste, 65
 Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
 And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
 The robes of Learning with a sloven's air.
 Though solid reas'ning arms each sterling line,
 Though Truth declares aloud, "This work is
 mine," 70

Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep,
 Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep.

Sense, mere dull, formal Sense, in this gay town,
 Must have some vehicle to pass her down;
 Nor can she for an hour insure her reign, 75
 Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train.
 Let her from day to day, from year to year,
 In all her grave solemnities appear,
 And, with the voice of trumpets, through the streets
 Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets; 80

Half who pass by are deaf, and t'other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd Pride!
Taking for once Experience as a guide ;
Quit this grand error, this dull college mode ; 85
Be your pursuits the same, but change the road ;
Write, or at least appear to write, with ease,
“ And if you mean to profit, learn to please.”

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name : 90
Thrice sacred is that name, thrice bless'd the man
Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a
plan !

This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
But cannot with the world promote success.
He may be strong, but, with effect to speak, 95
Should recollect his readers may be weak :
Plain rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,
Will make the sinner tremble and despair.
True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which she nobly aims, is to amend ; 100
How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that goddess, whom they'd have engage
Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise ! 105
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full and perfect blaze of light
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight ;
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence : 110

To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
Whom Art by just degrees led up to men ;
Some few, extremes well shunn'd, have steer'd be-
tween

These dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean :
Sense in their works maintains her proper state, 145
But never sleeps, or labours with her weight ;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from Sense to run astray :
So nice the master's touch, so great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare ; 150
Mutually giving, and receiving aid,
They set each other off like light and shade,
And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,
'Tis hard to say where they begin or end :
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence ; 155
Sense perfects grace, and grace enlivens sense.

Peace to the men who these high honours claim,
Health to their souls, and to their mem'ries fame :
Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach : 160
Let me at distance, with a steady eye,
Observe and mark their passage to the sky ;
From envy free, applaud such rising worth,
And praise their heav'n though pinion'd down to earth.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time, 165
Whilst spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line,
Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place. 170

Nothing of books, and little known of men,
 When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
 Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
 Rough as they run, discharge them on the town;
 Hence rude unfinish'd brats, before their time, 175
 Are born into this idle world of Rhine,
 And the poor slattern Muse is brought to bed
 " With all her imperfections on her head."
 Some, as no life appears, no pulses play
 Through the dull dubious mass, no breath makes way,

V. 171.] Notwithstanding this declaration, Churchill's reading was considerable. His knowledge was general and extensive; though not of the most profound or scientific nature. What Prior said of the Duke of Dorset, might with equal propriety be applied to our author; "*contemnebat potius literas quam nesciebat.*"

V. 173.] Churchill wrote with great rapidity, and frequently composed two hundred lines in hudibrastic measure in the course of a few hours; and no sooner were they composed than the press discharged them on the town.

V. 178.] In "The Patriot Poet, a satire inscribed to the Rev. Mr. Churchill, by a Country Curate," there occurs a happy imitation of the slovenly style too frequently adopted by our author :

" O thou sonorous Churchill, teach my line
 " To flow exuberantly wild like thine,
 " Teach me to twist a thought a thousand ways,
 " And string with idle particles my lays,
 " That one poor sentiment exhausted, when
 " The weary reader hopes a respite, then
 " I may spring on with force redoubled, till
 " I break him panting breathless to my will;
 " And make him, tired in periods of a mile,
 " Gape in deep wonder at my *rapid* style.'

Doubt, greatly doubt, till for a glass they call, 181
 Whether the child can be baptis'd at all ;
 Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
 And, granting that the child may have a name,
 Doubt, as the sex might well a midwife pose, 185
 Whether they should baptize it verse or prose.

Ev'n what my masters please ; bards, mild, meek
 men,

In love to critics stumble now and then.
 Something I do myself, and something too,
 If they can do it, leave for them to do. 190
 In the small compass of my careless page
 Critics may find employment for an age :
 Without my blunders they were all undone ;
 I twenty feed where Mason can feed one.

When Satire stoops, unmindful of her state, 195
 To praise the man I love, curse him I hate ;
 When sense, in tides of passion borne along,
 Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song :
 The censor smiles, and whilst my credit bleeds,
 With as high relish on the carrion feeds 200
 As the proud Earl fed at a turtle feast,
 Who turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,
 Ate till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,
 Yet still ate on, and dying call'd for more.

V. 181.] A common mode of ascertaining whether there are any sparks of life remaining either in an infant or adult person, is by applying a glass to the face of such person to observe whether dew settles on it, formed by the breath of the subject of the experiment.

When loose Digression, like a colt unbroke, 205
Spurning connexion and her formal yoke,
Bounds through the forest, wanders far astray
From the known path, and loves to lose her way,
'Tis a full feast to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down and bring her back. 210

When gay Description, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild,
Waking with Nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heav'n's fresh dew,
And, like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew, 216
So lightly walks she not one mark imprints,
Nor brushes off the dews, nor soils the tints;
When thus Description sports, even at the time
That drums should beat and cannons roar in
rhime, 220

Critics can live on such a fault as that
From one month to the other and grow fat.

Ye mighty Monthly Judges ! in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth
Of my materials, which against your will 225
Oft you've confess'd, and shall confess it still ;
Materials rich, though rude, inflam'd with thought,
Though more by fancy than by judgment wrought ;
Take, use them as your own, a work begin,
Which suits your genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the critic loom with critic art, 231
Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with shade,
To your dull taste a formal work is made,

And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swear it surpasses Rome, and rivals Greece. 236

Nor think this much, for at one single word,
Soon as the mighty critic fiat's heard,
Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
Order takes place, and Genius is dethron'd ! 240
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher bus'ness calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,
The good of man committed to my charge ; 245
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise ;
The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room. 250

O my poor People ! O thou wretched Earth !
To whose dear love, though not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
How, (by thy father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me, 255
Are only fathers in the best degree)

How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,
Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,
Be robb'd of vigour ; how must Freedom's pile, 261
The boast of ages, which adorn the Isle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud ;

How must that pile, by ancient Wisdom rais'd 265
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envied by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one short moment into ruins fall,
Should any slip of Stuart's tyrant race,
Or bastard or legitimate, disgrace 270
Thy royal seat of empire! but what care,
What sorrow, must be mine, what deep despair
And self-reproaches, should that hated line
Admittance gain through any fault of mine!
Curs'd be the cause whence Gotham's evils spring,
Though that curs'd cause be found in Gotham's
king. 276

Let War, with all his needy ruffian band,
In pomp of horror stalk through Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood, let all her stately tow'rs
Sink in the dust; that court which now is ours 280
Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harvests rise be brambles found;
Where vines now creep let thistles curse the
ground;
Dry in her thousand vallies be the rills; 285
Barren the cattle on her thousand hills:
Where Pow'r is plac'd let tigers prowl for prey;
Where Justice lodges let wild asses bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their nest,
And on the sails of commerce bitterns rest; 290
Be all, though princes in the earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;

Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
 Give me to chuse, see Gotham's ruin'd state
 By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down, 295
 Than live to see a Stuart wear a crown.

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's host,
 Those servants who their Maker know, who boast
 Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
 Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will; 300
 Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
 And with destruction big o'er Gotham sweep;
 Let rains rush down, till Faith, with doubtful eye,
 Looks for the sign of mercy in the sky;
 Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise; 305
 Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes;
 Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
 In the deep gulf let all my subjects sink
 Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel;
 Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel, 310
 Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,
 And, having own'd the justice of my God,
 Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
 And die with those for whom I wish to live.

This, (but may Heav'n's more merciful decrees 315
 Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)
 This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear,
 But that the Stuart race my crown should wear;
 That crown, where, highly cherish'd, Freedom shone
 Bright as the glories of the mid-day sun; 320
 Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud misrule,
 Should make brave freeborn men, like boys at
 school,

To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
 The lab'ring brain is ev'n to madness brought
 By the dread vision ; at the mere surmise 325
 The thronging spirits, as in tumult, rise ;
 My heart as for a passage, loudly beats,
 And turn me where I will, distraction meets.

O, my brave fellows ! great in arts and arms,
 The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms 330
 To high atchievements ; can your spirits bend,
 Through base control, (ye never can descend
 So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
 Or let in Freedom's seat a Stuart reign ?
 If Fame, who hath for ages, far and wide, 335
 Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,
 The tyranny and falsehood of those lords,
 Contents you not, search England's fair records ;
 England, where first the breath of life I drew,
 Where next to Gotham, my best love is due ; 340
 There once they rul'd, though crush'd by William's
 hand,
 They rul'd no more to curse that happy land.

The first, who, from his native soil remov'd,
 Held England's sceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd :

V. 343.] To confirm this faithful character of James the First, we must refer our readers not to Hume, whose national and political prejudices concurred in prompting him to palliate the vices of all the Stuarts; but to his countryman Bishop Burnet, who honestly avows *his* prejudices, but wants the art and ingenuity of a Hume to gloss them over, and deceive the unwary reader with a shew of impartiality. Hume's character of James the First is an insult to every

Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which
spring 345

In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king :
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-face tyrant with applause ;
On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
And Craft oft gave what Wisdom oft denied. 350

Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest
In blessing those around him ; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room ;
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live, 355
Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile ; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure 360
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death, who gave him life :
Nay, by fond Fear, and fond Ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was
shed.

man of understanding, who has made that disgraceful reign an object of his research ; facts are distorted, omitted, doubted, or contradicted, as they tend to the dishonour of that monarch ; whilst the praises of sagacity, learning and humanity are with no sparing hand bestowed upon the most contemptible of sovereigns. Burnet sums up the habitual character of James in these few words, " his reign in England was one continued course of mean practices."

V. 364.] Secretary Cecil, who had been a principal agent in the proceedings against Mary Queen of Scots, was con-

Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's throne,
 He fill'd her court with beggars from his own : 366
 Turn where you would the eye with Scots was caught,
 Or English knaves, who would be Scotsmen thought,
 To vain expence unbounded loose he gave,
 The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave ; 370
 On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
 And damn'd those senates rich, whom poor he prais'd :
 From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
 On foreign bounty whilst a daughter fed,
 He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men 375
 Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport ;
 Book-worms and catamites engross'd the court :
 Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
 The pedant scholar, he forgot the prince ; 380
 And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
 Ne'er learn'd, nor wish'd to learn, the arts to reign.
 Enough he knew, to make him vain and proud,
 Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd ;
 False friend, false son, false father, and false king, 385
 False wit, false statesman, and false ev'ry thing :

tinued in his employments by her son, and enjoyed his confidence on his accession to the throne of England.

V. 375.] The sums of money liberally voted by parliament for the support of the Elector Palatine, titular king of Bohemia, the son in law of James, were shamelessly squandered among his minions.

V. 377.] King James was early initiated into that species of kingcraft which consists in denying, or suffering to be imputed to the servants of the crown, conduct which might too palpably disgrace the wearer of it.

V. 385.] Speaking of the sudden death of Henry Prince of

When he should act he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote when he should save the state.

Religious, if religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him; 390
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for religion's sake, but argument;
More vain if some sly, artful, High-Dutch slave,
Or, from the Jesuit school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd 395
By his full soldiership, worlds hail'd him Lord.

Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The pow'r, without control, of doing ill;
But what he wish'd, what he made bishops preach,
And statesmen warrant, hung within his reach, 400
He dar'd not seize; fear gave, to gall his pride,
That freedom to the realm his will denied.

Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty, of his own mean arts

Wales, whom contemporary writers agree in representing as having by his superior abilities incurred the fear, envy, and hatred of his father, Hume observes, that "the bold and criminal malignity of men's tongues spared not even the king on the occasion."

V. 40.] The following anecdote has been often related of James the First's influence as a negotiator. In a farce acted at Brussels, a courier was introduced bringing the doleful news that the Palatinate would soon be wrested from the house of Austria, so powerful were the succours which from all quarters were hastening to the relief of the despoiled elector. The king of Denmark had agreed to contribute to his assistance one hundred thousand pickled herrings; the Dutch one hundred thousand butter-firkins; and the king of Eng-

He fell the dupe : peace was his coward-care, 405
 Ev'n at a time when justice call'd for war :
 His pen he'd draw to prove his lack of wit,
 But rather than unsheath the sword, submit.
 Truth fairly must record ; and, pleas'd to live
 In league with mercy, justice may forgive 410
 Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
 But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.

At length, (with white let Freedom mark that
 year)

Not fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,
 Not lov'd by those whom most he wish'd to love,
 He went to answer for his faults above, 416
 To answer to that God from whom alone
 He claim'd to hold and to abuse the throne,
 Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,
 The bloody legacy of Right Divine. 420

With many virtues which a radiance fling
 Round private men, with few which grace a king,
 And speak the monarch, at the time of life
 When passion holds with reason doubtful strife,
 Succeeded Charles, by a mean sire undone, 425
 Who envied virtue even in a son.

land one hundred ambassadors. On other occasions he was painted with a scabbard, but without a sword; or with a sword which nobody could draw, though several were pulling at it.

V. 412.] The mean sacrifice of Raleigh after a confinement of thirteen years, to the fears and resentment of the Spanish court, is too generally known and detested to require any farther illustration here.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild ;
 He took the man up ere he left the child ;
 His soul was eager for imperial sway
 Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey. 430
 Surrounded by a fawning, flatt'ring throng,
 Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong ;
 Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
 And all his follies let to run to seed.

What ills from such beginnings needs must spring ?
 What ills to such a land from such a king ! 436
 What could she hope ! what had she not to fear !
 Base Buckingham possess'd his youthful ear ;

V. 438.] George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, raised to that exalted rank from the condition of a page, by the infatuated and perverted affection of James, succeeded to an uncontrouled influence over the more amiable Charles, and was a principal cause of the early unpopularity of his young master. " Buckingham was in no wise intitled by his birth, age, services, or merit to the unlimited confidence reposed in him. To be sacrificed to the interest, policy, and ambition of the great, is so much the common lot of the people, that they may appear unreasonable who pretend to complain of it: but to be the victim of the frivolous gallantry of a favourite, and of his boyish caprices, seemed the object of peculiar indignation."

HUME.

The following lines, written by our author, were engraved on a cup of 50*l.* value, presented by a Mr. Stephenson of Ludgate Hill to Mr. Wilkes:

Proud Buckingham, for law too mighty grown,
 A patriot dagger prob'd, and from the throne
 Sever'd its minion. In succeeding times
 May all those fav'rites who adopt his crimes,

Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne
 Engross'd his love, and made him all their own ; 440
 Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
 The trait'rous doctrine taught by Tories now;
 Each strove t'undo him in his turn and hour,
 The first with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.

Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne!)
 That all mankind were made for kings alone, 446
 That subjects were but slaves, and what was whim,
 Or worse, in common men, was law in him ;
 Drunk with Prerogative, which Fate decreed
 To guard good kings, and tyrants to mislead ; 450
 Which in a fair proportion to deny
 Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high
 No good can wish, no coward king can dare,
 And held too high no English subject bear ;
 Besieg'd by men of deep and subtle arts, 455
 Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
 Who saw his weakness, made their king their tool,
 Then most a slave when most he seem'd to rule :
 Taking all public steps for private ends,
 Deceiv'd by favorites, whom he call'd friends. 460
 He had not strength enough of soul to find
 That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,
 Sink their great state, and stamp their fame un-
 done,
 When what was meant for all, they give to one.

Partake his fate, and every Villiers feel
 The keen deep searchings of a Felton's steel.

List'ning uxorious whilst a woman's prate 465
 Modell'd the church and parcell'd out the state,
 Whilst (in the state not more than women read)
 High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious head.
 Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes,
 Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries; 470
 Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)
 He heard a nation, hearing one or two ;
 Taught by state-quacks himself secure to think,
 And out of danger ev'n on danger's brink ;
 Whilst pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand, 475
 Whilst murmurs ran through an insulted land,
 As if to sanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,
 He proudly sought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
 Did England, crush'd by pow'r, and aw'd by fears,

V. 465.] The intriguing character and religious prejudices of Henrietta, contributed in no small degree to the melancholy fate of her deluded husband. Her unconquerable spirit sustained her under the most aggravated circumstances of poverty and distress, which she endured for a series of years; but her fortitude was at length amply recompensed by witnessing the restoration of her son; an event which she survived upwards of nine years, during which period she resumed her influence over the affairs of England, and by her rooted predilection for France and Popery, rendered her eldest son odious, and paved the way for the removal of her youngest.

V. 479.] From 1628 to 1640 no parliament was summoned, and every endeavour was in that interval used to obtain money from the people, without their consent by their representatives. Arbitrary courts were erected, and the power of others enlarged; such were the high commission court, the star chamber, the court of honour, the court of wards, the court of

Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's root,
Lament her senates lost, her Hampden mute: 482
Illegal taxes and oppressive loans.

In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans ;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell, 485
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state,
New courts were rais'd to give new doctrines weight ;
State-Inquisitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd Star-Chambers made or rul'd the law ; 490
Juries were pack'd, and judges were unsound ;
Through the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth
He hated senates, for they told him truth :
At length against his will compell'd to treat, 495
Those whom he could not fright he strove to cheat,
With base dissembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And often giving, often broke his word.

requests, &c. Patents and monopolies of almost every article were sold to individuals, to the great injury of the public; knighthood, coat and conduct money, and many other illegal methods were revived to extort money from the people, in order to support the profusion of the court.

V. 491.] Lord Keeper Finch invented the famous expedient of ship money, and by his solicitation and importunities prevailed upon the major part of the judges of Westminster Hall, to declare for law in Hampden's case: that, "for the supply of shipping to defend the nation, the king might impose a tax upon the people: that he was to be judge of the necessity of such supply, and of the quantity to be imposed for it; and that he might imprison as well as distrain in case of refusal." Croke and Hutton were the only judges who ventured to dissent from this doctrine.

Oh where shall hapless Truth for refuge fly,
If kings, who should protect her, dare to lie? 500

Those who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their country's good their monarch's fame;
Those who were anxious for his safety; those
Who were induc'd by duty to oppose,
Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown, 505
He held as foes and traitors to his throne,
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of saving him was gone and past; till pow'r
Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain. 510

Hence (be that curse confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War, arose;
All acts of outrage and all acts of shame
Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with honour's name:
Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand, 515
Spread universal havoc through the land;
With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,
In public rage all private love was sunk;
Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,
And the son's weapon drank the father's blood: 520
Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign
Should last no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

V. 500.] John King of France being dissuaded by his council from his intended journey to England, where he had formerly been captive, under an apprehension that advantage might be taken by Edward, in the treaty then negotiating, of the circumstance of his enemy being in his power, made this noble reply: "that though good faith were banished from the rest of the earth, she ought still to retain her habitation in the breast of princes."

Yet grieve not, Charles! nor thy hard fortunes
 blame;
 They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.
 Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
 From which the sun in glory is not clear. 540
 Hadst thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath;
 At Nature's call hadst thou laid down in death,
 As in a sleep, thy name by Justice borne
 On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
 Pity, the virtue of a gen'rous soul, 545
 Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.
 Misfortunes gave what virtue could not give,
 And bade, the tyrant slain, the martyr live.

V. 548.] Warburton, in a sermon he preached before the House of Lords, on the 30th of January, thus ably delineates the character of Charles.

“ The king had many virtues, but all of so unsociable a turn as to do him neither service nor credit.”

“ His religion, in which he was sincerely zealous, was overrun with scruples; and the simplicity if not the purity of his morals was debased by casuistry.

“ His natural affections (a rare virtue in that high situation) were so excessive, as to render him a slave to all his kin; and his social, so moderate, as only to enable him to lament, not to preserve, his friends and servants.

“ His knowledge was extensive though not exact, and his courage clear though not keen; yet his modesty far surpassing his magnanimity, his knowledge only made him obnoxious to the doubts of his more ignorant ministers; and his courage to the irresolutions of his less adventurous generals.

“ In a word, his princely qualities were neither great enough nor bad enough to succeed in that most difficult of all attempts, the enslaving a free and jealous people.”

Ye Princes of the earth ! ye mighty few !
Who worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue ; 550
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate ;
Who own no law, no reason, but your will,
And scorn restraint, though 'tis from doing ill ;
Who of all passions groan beneath the worst, 555
Then only bless'd when they make others curst ;
Think not, for wrongs like these, unscourg'd to live ;
Long may ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive ;
But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay ; 560
Nor think, that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone ;
No ; like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins
In the son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes 565
Shall call down vengeance ev'n to latest times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home, 570
Of majesty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Not daring, like a king, to reign or die,
Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
More at his people's seeking than his own,
Another Charles succeeded. In the school 575
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent
To shame their country on the Continent,

From love of England by long absence wean'd,
 From ev'ry court he ev'ry folly glean'd, 580
 And was. so close do evil habits cling,
 Till crown'd a beggar, and when crown'd no king.

Those grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n de-
 sign'd

An instance of his mercy to mankind
 Were lost, in storms of dissipation hurl'd, 585
 Nor would he give one hour to bless a world ;
 Lighter than levity which strides the blast,
 And of the present fond, forgets the past,
 He chang'd and chang'd, but ev'ry hope to curse,
 Chang'd only from one folly to a worse : 590
 State he resign'd to those whom state could please ;
 Careless of majesty, his wish was ease ;
 Pleasure, and pleasure only, was his aim ;
 Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame :
 Dignity through his reign was made a sport, 595
 Nor dar'd Decorum shew her face at court :
 Morality, was held a standing jest,
 And faith, a necessary fraud at best :
 Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
 Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too : 600
 Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
 Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
 (So ripe was folly, folly to acquit)
 Stood all absolv'd in that poor bawble, wit.

In gratitude, alas! but little read, 605
 He let his father's servants beg their bread,

V. 606.] The Cavaliers were much disappointed at the neglect their claims experienced at the restoration, and expressed great

His father's faithful servants and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counsels he embrac'd through indolence,
Through love of ease, and not through want of sense;
He saw them wrong, but rather let them go 611
As right, than take the pains to make them so.

Women rul'd all, and ministers of state
Were for commands at toilets forc'd to wait :
Women, who have as monarchs grac'd the land, 615
But never govern'd well at second hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier ;

dissatisfaction at the preferments bestowed upon the presbyterians, whose return to royalty was thus conciliated and confirmed. They said of the "act of oblivion and of indemnity," that the King had passed an act of oblivion for his friends, and of indemnity for his enemies.

The celebrated Dr. Isaac Barrow, in a neat distich, conveyed his sense of the inattention he experienced—

*Te magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo,
Et nemo sensit te rediisse minus.*

Oh how my breast did ever burn
To see my lawful king return ;
Yet, whilst his happy fate I bless,
No one has felt his influence less.

V. 618.] Dunkirk, which was delivered to Cromwell in 1658, was, in 1652, sold by Charles II. to the French for 400,000*l.* which sum was immediately squandered away upon his mistresses and their creatures.

V. 618.] Tangiers, in Africa, formed a part of the Dowry brought by Catherine of Portugal to Charles II. Vast sums of money were expended on the fortifications during the space of twenty years, when to save the necessity of calling a parliament

In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain, 620
Amboyna stands—Gods! that a king should hold
In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be so careless found,
That when the blood of subjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their
cry, 625

And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,
And butcher'd subjects wander'd unatond !
Oh dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all ! to him deep shame ! 630
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
Av'rice is that which least becomes a king.

To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which through his reign he little understood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim 635
He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim,

for the purpose of obtaining farther supplies, Lord Dartmouth was sent with a fleet to destroy the works, and to bring home all the men, which was effected in 1681.

V. 621.] The poet is guilty of an anachronism in imputing to Charles II. a tame submission to insult of which no one but a James could have been guilty. The dreadful cruelties inflicted by the Dutch upon the English at Amboyna in 1622, were never surpassed under the Roman Emperors, nor in the cells of the inquisition. A detailed account of the transaction may be found in the first volume of Harris's Collection of Voyages. As characteristic of the Dutch nation it is worthy of perusal, but too shocking to admit of an extract.

And having made time-serving senates bow,
Suddenly died, that brother best knew how.

No matter how—he slept amongst the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his stead : 640
But such a reign—so glaring an offence
In ev'ry step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense,
'Gainst all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,
'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
That the relation would mere fiction seem, 645
The mock creation of a poet's dream ;
And the poor bard's would, in this sceptic age,
Appear as false as *their* historian's page.

Ambitious folly seiz'd the seat of wit,
Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit ; 650
Pride without sense, without religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the commonweal ;
Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of kings the pow'r of God ;

V. 638.] This line appears to imply that Charles was poisoned by his brother ; his death was certainly sudden, attended with some suspicious appearances, and happened at a critical period ; but Burnet, who cannot be accused of partiality to James, admits that he never heard any one suspect him of being accessory to his brother's death.

V. 648.] Mr. Hume, in his history of the House of Stuart, which he published before that of the House of Tudor, has omitted no opportunity that offered for defending or palliating the arbitrary proceedings under the Scottish dynasty, and very ingeniously endeavours to prove that the cruelties exercised by the Dutch on the English factors, at Amboyna, *could* not be resented as they ought.

Conscience and fame were sacrific'd to Rome, 655
And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb.

Her laws despis'd, her constitution wrench'd
From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's suff'rance, conscience forc'd,
And healing justice from the crown divorc'd, 660
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her patriot Bishops sentenc'd to the Tow'r,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,
She wept—but wept not long; to arms she flew,
At Honour's call th' avenging sword she drew, 666
Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
And sent him in despair to beg his bread;
Whilst she, (may ev'ry state in such distress
Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)
Whilst she, (may Gotham, should my abject mind
Chuse to enslave rather than free mankind, 672
Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)
Whilst she, (through ev'ry age in ev'ry land,
Written in gold, let Revolution stand)
Whilst she, secur'd in liberty and law,
Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau. 678

V. 662.] Alluding to the circumstances attending the trial, imprisonment, and acquittal of the seven Bishops, and to James the Second's violent proceedings against the fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, to compel them to elect a Roman Catholic for their president.

G O T H A M.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond mother from herself depart ?
Can she forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give, 5
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live ?
Yes, from herself the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed, 10
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live ;
But I cannot forget, whilst life remains,
And pours her current through these swelling veins,
Whilst Mem'ry offers up at Reason's shrine ; 15
But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.

Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast tear her young child,
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone ? 20
Yes, the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast may tear her child,
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone ;

But I, (forbid it, Heav'n!) but I can ne'er 25
The love of Gotham from this bosom tear;
Can ne'er so far true royalty pervert
From its fair course, to do my people hurt.

With how much ease, with how much confidence,
As if, superior to each grosser sense 30
Reason had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifest her will, and be obey'd,
Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind; with how much ease,
In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw, 35
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!

In empire young, scarce warm on Gotham's throne,
The dangers and the sweets of pow'r unknown,
Pleas'd, though I scarce know why, like some young
child,

Whose little senses each new toy turns wild, 40
How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,
And wanton with dominion, how lay down,
Without the sanction of a precedent,
Rules of most large and absolute extent;
Rules, which from sense of public virtue spring, 45
And all at once commence a patriot king!

But, for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are stak'd on me, and all their weal or woe
Must from my good or evil conduct flow, 50
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I assume that name, deserve it too?
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble, part
I'm now to play? have I explor'd my heart,

That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell, 55
 Where, unsuspected ev'n by me, may dwell
 Ten thousand follies? have I found out there
 What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
 Have I trac'd ev'ry passion to its rise,
 Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treach'rous vice? 60
 Have I familiar with my nature grown?
 And am I fairly to myself made known?

A patriot king—why, 'tis a name which bears
 The more immediate stamp of Heav'n; which
 wears

The nearest, best, resemblance we can show 65
 Of God above, through all his works below.

To still the voice of discord in the land,
 To make weak Faction's discontented band,
 Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
 With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey; 70
 Like brethren, in the self-same int'rests warm'd,
 Like diff'rent bodies with one soul inform'd;
 To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
 All meaner thought, grow up in common love;
 To give the laws due vigour, and to hold 75
 That secret balance, temperate, yet bold,
 With such an equal hand, that those who fear
 May yet approve, and own my justice clear;
 To be a common father, to secure
 The weak from violence, from pride the poor; 80
 Vice and her sons to banish in disgrace,
 To make Corruption dread to show her face;
 To bid afflicted Virtue take new state,
 And be at last acquainted with the great;

Of all religions to elect the best, 85
 Nor let her priests be made a standing jest ;
 Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,
 To love the arts, nor let the artists starve ;
 To make fair plenty through the realm increase,
 Give fame in war, and happiness in peace ; 90
 To see my people virtuous, great and free,
 And know that all those blessings flow from me ;
 O ! 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought
 Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought ;
 'Tis a great, glorious task, for man too hard, 95
 But no less great, less glorious, the reward ;
 The best reward which here to man is giv'n,
 'Tis more than earth, and little short of heav'n ;
 A task (if such comparison may be)
 The same in nature, diff'ring in degree, 100
 Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
 Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.

How much do they mistake, how little know
 Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which
 flow

From royalty, who fancy that a crown, 105
 Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down !
 With outside shew, and vain appearance caught,
 They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,
 Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
 One of the many cares which lurk behind. 110
 The gem they worship which a crown adorns,
 Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
 Oh, might reflection folly's place supply !
 Would we one moment use her piercing eye,

Then should we know what woe from grandeur
springs, 115

And learn to pity, not to envy kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear, 120
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his bus'ness, and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.

Call'd up by health he rises with the day, 125
And goes to work, as if he went to play,
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake ;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards
faint,

Harden'd by constant use, without complaint 130
He bears what we should think it death to bear :
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare ;
His thirst he slakes at some pure neighb'ring
brook,

Nor asks for sauce where Appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the sun retires 135
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,
At distance catch, and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean coarse food 140
Which, season'd with good humour, his fond bride
'Gainst his return is happy to provide ;

Then, free from care, and free from thought, he
creeps

Into his straw, and till the morning sleeps.

Not so the king—with anxious cares oppress 145
His bosom labours, and admits not rest :
A glorious wretch ; he sweats beneath the weight
Of majesty, and gives up ease for state :
Ev'n when his smiles, which by the fools of pride
Are treasur'd and preserv'd from side to side, 150
Fly round the court, ev'n when compell'd by form ;
He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm ;
Care, like a spectre, seen by him alone,
With all her nest of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view ; when night bids sleep,
Sweet nurse of Nature, o'er the seasons creep ; 156
When Misery herself no more complains,
And slaves, if possible, forget their chains ;
Though his sense weakens, though his eyes grow
dim,

That rest, which comes to all, comes not to him. 160
Ev'n at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids
The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids ;
From night to night she watches at his bed ;
Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his head ;
Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings, 165
Croaks forth aloud—Sleep was not made for kings.

V. 166.] “ Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoaky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,

Thrice hath the moon, who governs this vast
 ball,
 Who rules most absolute o'er me and all ;
 To whom, by full conviction, taught to bow,
 At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow ; 170
 Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,
 Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice re-
 new'd,
 Since, (blessed be that season, for before
 I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,
 One of the herd, a lump of common clay, 175
 Inform'd with life, to die and pass away)
 Since I became a king, and Gotham's throne,
 With full and ample pow'r, became my own ;

And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch case, or a common larum bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly death itself awakes ?
 Can'st thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude,
 And, in the calmest and most stilled night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ?" *Shaks. Hen. IV. part 2.*

V. 168.] The author's avowal of his own lunacy must plead his
 apology for imputing a similar misfortune to the rest of mankind.

Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,
 Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd, 180
 Since sleep, kind sleep ! who like a friend supplies
 New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes :
 Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,
 And I am made an instrument to bless
 The people whom I love, shall I repine ; 185
 Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.

Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,
 Of millions lord, sole ruler in the land,
 Let me, and Reason shall her aid afford,
 Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord. 190
 With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown
 Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown
 'Gainst faults in other men, yet all the while
 Meets his own vices with a partial smile.
 How can a king (yet on record we find 195
 Such kings have been, such curses of mankind)
 Enforce that law 'gainst some poor subject elf
 Which Conscience tells him he hath broke him-
 self ?

Can he some petty rogue to justice call
 For robbing one, when he himself robs all ? 200
 Must not, unless extinguish'd, conscience fly
 Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,
 'To scourge th' oppressor, when the state, distress'd
 And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd ?
 Against himself doth he not sentence give ; 205
 If one must die, t'other's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
 Which takes not solid virtue for its ground,

All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would perish to obtain. 210
Nor can those spirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be hush'd to peace, but when fair legal sway
Makes it their real int'rest to obey,
When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not less in virtue, than in pow'r, excel. 216

Be that my object, that my constant care,
And may my soul's best wishes center there ;
Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign, 220
And to those virtues which from reason spring,
And grace the man, join those which grace the
king.

First, (for strict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with servants keep a steady hand, 225
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
First, (and that method reason shall support)
Before I look into and purge my court,
Before I cleanse the stable of the state
Let me fix things which to myself relate : 230
That done, and all accounts well settled here,
In resolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye slaves! who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be villains when your king is just.

Are there, amongst those officers of state, 235
To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm ;

Are there who, trusting to our love of ease,
 Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees, 240
 And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
 To speak a language which they never meant;
 Are there such men, and can the fools depend
 On holding out in safety to their end?
 Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,
 Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me, 246
 To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,
 And live a stranger where I ought to rule?
 What! to myself and to my state unjust,
 Shall I from ministers take things on trust, 250
 And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
 Depend upon dependents of my own?
 Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
 Not use my judgment, but depend on theirs?
 Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with state, 255
 Have nothing, but the name of being great;
 Attend at councils which I must not weigh,
 Do what they bid, and what they dictate, say,
 Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
 Only to be a royal cypher there? 260
 Perish the thought—'tis treason to my throne—
 And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be
 known
 Insults me more than he, who leagu'd with Hell,
 Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.

V. 250.] The ideal king of Gotham seems occasionally desirous of reminding the reader that it is in England he writes, and observes some of those errors in government which are to prove

The wicked statesman, whose false heart pursues
 A train of guilt; who acts with double views, 266
 And wears a double face; whose base designs
 Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
 Ev'n whilst he seems his wishes to support;
 Who seizes all departments; packs a court; 270
 Maintains an agent on the judgment-seat
 To screen his crimes, and make his frauds com-
 plete;

New-models armies, and around the throne
 Will suffer none but creatures of his own;
 Conscious of such his baseness, well may try, 275
 Against the light to shut his master's eye,
 To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from those
 Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,
 Nor ever let him in one place appear, 279
 Where truth, unwelcome truth, may wound his ear.

Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves pro-
 claim,

And, whilst they publish, baulk their author's aim.
 Kings must be blind into such snares to run,
 Or, worse, with open eyes must be undone.
 The minister of honesty and worth 285
 Demands the day to bring his actions forth;
 Calls on the sun to shine with fiercer rays,
 And braves that trial which must end in praise.
 None fly the day, and seek the shades of night,
 But those whose actions cannot bear the light; 290

warnings to him in the administration of the empire he has as-
 sumed.

None wish their king in ignorance to hold
 But those who feel that knowledge must unfold
 Their hidden guilt ; and, that dark mist dispell'd
 By which their places and their lives are held,
 Confusion wait them, and, by justice led, 295
 In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
 Where kings have oft been lost, shall I submit,
 And rust in chains like these ? shall I give way,
 And whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey 300
 To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance sit down,
 Nor dare assert the honour of my crown ?
 When stern rebellion, (if that odious name
 Justly belongs to those whose only aim
 Is to preserve their country ; who oppose, 305
 In honour leagu'd, none but their country's foes ;
 Who only seek their own, and found their cause
 In due regard for violated laws)

When stern rebellion, who no longer feels
 Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels, 310
 A nation up in arms, though strong not proud,
 Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
 For due redress, presents, from truth's fair pen,
 A list of wrongs, not to be borne by men :
 How must that king be humbled, how dis-
 grace 315

All that is royal in his name and place,
 Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance
 No other plea but that of ignorance !
 A vile defence, which, was his all at stake,
 The meanest subject well might blush to make ; 320

A filthy source, from whence shame ever springs;
A stain to all, but most a stain to kings.

The soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for knowledge, rests not till inform'd;
And shall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal, 325
Feel those brave passions which my subjects feel?
Or can a just excuse from ign'rance flow
To me, whose first great duty is—to know?

Hence, Ignorance:—thy settled, dull, blank eye,
Would hurt me, though I knew no reason why—
Hence, Ignorance!—thy slavish shackles bind 331
The free-born soul, and lethargise the mind—
Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with scorn
On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
That grave inflexibility of soul 335

Which Reason can't convince, nor fear controul;
Which neither arguments, nor pray'rs can reach,
And nothing less than utter ruin teach—
Hence, Ignorance!—hence to that depth of night
Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of
light 340

May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell
Where monks with superstition love to dwell;
Or in some college sooth thy lazy pride,
And with the heads of colleges reside;
Fit mate for Royalty thou canst not be, 345
And if no mate for kings, no mate for me.

Come, Study! like a torrent swell'd with rains,
Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains,
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind; 350

Come, Study!—painful though thy course, and
slow;

Thy real worth by thy effects we know—

Parent of Knowledge, come—not thee I call

Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall

Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping, weigh 355

Things which, when found, thy labours can't repay—

Nor in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,

A rod; in t'other, gaudily array'd,

A hornbook, gilt and letter'd, call I thee,

Who dost in form preside o'er A, B, C— 360

Nor (Siren though thou art, and thy strange charms,

As 'twere by magic, lure men to thine arms):

Do I call thee, who, through a winding maze,

A labyrinth of puzzling pleasing ways,

Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains 365

Where, in full glory, real Science reigns;

Fair though thou art, and lovely to mine eye,

Though full rewards in thy possession lie

To crown man's wish, and do thy fav'rites grace,

Though (was I station'd in an humbler place) 370

I could be ever happy in thy sight,

Toil with thee all the day, and through the night,

Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,

Fast rivetted on science, sleep defy,

Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)

Must I thy sweet society forego, 376

And to some happy rival's arms resign

Those charms which can, alas! no more be mine.

No more from hour to hour, from day to day,

Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way 380

Where eager love of science calls ; no more
 Attempt those paths which men ne'er trod before ;
 No more the mountain scal'd, the desert crost,
 Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,
 Travel through woods, through wilds, from morn to
 night, 385

From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
 And having found thee, lay me down content,
 Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.

Farewell, ye Muses too,—for such mean things
 Must not presume to dwell with mighty kings— 390
 Farewell, ye Muses !—though it cuts my heart,
 Ev'n to the quick, we must for ever part.

When the fresh morn bade lusty Nature wake ;
 When the birds, sweetly twitt'ring through the
 brake,
 Tune their soft pipes ; when from the neighb'ring
 bloom 395

Sipping the dew, each zephyr stole perfume ;
 When all things with new vigour were inspir'd,
 And seem'd to say they never cou'd be tir'd,
 How often have we stray'd, whilst sportive rhyme
 Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
 O'er hill, o'er dale, how often laugh'd to see 401
 Yourselves made visible to none but me,
 The clown, his works suspended, gape and stare,
 And seem'd to think that I convers'd with air.

When the sun, beating on the parched soil, 405
 Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil ;
 When a faint languor crept through ev'ry breast,
 And things most us'd to labour wish'd for rest,

How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
 Where safe, and fearless of the impious stroke, 410
 Some sacred Dryad liv'd : or in some grove
 Where, with capricious fingers, Fancy wove
 Her fairy bow'r, whilst Nature all the while
 Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a smile,
 Have we held converse sweet ! how often laid, 415
 Fast by the Thames, in Ham's inspiring shade,
 Amongst those poets which make up your train,
 And, after death, pour forth the sacred strain,
 Have I, at your command, in verse grown grey,
 But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay 420
 Which might have drawn an angel from his
 sphere,

And kept him from his office list'ning here.

When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,
 Led on by Silence to resume her reign,

V. 422.] The two following lines were intended to close this sentence, but Churchill did not think proper to print them :

Whilst Pope with envy stung, inflamed with pride,
 Pip'd to the vacant air on t'other side.

We have before remarked the preference Churchill entertained for Dryden as an original poet when compared with Pope: the writings of the latter, almost the only truly correct, elegant, and highly finished poems in our language, breathe the purest morality, the most perfect humanity and benevolence. In the commerce of life however he shewed himself not scrupulously moral, and was a selfish, splenetic, malevolent being. The friends, whom most he loved, were the sworn enemies of the liberties of his country, Atterbury, Oxford, and Bolingbroke, on whom he lavished the sweet incense of a delicate, exquisite praise, which ought only to have been the meed of virtue. That Bolingbroke

With darkness covering, as with a robe, 425
The scene of levity, blank'd half the globe,

thought for him is generally admitted; and therefore Pope might very well say, speaking of his grotto at Twickenham,

Here, nobly pensive, St. John sate and thought.

St. John continued in his exile, the guide, philosopher and friend of Pope, sent him from France the plan of the Essay on Man, and even sketched out the ornaments. The reasoning part of it the poet did not at first comprehend. Bolingbroke's posthumous works, and the *first* edition of the Essay, fully prove this. Instead of

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan—

It was at first published,

A mighty maze! of walks without a plan.

In the fourth epistle likewise these lines of the first edition,

God sends not ill, 'tis nature lets it fall,
Or chance escape, and man improves it all,

were in the later editions altered to the four following:

God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improved it all.

Crousaz wrote against the first impression of the Essay; Warburton ingeniously defended the poem from one of the subsequent editions of it.

Time has now fixed the standard of public opinion respecting Pope, to whom may be applied the observation of a celebrated foreign writer on the literary character of Fontenelle, "*Il a été sans contredit au dessus de tous les sçavans (poetes) qui n'ont pas eu le don de l'intention.*"

How oft, enchanted with your heav'nly strains,
Which stole me from myself; which in soft chains
Of music bound my soul; how oft have I,
Sounds more than human floating through the sky,
Attentive sat, whilst Night, against her will, 431
Transported with the harmony, stood still!
How oft in raptures, which man scarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there,
Still heard their music, and, as mute as death, 435
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
Lest, breathing all too rudely, I should wound
And mar that magic excellence of sound;
Then, Sense returning with return of day,
Have chid the night, which fled so fast away. 440
Such my pursuits, and such my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy, sure,
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays) 445
With some few friends, and some small share of
praise,
Beneath oppression, undisturb'd by strife,
In peace I trod the humble vail of life.
Farewell these scenes of ease, this tranquil state;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait: 450
Light toys from this day forth I disavow;
They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now:
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix disgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land 455
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand,

Are all engross'd ; each private view withstood,
And task'd to labour for the public good :
Be this my study ; to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action, tend. 460

Let me the page of history turn o'er,
Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former kings ; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame ; and from the sacred tomb 465
Where righteous monarchs sleep, where laurels
bloom

Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly 470
Quick as a post which travels day and night ;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight ;
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that monarchs are for action made.

When am'rous Spring, repairing all his charms, 475
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to some lecher sold,
Three wretched months, she lay benumb'd, and
cold ;

When the weak flow'r, which, shrinking from the
breath

Of the rude North, and timorous of death, 480
To its kind mother earth for shelter fled,
And on her bosom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afresh, and, cheer'd by milder skies,
Bids in full splendour all her beauties rise,

The hive is up in arms—expert to teach, 485
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch ;
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
The bee goes forth ; from herb to herb she flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treasur'd sweets, robbing those flow'rs, which,
left, 491

Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth she flit on Pleasure's silken wing ; 495
Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring
Unruffled pass, and on the downy breast
Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest :
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
Which chemist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse 500
Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils :
Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,
And to the stock she brings her booty home.

Be this my pattern—as becomes a king, 505
Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing :
Let mine eye, like the lightning, through the earth
Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man,
Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan, 510
Escape my note : be all, from the first day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From those whom Time, at the desire of Fame,
Hath spar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame :

From those who, not in mercy, but in rage, 515
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, lesson'd to distil,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill :
Nor let these great researches in my breast
A monument of useless labour rest ; 520
No—let them spread—th' effects let Gotham share,
And reap the harvest of their monarch's care :
Be other times, and other countries known,
Only to give fresh blessings to my own.

Let me, (and may that God to whom I fly, 525
On whom for needful succour, I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth,
Through whom I reign, in mercy to my youth,
Assist my weakness, and direct me right ;
From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the sight 530
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To spread the shades of error o'er my brain),
Let me, impartial, with unwearied thought,
Try men and things : let me, as monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends ; 535
What are the gen'ral principles, and ends
Of government ; how empire first began ;
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.

Let me consider ; as from one great source
We see a thousand rivers take their course, 540
Dispers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their parent still supplied and fed,
That government, (though branch'd out far and
wide,
In various modes to various lands applied)

Howe'er it differs in its outward frame, 545
In the main ground work's ev'ry where the same ;
The same her view, though different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view—the good of man.

Let me find out, by reason's sacred beams,
What system in itself most perfect seems, 550
Most worthy man, most likely to conduce
To all the purposes of gen'ral use :
Let me find, too, where, by fair reason tried,
It fails, when to particulars applied ;
Why in that mode all nations do not join, 555
And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual rise of empires trace,
Till they seem founded on perfection's base ;
Then (for when human things have made their
way
To excellence, they hasten to decay) 560
Let me, whilst observation lends her clue,
Step by step to their quick decline pursue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell
Not only how they rose, but how they fell.

Let me not only the distempers know 565
Which in all states from common causes grow,
But likewise those, which, by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait ;
Which in its very constitution lurk,
Too sure at last, to do its destin'd work : 570
Let me, forewarn'd, each sign, each system learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 'tis too late wish'd health to re-assure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.

Let me, (though great, grave brethren of the gown
Preach all faith up, and preach all reason down, 576
Making those jar, whom reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)

Let me, through reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that religion pry 580

Which law hath sanction'd: let me find out there
What's form, what's essence; what, like vagrant air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time;

Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal 585
Which, without knowledge, furious bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, though at the heart unsound,
These sep'rate points at random to confound.

The times have been, when priests have dar'd to
tread,

Proud and insulting, on their monarch's head; 590

When, whilst they made religion a pretence,
Out of the world they banish'd common sense;

When some soft king, too open to deceit,

Easy and unsuspecting join'd the cheat,

Dup'd by mock piety, and gave his name 595

To serve the vilest purposes of shame.

Fear not, my People, where no cause of fear

Can justly rise—your king secures you here;

Your king, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,

Nor deems the voice of priests, the voice of God.

Let me, (though lawyers may perhaps forbid, 601

Their monarch to behold what they wish hid,

And for the purposes of knavish gain,

Would have their trade a mystery remain)

Let me, disdaining all such slavish awe, 605
Dive to the very bottom of the law ;
Let me (the weak, dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the spirit find,
Till, from the parts, made master of the whole,
I see the Constitution's very soul. 610

Let me, (though statesmen will no doubt re-
sist,

And to my eyes present a fearful list
Of men, whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men, determin'd to resign)
Let me, (with firmness, which becomes a king, 615
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,
When my grand object is my country's good)
Unravel all low ministerial scenes,
Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them step by step ; let me well know 621
How places, pensions, and preferments, go ;
Why Guilt's provided for, when Worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot ;
Let me in peace, in war, supreme preside, 625
And dare to know my way without a guide.

Let me, (though Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and swells behind a cloud,
As if the sun shone with less pow'rful ray,
Less grace, less glory, shining ev'ry day, 630
Though when she comes forth into public sight,
Unbending as a ghost, she stalks upright,
With such an air as we have often seen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,

Nor, at her presence, though base myriads crook
 The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look) 636
 Let me, (all vain parade, all empty pride,
 All terrors of dominion laid aside,
 All ornament, and needless helps of art,
 All those big looks, which speak a little heart) 640
 Know (which few kings, alas ! have ever known)
 How affability becomes a throne,
 Destroys all fear, bids love with rev'rence live,
 And gives those graces pride can never give.
 Let the stern tyrant keep a distant state, 645
 And, hating all men, fear return of hate,
 Conscious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
 Secure from all upbraidings but his own :
 Let all my subjects have access to me,
 Be my ears open as my heart is free ; 650
 In full fair tide, let information flow ;
 That evil is half cur'd, whose cause we know.

And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched
 thing,
 Who art afraid to look up to a king,
 Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain, 655
 And, if I not redress thee, may my reign
 Close up that very moment.—To prevent,
 The course of Justice, from her fair intent,
 In vain my nearest, dearest, friend shall plead,
 In vain my mother kneel—my soul may bleed, 660

V. 659—660.] These lines were, by the misconstruction of party zeal, warped from their general sense to convey a particular

But must not change—when Justice draws the dart,
Though it is doom'd to pierce a fav'rite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—
I know it duty, and I feel it fame. 664

allusion to the joint influence of the Earl of Bute and the Princess Dowager of Wales. The late Earl of Orford in his correspondence, gives a very injurious interpretation to the friendship which subsisted between these two personages. Little credence can however be afforded to the gossiping tittle-tattle of a superannuated petit-maitre in literature, who too often capriciously indulged his flippant sallies at the expence of veracity and judgment. The contempt he affected to express for Dr. Johnson recoils upon himself, and while posterity will admire and be instructed by the sober morality of the one; the puny efforts and sneering infidelity of the other, will, if at all remembered, excite no other sentiments than those of pity or disgust.

THE AUTHOR.

THIS poem was published in December 1763, and for it and the Duellist, Churchill obtained from Mr. Flexney and Mr. Kearsley the sum of 450l.

The sale was very extensive, and the price of half a crown imposed on so short a poem rendered it a profitable concern to the booksellers. The Rosciad, a production of nearly four times the length, had been published by Churchill at the moderate price of one shilling, but at that period his name had not risen to that degree of celebrity which afterwards enabled his majesty of Gotham to impose a monthly poll tax of half a crown upon his liege subjects.

The Monthly Reviewers observe of this poem, that it is the most agreeable and unexceptionable of all Mr. Churchill's poems, whether we consider the tendency of the subject or the execution. If by the Francis named towards the conclusion, the learned translator of Horace and Demosthenes is intended to be characterised, we are unable to discover the full meaning of the allusions. The circumstances, if any, most likely to have occasioned the poet's enmity to Francis, were his having been employed as a writer in the defence of government at the commencement of the present reign, and his connexion with Lord Holland, at whose recommendation he was promoted to the rectory of Barrow in Suffolk, and to the chaplainship of Chelsea-Hospital. He died in 1773.

THE AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write !
What need of letters ? wherefore should we spell ?
Why write our names ? a mark will do as well.

Much are the precious hours of youth misspent 5
In climbing learning's rugged steep ascent ;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns vain monarch o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the vale of ignorance below
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow ; 10
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools, 15
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules ;
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees ;
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown ; 20
To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail ;
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool, whose merit is his place ;
Vice Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small, 25
And Chancellors who nothing know at all,

Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days
 When learning was the certain road to praise,
 When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
 Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd. 30

But now, when Dulness rears aloft her throne,
 When lordly vassals her wide empire own ;
 When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
 And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride ; 34
 What, now, should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
 Learning's unfashionable paths to tread,
 To bear those labours which our fathers bore,
 That crown with-held, which they in triumph wore ?

When with much pains this boasted learning's
 got,

'Tis an affront to those who have it not : 40

In some it causes hate, in others fear,
 Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.

With prudent haste the worldly minded fool
 Forgets the little which he learnt at school :

The elder brother, to vast fortunes born, 45

Looks on all science with an eye of scorn ;

Dependent brethren the same features wear,

And younger sons are stupid as the heir.

In senates, at the bar, in church and state,

Genius is vile, and learning out of date. 50

Is this—O death to think ! is this the land
 Where merit and reward went hand in hand ?

Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,

By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd ?

Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays, 55

And by their patrons sanctified their praise ?

Is this the land, where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung?
Where Jonson rigid Gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason through her critic fences smil'd? 60
Where Nature list'ning stood whilst Shakspeare
play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large?
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence, 65
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of sense?
Where, Health and Honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile, 70
Bade those, who dare obey the gen'rous call
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where, in some tyrant's reign,
When a weak, wicked, ministerial train, 74
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd
Those wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe; 80
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread,
Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain, 85
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;

Is this the land, where, in those worst of times,
The hardy poet rais'd his honest rhimes

V. 88.] We feel great pleasure in recording the unsullied name of Andrew Marvell as the character here delineated. His spirited efforts to stem the torrent of corruption, and his noble rejection, in the midst of poverty, of the brilliant offers of the Court, must rank him high in the esteem of every lover of his country. Examples of patriotism so disinterested occur too seldom for us not to wish to dwell upon the merits of Andrew Marvell. His style, whether in prose or verse, was fraught with wit and argument. Of his controversy with Archbishop Parker, Dean Swift said, that the "Rehearsal transposed" was the only instance of an answer which could be read with pleasure, when the publication which occasioned it was forgotten. His poems have no high polish, but the circumstance of their being exclusively of a political and personal nature will alone sufficiently account for their being now neglected. He represented his native town of Kingston-upon-Thames, in the several parliaments from the restoration till his death in 1678, and was supported during all that time by his constituents. As a senator he steadily pursued the interests of his country, and his high reputation for integrity gave him a weight in the house which no other member possessed. Charles II. was highly pleased with his conversation, and fruitlessly endeavoured to attach him to the court; the offers made to him by Lord Treasurer Danby for that purpose, when he was in an abject state of poverty, are too well known to be here repeated. In 1688 a subscription was raised at Kingston for the purpose of erecting a monument with a suitable inscription to his memory, but the rector of that place insisted upon refusing admission into his church of any memorial of so obstinate a whig.

Mason, in one of his odes, pays the following appropriate and elegant tribute to the distinguished honesty of Andrew Marvell:

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,
The shafts of wit he darts around;
Ev'n mitred dulness learns to feel,
And shrinks beneath the wound.

To dread rebuke, and bade Controlment speak
 In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek ; 90
 Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
 And made them fear the Muse, who fear'd not
 law ?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,
 Whom folly guides, and prejudice controls ;
 Who, one dull drowsy track of bus'ness trod, 95
 Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God ;
 Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
 Dote from their birth, and are by system fools ;
 Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,
 Lies of the day prefer to Gospel-truth ; 100
 Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
 And lay out all their stock of faith in news ;
 How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like these,
 Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
 Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime, 105
 And hold not truth, as truth, if told in rhyme ?

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary grown
 In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own,
 By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
 In mood and figure at the helm to yawn, 110
 Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
 To have a foe, too proud to have a friend ;

In awful poverty his honest muse
 Walks forth vindictive through a venal land,
 In vain corruption sheds her golden dews,
 In vain oppression lifts her iron hand ;
 He scorns them both, and arm'd with truth alone,
 Bids lust and folly tremble on the throne.

Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse 115
Subjects more equal to her weakness chuse;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim, 120
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May?
"All sacred is the name and pow'r of kings;
"All states and statesmen are those mighty things
"Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
"Were never made for poets to controul." 126
Peace, peace, thou Dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blasphemous.
I tell thee, Wretch, search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found 130
(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed saints above, in numbers, speak
The praise of God, though there all praise is weak;
In numbers here below the bard shall teach 135
Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse
throat,
And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen, 140
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an English poet to pursue,

Undaunted to pursue, though, in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd, 146
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain ;
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a poet like a creditor, 150
The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on
them ?

“ What, shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,
“ Without one badge of merit, but his own, 154
“ Great nobles lash, and lords, like common men,
“ Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen ?”

What's in this name of Lord, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear ?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains 159
Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins ?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Wouldst thou, proud Man, be safely plac'd above
The censure of the Muse, deserve her love :
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought ; 165
Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honours, thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir :
But if, regardless of the road to fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of shame ; 170
If such thy life, that should thy sire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,

Would make him curse the hour which gave thee
birth,

Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth,
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head ; 176

If such thy life, though kings had made thee more
Than ever king a scoundrel made before ;

Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Though God in vengeance had made thee a king,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight, 181

The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air.

Gods ! with what pride I see the titled slave, 185
Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art

Striving to hide the feelings of his heart ;

How do I laugh, when, with affected air,
(Scarce able through despite to keep his chair, 190

Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks,)

He talks of Conscience, which good men secures
From all those evil moments guilt endures,

And seems to laugh at those who pay regard 195
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.

“ Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway

“ The mind of man, must always make her way ;

“ Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,

“ Is all her malice worth a single thought. . 200

“ The wise have not the will, nor fools the pow'r,

“ To stop her headstrong course ; within the hour,

" Left to herself, she dies ; opposing strife
 " Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
 " All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim, 205
 " I can no patent for exemption claim,
 " Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
 " Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart ;
 " Though pointed at myself, be Satire free ;
 " To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me." 210

Dissembling Wretch ! hence to the Stoic school,
 And there amongst thy brethren play the fool ;
 There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain, doctrines preach :
 Lives there a man, whom Satire cannot reach ?
 Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by, 215
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye ?
 When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,
 Short is her life, and impotent her sting ;
 But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives. 220
 When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
 And ev'n by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
 Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

Hast thou no feeling yet ? Come, throw off pride,
 And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
 S——, who from the moment of his birth 227
 Made human nature a reproach on earth,

V. 227.] Ten years is too short a period to efface even the memory of private vice, but when connected with public profligacy it must be sufficiently alive in the detestation of mankind to render any farther elucidation necessary.

Who never dar'd, nor wish'd, behind to stay,
 When Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way, 230
 Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit
 Those actions, which he blush'd not to commit.
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
 And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force, 235
 Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course ;
 Carries me back to times, when poets, bless'd
 With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd ;
 When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
 The bad to punish and reward the good ; 240
 When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,
 The foes of freedom they to justice brought,
 And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
 A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court ?
 Ah ! what are poets now ? as slavish those 245
 Who deal in verse, as those who deal in prose.
 Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,
 In whom true worth, and real spirit's found ?
 The slaves of booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate
 To baser chains) vile pensioners of state, 250
 Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
 Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud ;
 Others, half-palsied only, mutes become,
 And what makes Smollett write makes Johnson dumb.

V. 254.] The pension bestowed upon Johnson was unaccompanied by any political stipulation, and the triumph it afforded to the enemies of this great man must be attributed to the general tendency of his principles in church and state. The unfortunate definition he gave of the word pensioner in his dic-

Why turns yon villain pale? why bends his eye
 Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by? 256
 Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
 Who wages war with vice for virtue's sake?
 No, no—like other worldlings, you will find
 He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind: 260
 His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure:
 Give him a pension then, and sin secure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
 Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn;

tionary, whom he describes as one supported by an allowance paid at the will of another, a dependant, a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master, was at once so injudicious and inconsistent with his own subsequent conduct, as to afford a continual source of animadversion to the North Briton, and the other anti-ministerial wittings. For many years he abstained from taking any part as a writer in politics, but at length, irritated by the incessant clamour of the popular party, and impelled by a sense of the rectitude of his opinions, he, in 1770, published "The False Alarm," in which he justly reprobates the seditious conduct of Mr. Wilkes, and while he ingeniously vindicates the measures adopted by government, ridicules the alarm attempted to be excited at the occasionally partial decisions of parliament. "We have found" he says "by experience, that though a squire has given ale and venison in vain, and a borough has been compelled to see its dearest interests in the hands of him whom it did not trust, yet the general state of the nation has continued the same. The sun has risen and the corn has grown, and whatever talk has been of the danger of property, yet he that ploughed the field commonly reaped it, and he that built the house was master of the door."

V. 254.] Smollett received pecuniary assistance from government as long as he contributed the Briton to its defence, but no stated pension was ever conferred upon him.

Bid cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight, 265
Murphy shall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou state-juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my friend ; by that base oath make
way

Into my breast, and flatter to betray ; 270
Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread.
On Authors for defence, for praise depend, 275
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend :
He, he shall ready stand with venal rhimes,
To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes,
To make corruption in false colours shine,
And damn his own good name, to rescue thine. 280

But if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy ; facts, well grounded, teach :
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What though each man of nice and juster thought,
Shunning his steps, decrees, by honour taught, 286
He ne'er can be a friend, who stoops so low
To be the base betrayer of a foe ?
What though, with thine together link'd, his name
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame ? 290
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
To slander government, and libel kings ;

With Freedom's name to serve a present hour, 295
 'Though born and bred to arbitrary pow'r ;
 To talk of William with insidious art,
 Whilst a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
 And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
 Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead, 300
 Where is Shebbeare? Oh let not foul reproach,
 Travelling thither in a City-coach,

V. 301.] Dr. John Shebbeare, a physician and notorious jacobitical writer, after a long course of virulent invectives against the reigning family, was at length, in 1759, prosecuted for writing a seventh letter to the people of England. For this performance he was sentenced to the pillory, and to two years confinement in prison. The mode of executing the former part of the sentence became the subject of an application to the Court of King's Bench for an attachment against the under-sheriff. The doctor being patronized by the city magistrates, it appeared that he went in one of the city coaches, accompanied by his friend Beardmore (then under-sheriff, and afterwards Wilkes's attorney) to Charing-Cross, where the pillory was erected, and that his progress thither had every appearance of a triumphal procession. Evidence was adduced by the Attorney-General to shew that Shebbeare only stood upon the platform of the pillory unconfined and at his ease, attended by a servant in livery (which servant and livery were hired for the occasion) holding an umbrella over his head all the time: that his head, hands, neck, and arms, were not at all confined, or put into the holes of the pillory; but that he sometimes put his hands upon the holes of the pillory in order to rest himself. It was also proved that Beardmore attended as under-sheriff with his wand, and that he treated the criminal with great complaisance in taking him to and from the pillory. Fourteen or fifteen equivocating affidavits were produced on the part of the under-sheriff, among the rest one Revie, who had lived near Charing-Cross forty years, swore that he never saw a criminal so publicly exposed upon the pillory be-

The pill'ry dare to name : the whole intent
 Of that parade was fame, not punishment ;
 And that old, staunch Whig, Beardmore, standing
 by, 305
 Can in full court give that report the lie.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
 Half Scotch, half English, a declining court ;
 To make most glaring contraries unite,
 And prove beyond dispute that black is white ; 310
 To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
 Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name ;
 To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
 That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
 Is there not Guthrie ? Who, like him, can call 315
 All opposites to proof, and conquer all ?

fore as Shebbeare was ; upon this Lord Mansfield observed “ to be sure the face of a man who stands upright is more exposed to view than it would be if his head were bent down in the pillory. So many affidavits so studiously and artfully penned, to be safely sworn in one sense and read in another, are an aggravation.” An attachment accordingly issued, and Beardmore was sentenced to pay a fine of *thirty pounds*, and to be committed to custody for two months.

Shebbeare, on the accession of his present majesty, had a pension of 200*l.* per ann. conferred upon him, and from thenceforth wielded his pen in defence of government ; he died in 1788.

V. 315.] William Guthrie, on the plan of Sir William Dugdale and Collins, compiled a peerage, each individual article of which was submitted to the immediate inspection of the representative of the noble family treated of. Notwithstanding this degree of care, when published, it was found to contain an unpardonable number of errors in every department, many of them as gross and palpable as those mentioned by the poet. Dates,

He calls forth living waters from the rock ;
 He calls forth children from the barren stock :
 He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
 Makes women bring forth after they are dead : 320
 He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
 In wedlock's sacred bands joins man to man ;
 And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
 By some rare magic, makes them fruitful too, 324
 Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
 Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's English Peers.

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
 Something which Nature shudders but to name,
 Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
 And the life-blood run backward to her seat ? 330
 Dost thou contrive, for some base private end,
 Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
 To lure him on, ev'n to his parting breath,
 And promise life to work him surer death ?
 Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace, 335
 Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face,
 Behold, a parson at thy elbow stands,
 Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
 Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,
 The Atheist chaplain of an Atheist lord. 340

names, and sexes, were repeatedly mistaken or transposed, and thus every article was rendered a medley of absurdity. Guthrie was otherwise not a contemptible writer; he was retained by administration to undertake the defence of government, this he did in various pamphlets now deservedly forgotten, and in a tory history of England, which is by no means destitute of merit; his geographical grammar is a very useful work, and has not yet been superseded; he died in 1769.

V. 327—340.] These lines were originally written by our

Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,
 Ere it was known that I should learn to read ;
 Though that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
 What mighty Dulness of itself could do,
 Never design'd me for a working priest, 345
 But hop'd I should have been a Dean at least :
 Condemn'd (like many more and worthier men,
 To whom I pledge the service of my pen)
 Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of lawn,
 Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn) 350
 In pomp of rev'rend begg'ry to appear,
 To pray, and starve on forty pounds a-year.
 My friends, who never felt the galling load,
 Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
 Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears, 355
 In throwing off that gown, which Francis wears.

What creature's that, so very pert and prim,
 So very full of foppery, and whim,
 So gentle, yet so brisk ; so wondrous sweet,
 So fit to prattle at a lady's feet, 360
 Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
 And by his garb appears a man of God ?
 Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show ;
 The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd beau ;

author with a view to be introduced into his threatened " *Elegy, or Ayliff's Ghost* ;" from the publication of which he was not to be deterred by the artful promises of a reverend mediator; for an account of which transaction see our note on v. 140 of the *Epistle to Hogarth*.

V. 348.] Our author had composed about fifty lines of a poem intitled " *The Curate*," and, as was generally his custom, repeated them in his family. In all probability he never committed them to writing, as they were not found among his papers.

That's an informer; what avails the name? 365
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone restrains his coward mind; 370
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way, 375
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more; 380
Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile priest is Gospel to himself.

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow; whom, by a brave resentment led,

V. 383] John Cleland, the son of Colonel Cleland, the friend of Pope, and the Will Honeycomb of the Spectator, was author of an infamously licentious publication which he sold for 20 guineas to a bookseller who cleared above 10,000*l.* by the sale of it. Mr. Cleland having been summoned before the privy council on occasion of his work, pleaded poverty as his excuse, upon which Lord Granville very nobly settled an annuity of 100*l.* per ann. upon him, on condition of his refraining from so immoral a mode of writing. This annuity he enjoyed until his death in 1789, at the age of 82.

V. 383.] In the year 1747, a riot happened at Oxford, of which Mr. Blacow gave information to the Vice-Chancellor. He

Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame, 388
 Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)
 Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes ;
 To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,
 Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
 And whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemers. 390
 Are these the arts, which policy supplies ?
 Are these the steps, by which grave churchmen rise ?
 Forbid it, Heav'n ; or, should it turn out so,
 Let me, and mine, continue mean and low.
 Such be their arts, whom interest controuls ; 395
 Kidgell and I have free and modest souls :

related that he heard some of the students cry out repeatedly in the public streets, K—g J—s for ever, P—e C—s, God bless the great K—g J—s the third. Mr. Blacow complained to the Vice-Chancellor of this misbehaviour, and made the most strenuous exertions against the offenders. The Vice-Chancellor, imputing their misbehaviour to intoxication, for some time endeavoured to wave the inquiry, but at length inflicted some trifling punishment on the delinquents. At last the Duke of Newcastle took cognizance of the offence ; a prosecution was commenced in the Court of King's Bench, against Mr. Daws and Mr. Whitmore, two of the students, who being found guilty, were sentenced to walk through Westminster-hall with a paper on their foreheads denoting their crime, to pay a fine of five nobles each, be imprisoned for two years, and to find security for their good behaviour during seven years more.

V. 396.] It is not unusual for Churchill thus to designate the man whom his pen has scarcely ceased from devoting to the execration of the reader. The Rev. Mr. Kidgell, Rector of Horne, in Surrey, and Chaplain to the Earl of March, together with Faden the publisher of the Public Ledger, contrived to prevail with one Curry a pressman, employed by Mr. Wilkes, to furnish them with a copy of the *Essay on Woman*. Having by these surrep-

We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin,
And will, though poor without, have peace within.

titious means obtained their wish, Mr. Kidgell communicated his prize to Lord March, who immediately transmitted it to the secretaries of state. A succinct narrative of the transaction was published by Kidgell in vindication of himself, in which he seemed to take peculiar delight in quoting and dwelling upon the most objectionable passages of that most atrocious publication. This narrative was very ably answered by Mr. Wilkes as far as related to the pious motives of Mr. Kidgell in procuring the book, and giving information of its contents. It was considered by the public as a singular coincidence that the developement of so infamous a work should be reserved for persons who, in taste and disposition, were not uncongenial with the author of it.

Of Kidgell we can learn no farther particulars: but that he, not finding it convenient to reside in England, emigrated to Flanders, where, it is said, he turned Roman Catholic, and died a few years ago.

THE CONFERENCE.

THIS poem was published by our author in November 1763, soon after his elopement with Miss C. had become a general topic of indignant conversation. He in it labours to separate the effects of his private from those of his public conduct, and in the bitterness of his soul contrasts the devious path of the one with the invariable rectitude of the other. At this period of time it is of little importance to inquire into the infirmities of his nature, and while the precepts of the most rigid virtue, patriotism, and morality, are inculcated in his satires, unnecessarily to dwell upon the imperfections of their author. To have been deceived in common with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, by the assumed patriotism of Wilkes, is scarcely to be imputed to him as a crime, and he did not live to witness the second period of the seditious efforts, and the final tergiversation of that vile hypocrite. No exertions were omitted to obtain even the neutrality of Churchill, but pensions and preferments were in vain offered to one whose soul rose superior to all the sordid views of interest, and aspired to the praises of posterity by a steady adherence to the principles of public virtue. Excepting his fatal delusion with regard to Mr. Wilkes, Churchill may be instanced as one of the few poets who have not prostituted their pens by the most fulsome flattery to wealth and power. The adulation which a Young, a Thomson, and a Gray, lavished upon a Walpole, a Doddington, and a Grafton, reflects disgrace upon the poet while it can confer no solid fame upon the patron.

THE CONFERENCE.

GRACE said in form, which sceptics must agree,
When they are told that grace was said by me ;
The servants gone, to break the scurvy jest
On the proud landlord, and his threadbare guest ;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn, 5
My Lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
And, lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—
Churchill, you have a poem coming out : 10
You've my best wishes ; but I really fear
Your Muse, in general, is too severe ;
Her spirit seems her int'rest to oppose,
And where she makes one friend makes twenty foes.

C. Your Lordship's fears are just ; I feel their
force, 15

But only feel it as a thing of course.
The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,
At his first setting forward ought to know
That ev'ry rogue he meets must be his foe ; 20
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn justice wrench the righteous pen ?

Or shall I not my settled course pursue, 25
Because my foes, are foes to virtue too ?

L. What is this boasted Virtue, taught in
schools,

And idly drawn from antiquated rules ?

What is her use ? point out one wholesome end :

Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend ? 30

When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,

Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries ?

Can she the pittance of a meal afford,

Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board ?

When northern winds the rough December arm, 35

With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm ?

Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun

Barely by saying, thou art Virtue's son ?

Or by base blund'ring statesmen sent to jail,

Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail ? 40

Believe it not, the name is in disgrace ;

Virtue and Temple now are out of place.

Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray

From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.

True virtue means, let Reason use her eyes, 45

Nothing with fools, and int'rest with the wise.

Wouldst thou be great, her patronage disclaim,

Nor madly triumph in so mean a name :

Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,

And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn. 50

Let Prudence be thy guide ; who doth not know

How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go ?

To be successful try thy utmost force,

And virtue follows as a thing of course.

Hirco, who knows not Hirco? stains the bed 55
 Of that kind master who first gave him bread ;
 Scatters the seeds of discord through the land,
 Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band ;
 Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone ;
 Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son : 60
 What mortal in his senses can endure
 The name of Hirco? for the wretch is poor !
 " Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,
 " By all detested live, and die forgot ;
 " Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath 65
 " Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death,"
 Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue ;
 Let fortune change, and Prudence changes too ;
 Supple and pliant, a new system feels,
 Throws up her cap, and spaniels at his heels, 70
 Long live great Hirco, cries, by int'rest taught,
 And let his foes, though I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to such men, if such men can have
 peace,

Let their possessions, let their state, increase ;
 Let their base services in courts strike root, 75
 And in the season bring forth golden fruit,
 I envy not ; let those who have the will,
 And, with so little spirit, so much skill,
 With such vile instruments their fortunes carve ; 79
 Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve.

L. These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance
 For once to real life, and quit romance.
 Starve ! pretty talking ! but I fain would view
 That man, that honest man, would do it too. 84

Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the sky,
And dart from pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye ;
Through all that space you shall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.

Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform. 90
Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,
You'd give your honour for a crust of bread.

C. What proof might do, what hunger might
effect,

What famish'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife 95
With fainting virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care. 100

Once, at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds, which, fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, must for ever bleed ;
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man
Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan ; 106
Once, aw'd by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun, 110
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd ;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith; till one, a friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need,

One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
 By virtue guided, and by wisdom taught, 116
 Image of him whom christians should adore,
 Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to
 shore.

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
 And for some little merit largely prais'd, 120
 Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
 Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools ;
 Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth,
 So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,
 That, as a boon, I should base shackles crave, 125
 And, born to freedom, make myself a slave ?
 That I should in the train of those appear,
 Whom honour cannot love, nor manhood fear ?

That I no longer skulk from street to street,
 Afraid lest duns assail, and bailiffs meet ; 130
 That I from place to place this carcase bear ;
 Walk forth at large, and wander free as air ;
 That I no longer dread the aukward friend,
 Whose very obligations must offend ;
 Nor, all too froward, with impatience burn 135
 At suff'ring favours which I can't return.

V. 118.] Churchill, having imprudently involved himself, previous to the publication of the *Rosciad*, in debts beyond his ability to discharge, was threatened with all the horrors of a jail; from this apprehension he was relieved by the friendly benevolence of Dr. Peirson Lloyd, second master of Westminster school, who effected a compromise with our author's creditors, and advanced a part of the sum required for carrying it into effect.

That, from dependance and from pride secure,
 I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
 Nor yet so low, that I my Lord should fear,
 Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer ; 140
 That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
 I can enjoy the world on equal terms ;
 That, kind to others, to myself most true,
 Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,
 And with the will have pow'r to aid distress ; 145
 These, and what other blessings I possess,
 From the indulgence of the public rise,
 All private patronage my soul defies.
 By candour more inclin'd to save, than damn,
 A gen'rous public made me what I am. 150
 All that I have, they gave ; just mem'ry bears
 The grateful stamp, and what I am, is theirs.
 L. To feign a red-hot zeal for freedom's cause,
 To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
 For public good to bellow all abroad, 155
 Serves well the purposes of private fraud.
 Prudence, by public good intends her own ;
 If you mean otherwise, you stand alone.
 What do we mean by country and by court ?
 What is it to oppose ? what to support ? 160

V. 145.] The extensive sale of our author's poems, and his rapidity of composition, produced him no inconsiderable revenue ; and to his credit it must ever be remembered, that his first earnings were appropriated to the full discharge of every demand upon him, to which, by the terms of the compromise, he was not legally liable, and to the essential and permanent relief of his friend Robert Lloyd, the son of his benefactor.

Mere words of course ; and what is more absurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word ?
Majors and minors differ but in name ;
Patriots and ministers are much the same ;
The only diff'rence, after all their rout, 165
Is, that the one is in, the other out.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all. 170
Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wise,
Of goodness to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim most dear attention at our hands,
For parent and for child, for wife and friend, 175
Our first great mover, and our last great end
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, self is all in all.
This, which unwilling faction shall admit,
Guided in diff'rent ways a Bute and Pitt, 180
Made tyrants break, made kings observe the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and Nassau.

Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of pride)
Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside ?
Doth virtue in thy bosom brighter glow, 185
Or from a spring more pure doth action flow ?
Is not thy soul bound with those very chains
Which shackle us ? or is that self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we see
Most strong and sov'reign, only weak in thee ? 190

Fond man, believe it not ; experience tells

'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.

Think, (and for once lay by thy lawless pen)

Think, and confess thyself like other men ; 194

Think but one hour, and, to thy conscience led

By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head :

Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,

View thyself now, and own, with strictest truth,

That self hath drawn thee from fair virtue's way

Farther than folly would have dar'd to stray, 200

And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave

To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train

Of toys, which have so long abus'd thy brain,

And captive led thy pow'rs ; with boundless will 205

Let self maintain her state and empire still,

But let her, with more worthy objects caught,

Strain all the faculties and force of thought

To things of higher daring ; let her range 209

Through better pastures, and learn how to change ;

Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,

Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side.

C. Ah ! what, my Lord, hath private life to do

With things of public nature ? why to view

Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold 215

Which, without pain and horror to behold,

Must speak me something more, or less than man,

Which friends may pardon, but I never can ?

Look back ! a thought which borders on despair,

Which human nature must, yet cannot bear. 220

'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
 Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,
 Which can the meanest of my thoughts controul,
 Or shake one settled purpose of my soul ;
 Free and at large might their wild curses roam, 225
 If all, if all, alas ! were well at home.

No—'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
 When she with more than tragic horror swells
 Each circumstance of guilt ; when stern, but true,
 She brings bad actions forth into review, 230
 And like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
 Bids late remorse awake at reason's call ;
 Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
 And to the mind holds up reflection's glass,
 The mind which, starting, heaves the heart-felt
 groan, 235

And hates that form she knows to be her own.

Enough of this,—let private sorrows rest,—
 As to the public I dare stand the test ;
 Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
 The good of England, and my country's love. 240
 Stranger to party-rage, by reason's voice,
 Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
 Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
 No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind.

V. 213—236.] These lines forcibly allude to the deep sense the poet entertained of his glaring misconduct in the connexion he had formed with Miss C. the particulars of which have been detailed by us in the memoirs of his life. Self-condemnation so just, so public, and severe, if it does not excite compassion, must at least disarm revenge.

What ! herd with men my honest soul disdains, 245
 Men who, with servile zeal are forging chains
 For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand
 To spread destruction o'er my native land.
 What ! shall I not, ev'n to my latest breath,
 In the full face of danger and of death 250
 Exert that little strength which nature gave,
 And boldly stem, or perish in the wave ?

L. When I look backward for some fifty years,
 And see protesting patriots turn'd to peers ;
 Hear men, most loose, for decency declaim, 255
 And talk of character without a name ;
 See infidels assert the cause of God,
 And meek divines wield persecution's rod ;
 See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
 See Whitehead take a place, Ralph change his pen,
 I mock the zeal, and deem the men in sport, 261
 Who rail at ministers and curse a court.

V. 253.] This recapitulation of inconsistencies will apply unfortunately to every period of British history. The peerages of Bath, Carteret, and Chatham, the moral declamation of an Earl of Sandwich in the House of Lords, against the *Essay on Woman*, the religious zeal of a Wharton, and the moderation of a Warburton, would contribute to fill the outline sketched by the satirist.

V. 260.] Of the outrageous patriotism of Paul Whitehead, and the price of his apostacy notice will be taken in a remark on the third book of the *Ghost*.

V. 260.] Mr. James Ralph at first appeared as a dramatic writer. He wrote several plays, and among the rest the *Astrologer*, borrowed from the old comedy of *Albumazar*, which was the foundation of Jonson's *Alchymist*. In the dramatic line he was ever unsuccessful. In the year 1742, the

Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhyme,
 Shall some preferment, offer'd at a time
 When virtue sleeps, some sacrifice to pride, 265
 Or some fair victim, move to change thy side.
 Thee shall these eyes behold, to health restor'd,
 Using, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's sword,
 Galling thy present friends, and praising those
 Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes. 270

C. May I, (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
 Be born a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul ;
 May I, (though to his service deeply tied
 By sacred oaths, and now by will allied)
 With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend, 275
 And use his name for some base private end ;
 May I, (that thought bids double horrors roll
 O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)

Duchess of Marlborough having published the memoirs of her own life, Ralph wrote an answer to it called, " The other side of the Question." This performance contributed to raise his reputation in the literary world, and in Sir Robert Walpole's administration he became so formidable as a political writer, that it was thought expedient to silence him by the payment of an annual stipend, which was continued to him by Mr. Pelham. Influenced by these motives he engaged in the defence of government, and laboured so successfully in his vocation as at the death of George II. to obtain, through the interest of Lord Bute, a settled pension of 600*l.* per ann. which he lived not long to enjoy. He died, in 1762, a martyr to the gout, at the age of 54. He wrote a tory history of England commencing with the dynasty of the Stuarts. He was latterly attached to Frederic Prince of Wales, and his name frequently occurs in Lord Melcombe's Diary, as one of the principal literary agents of the court of Leicester house.

Ruin the virtue which I held most dear, 279
 And still must hold ; may I, through abject fear,
 Betray my friend ; may to succeeding times,
 Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
 Stand blazing forth, whilst, mark'd with envious blot,
 Each little act of virtue is forgot ;
 Of all those evils which, to stamp men curst, 285
 Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
 Light on my head ; and in my day of woe,
 To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
 May I be scorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
 Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth, 290
 Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
 Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
 If I am one among the many known
 Whom Shelburne fled, and Calcraft blush'd to own.

V. 294.] William Petty, Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne. An account of his Lordship's political career, and of his various negotiations with the ins and the outs from the year 1750 to the present time, may be collected from the numerous political and historical publications of the intervening period.

V. 294.] John Calcraft, Esq. an army agent and contractor, was the confidential friend of Lord Holland, Rigby, &c. and amassed a vast sum of money by his intimate connexion and lucrative engagements with government, the measures of which he uniformly supported in parliament. He died in 1772, in the forty-sixth year of his age, leaving a fortune of upwards of 250,000*l.* the bulk of which he disposed of in the following manner :

To his brother Colonel William Calcraft, and his heirs male, and his sister Mrs. Lucas, and her heirs male, several of his estates in Lincolnshire, with directions to take the name and arms of Calcraft.

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reason I oppose. 296

Friends I have made, whom Envy must commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wish a friend.

What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl?

One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all. 300

'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious streams on recent men, who came
From stems unknown, and sires without a name:

'Tis not the star, which our great Edward gave 305

To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilst a base heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and sin;

'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,
At custom's call, to mark a fool of state 310

From fools of lesser note, that soul can awe,
Whose pride is reason, whose defence is law.

To his eldest son Henry Calcraft (by Mrs. Bellamy) 5000*l.*
and all his estates in Kent, Essex, Somerset, and Dorset.

To Elizabeth Calcraft, his daughter (by Mrs. Bellamy) 5000*l.*
and the reversion of the Lincolnshire estates, in case of default
of male issue, in the families of Colonel Calcraft and Mrs.
Lucas.

To his three sons and a daughter (by Miss Bride, the actress,
noticed in the *Rosciad*) 10,000*l.* each, and 10,000*l.* to the child
should she prove pregnant at his death.

To Miss Bride 3,000*l.* a clear annuity for her life of 1,000*l.*
and another of 500*l.* to expire on her marriage, or the arrival at
age of her youngest child.

And to the male children by Miss Bride, the enjoyment, ac-
cording to seniority, of all the estates he had bequeathed to his
eldest son, in the event of his dying without male issue.

L. Suppose, (a thing scarce possible in art,
 Were it thy cue to play a common part)
 Suppose thy writings so well fenc'd in law, 315
 That Norton cannot find nor make a flaw—
 Hast thou not heard, that 'mongst our ancient
 tribes,

By party warpt, or lull'd asleep by bribes,
 Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,
 Law hath suspended stood, or chang'd its course?
 Art thou assur'd, that, for destruction ripe, 321
 Thou may'st not smart beneath the self-same gripe?
 What sanction hast thou, frantic in thy rhimes,
 Thy life, thy freedom to secure?

C.

The times.

'Tis not on law, a system great and good, 325
 By wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,
 My faith relies : by wicked men and vain
 Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
 No ; on our great lawgiver I depend,
 Who knows and guides her to her proper end ; 330
 Whose royalty of nature blazes out
 So fierce, 'twere sin to entertain a doubt—
 Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws dispense,
 (Bless'd be the hour and hand which sent them
 hence !)

For something, or for nothing, for a word 335
 Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, unheard.
 Life we might all resign to lawless pow'r,
 Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour ;
 But envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain
 On the fair annals of a Brunswick's reign. 340

If, slave to party, to revenge, or pride ;
If, by frail human error drawn aside,
I break the law, strict rigour let her wear ;
'Tis her's to punish, and 'tis mine to bear ;
Nor, by the voice of Justice doom'd to death, 345
Would I ask mercy with my latest breath :
But, anxious only for my country's good,
In which my king's, of course, is understood ;
Form'd on a plan with some few patriot friends,
Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends, 350
My spirits cannot sink : though from the tomb
Stern Jefferies should be plac'd in Mansfield's room ;
Though he should bring, his base designs to aid,
Some black attorney, for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat, 355
The modest Norton from his maiden seat ;
Though both in ill, confed'rates, should agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me,
Whilst George is king, I cannot fear endure ;
Not to be guilty, is to be secure. 360

But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day !) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, should imperious fate,
In vengeance, with fresh Stuarts curse our state ;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law, 365
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe ;
Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,
Divert sweet Justice from her even course ;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right hand a witness 'gainst my left ; 370

Should they, abroad by inquisitions taught,
 Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought ;
 Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write,
 Till death had plung'd me in the shades of night.

Thou God of Truth, thou great, all-searching
 eye, 375

To whom our thoughts, our spirits, open lie,
 Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,
 (Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Pow'r,
 With firm resolve my steady bosom steel,
 Bravely to suffer, though I deeply feel. 380

Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath
 In love with life, but not in fear of death ;
 And if Oppression brings me to the grave,
 And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave.
 Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard, 385
 No wild laments, not one unseemly word ;
 Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier ;
 I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
 Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
 Or in old age drops like an ear of corn,
 Full ripe he falls, on nature's noblest plan,
 Who lives to reason, and who dies a man. 392

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 057 897 1

SOUTHERN BRANCH,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
LIBRARY,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

